

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG.

SEPTEMBER, 1912

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A Chat with our Readers.

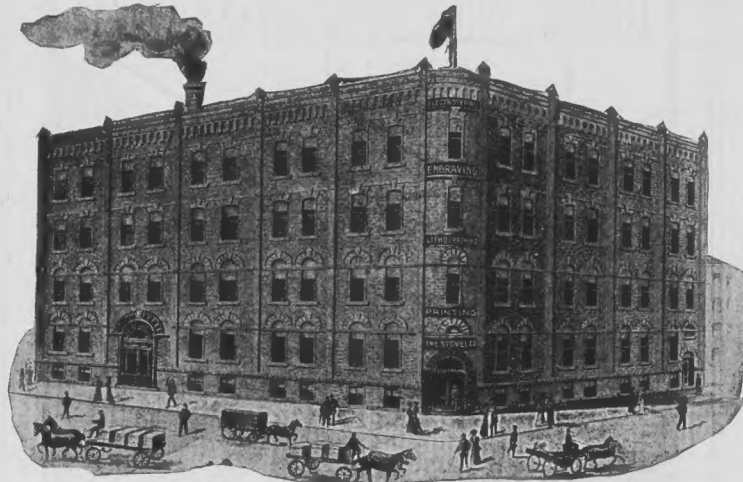
Since the date of the last issue of the Western Home Monthly the large publishing house on McDermot Avenue, Winnipeg, where it is produced, closed its doors for one brief day, and principals, employees and their families to the number of 400 travelled by special train to Winnipeg Beach where all the pleasures provided by that beautiful resort were heartily indulged in. The picture reproduced at the foot of this page shows as many of the excursionists as the camera could catch. It is a cosmopolitan group and represents no less than 21 nationalities so that the brain and energy of many lands find a place in the production of the magazine from month to month. This short period of play being over, all attention is now

adian magazines. This is a sample of what they say:

DEEPLY INTERESTED.

Edberg, Alta., July 20, 1912.

Dear Sirs,—I am here enclosing you by P.O. order two dollars to pay for subscription to The W.H.M. for three years more from March, 1912. I like your paper very much, it's a fine magazine, I lend it to others when I can, and am going to try and get a few more subscribers soon. Excuse me for being behind, it was not the want of money but I was so interested in the inside news I never thought of looking at the outside label till a party called my notice to it. Wishing you success, I am, Malcolm Frame.



The home of the Western Home Monthly.

directed on this number, which in point of excellence will we trust equal any of its predecessors. It has a wealth of healthy literature and in every way is indicative of progress. Its numerous departments devoted to the social and economic questions of the day, to the home, the farm, to fashion, to the problems of young men and young women, to temperance and many other vital questions include all the interests that should centre about a well ordered home with a broad outlook upon life. Many readers tell us that The Western Home Monthly is, in the magazine line, the best that their money can buy, and we are striving hard to introduce the magazine to every Western home that it does not now enter. If subscribers have found it helpful, it will be a pleasure for them to pass the good word along. We have but few canvassers and they cannot possibly hope to get in touch with one-tenth of our readers, so that after all we must depend on our satisfied subscriber to show the magazine to his or her neighbor. It was this splendid and voluntary co-operation between publisher and reader that brought the W.H.M. to a front place among Can-

ENCOURAGING WORDS.

Ettington, Sask., July 27, 1912.

Dear Sirs,—I am sending \$2.50 to renew my own subscription for one year also to send as a present to a friend in England. We have been taking your good paper since 1908 when we came on our homestead and it has grown the same as our country. We were the only subscribers at that time for miles around, in fact we were nearly the only settlers in this part of the country, now most every house takes it. Good luck to you, and may you improve as much in the future as in the past. Yours indebted, E. O. Thomas.

WHY HE LIKES IT.

Canoe, B.C.

We have all manner of magazines and periodicals around here, but believe me the Western Home Monthly is the King of them all. Everybody seems of the same opinion for almost everyone gets it and those who don't sneak it from those who do. It is good, wholesome and cheerful and Canadian throughout. Keep her going in the same way. Enclosed \$2.00 for three years' subscription. R. Sperry.



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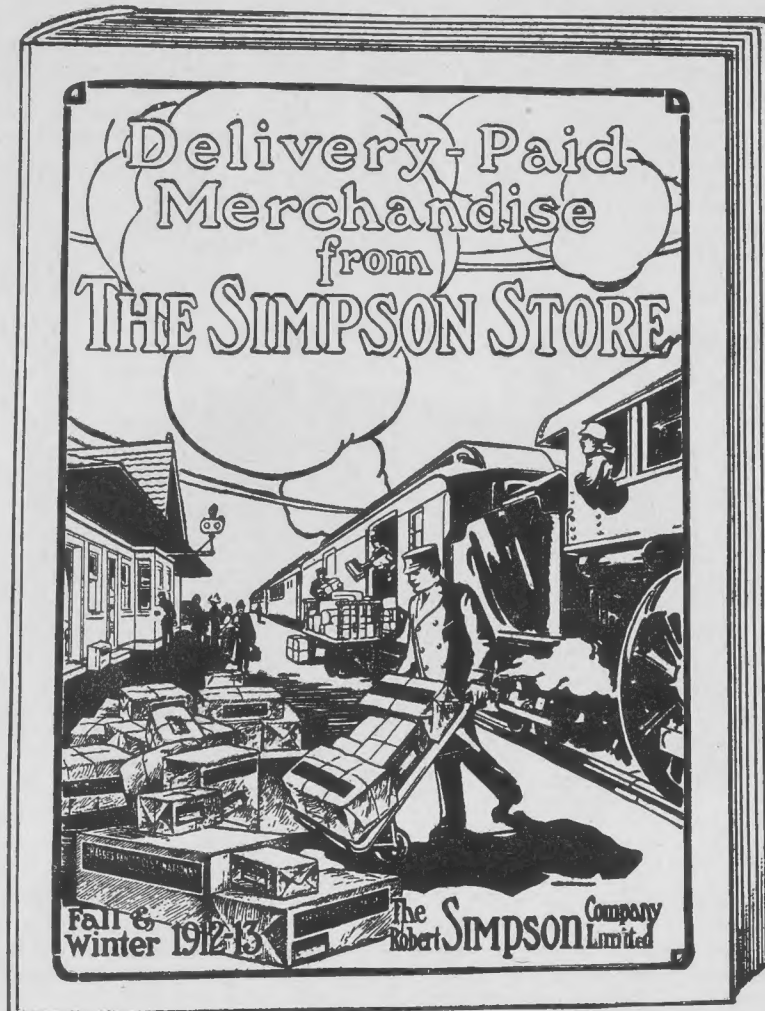
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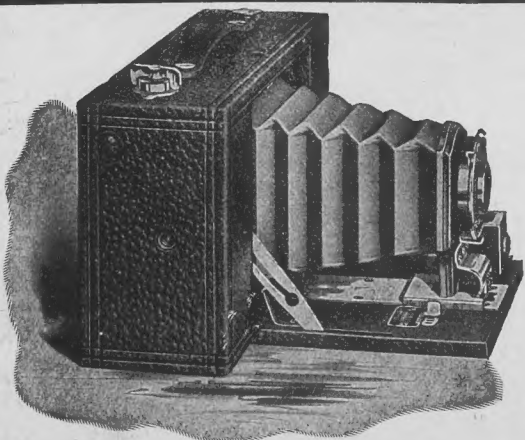
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The Rural Problem.

The problem of getting and retaining men and women on the farms grows no less. The last census shows that conditions in Eastern Canada are very disappointing, and in our own West, the growth of the towns has more than kept pace with the settlement of the rural districts. One of the most striking facts is that young women seem to be even more anxious than young men to leave the country for the town. The problem is one worthy of serious consideration. Everybody is of the opinion that our hope is in the soil, and one of our first efforts must be to have it occupied by prosperous and happy people.

Now, there is a reason for every condition, and the reasons for farm desertion are many. Unfortunately the chief reasons are often overlooked. It would be more than interesting to get the views of our readers on this point. Our country goes to great expense and trouble to induce settlers to come here, and it is very disappointing to find that no sooner are some of them nicely and comfortably settled than they proceed to sell out and move to the nearest town. If the old people do not want to have the homestead the young people refuse to remain, and that settles the matter.

In the last fifty years the factory has taken the place of the home. As a result workers have flocked to the centres. The percentage of people in towns and cities has increased from twelve to forty. All this was natural and unavoidable. The disquieting feature is that in the one great industry which requires men and women of courage, industry and intelligence, there are comparatively few willing workers. Farming is not very popular, especially with young people, and all the eloquence of writers, political leaders and professional men of all kinds does not seem to make it so. Indeed, a speaker's unwillingness to adopt farming as a vocation often varies inversely as the number and power of his arguments in favor of farming as a business and of the farm as a home for young people.

Theoretically, the arguments in favor of farm life are very conclusive. There is good air, splendid exercise, quiet, beauty of environment, independence and freedom from many of the temptations of the towns. And yet people leave all this for the sake of city associations, and there must be reasons. These are of two kinds. In the first place, there are disadvantages and discomforts on the farm; and in the second place the town has, or seems to offer, greater opportunities and attractions.

Among the disadvantages of the farm are these—the physical discomforts, the lack of modern conveniences, the difficulties of travel, the poor opportunities for education, the loneliness of the solitary life. Added to this the laws of the land are decidedly in favor of the moneyed man in the factory-town, and the possibility of making an honest living is to the farmer rendered as difficult as possible. The lack of companionship is felt, especially by the women and the young people, the continuous manual labor and the long hours during the busy seasons are certainly very trying. And these are only samples of the drawbacks. On the other hand the call of the town is strong and persistent. It spells opportunity, choice, social companionship, better dress, greater conveniences, more luxuries, cash payment for services, amusements, variety. Of course, to the young man or woman who moves to the town all these advantages are not realized. Life is often much more trying and miserable than on the farm. On the whole it is not nearly so enjoyable, but experience alone reveals this.

As people are constituted today they are attracted by the thought of wealth, ease, position, companionship, and they make sacrifices to obtain these. It is because the city seems to hold out opportunities that are lacking in the country, so many young people desert the farm. The cure for the situation is, first of all, to show that many of the seemingly advantages of the city are not real, and the second is to enrich country life where it is lacking, so that there will be no disadvantage whatever. It is evidently impossible to surround the dwellers on the farm with every city luxury, just as it is impossible for to put the townsman in possession of all the good things of the country, but there is plenty of room for enrichment of the farm life, and this enrichment is the very first necessity.

The young people may as well understand to begin with that for most people in this country the farm offers as good opportunities for money-making as any other calling, and this notwithstanding the fact that trade conditions are unfair to the farmer. So, too, the labor is no more exacting, the hours no longer, than those of the average worker in the town. In these days, too, the position of farmers is not only as honorable, but is generally considered as honorable as any in the land. But when it comes to companionship, physical comforts, and opportunities for culture and enjoyment, then is real difficulty to be faced. The way out of the difficulty is for farm-

ers, individually and collectively, to aim at improved conditions. Good roads and good schools—these are almost first in importance, and both are possible. Then come improved dwellings, with some pretence of refinement and some opportunity for privacy. Libraries and suitable play things for old and young—these will make the evenings pass pleasantly and profitably. The home should be better than the stable. The wife should have as many modern conveniences in the kitchen and dairy as the husband has in the field. If he can afford a hired man, she can afford a maid if one is to be found. The children, too, are to be treated if they were more valuable than the stock. If the ranch boy gets sixty dollars a month and board, the school teacher should get an equal amount. The only place where we can get a real home is in the country. There are few counter attractions. Young people do not leave the fireside to be entertained. The first duty of farmers, a duty surpassing that of adding to the acreage or the herd, is to make the home a place in which mother and children will delight to live. That is the real solution of the rural problem. For where there is sweet home life, there is the best companionship, and there is none of that monotony which has, after all, more to do with distaste of the country than anything else. That which holds every time is the home feeling. When this is backed up by social enjoyment, the neighbors young and old meeting from time to time for mutual improvement and entertainment, the farm will seem to be, and, indeed, will be, the most satisfactory place in which one can spend his days.

EXPRESS RATES.

It is impossible for express and freight rates in Western Canada to remain as they are for much longer. In the United States the express companies say that they will not be able to stand a fifteen per cent. reduction. Of course, they ignore the fact that their stock is so thoroughly watered. If all the facts were known, would it be surprising to learn that the real dividends on express company stock, so far as Western Canada is concerned, is not six per cent., but more nearly five times this rate? One thing is certain, that the public regard the present rates as unduly excessive, and if they cannot be reduced to a reasonable basis, there is only one solution, namely, that the government must establish a parcels post service similar to that in the Mother Land. The question of cheaper transportation of commodities is only part of a larger question, that of protecting the people against the exactions of privileged monopoly.

STRIKES.

Another big strike ended, and nothing settled; but employers, employees, and general public all in a worse position! Surely there is justification for the third element to begin to assert its rights in this matter. In every community the individual's rights and privileges must be limited, because the general public has also its rights and privileges. When two men engage in a street brawl, the police, as representing the public, soon make it clear that every breach of the peace is community affair. There is no great difference in the case of many of our strikes, and the settlement of difficulties should be referred to regularly-appointed commissioners. These would see that some measure of justice is dealt out to both parties concerned, while the chief sufferer, the general public, is protected.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

The decision of the Privy Council on the questions submitted touching marriage leaves matters just about where they were. The vital point has not yet been settled, but it must be just as soon as the Hebert case is up for decision. What the home-makers in Canada are anxious to know is simply this: (1) Is a marriage between two persons, one or both of whom are Catholics, when solemnized by other than a Roman Catholic priest, legally binding either in Quebec or any other province of Canada? The decision on this point is awaited with eagerness. A Ne Temere decree is all well and good when promulgated among the faithful as a guide to action, but when by a legislature it is practically incorporated into the laws of the land it is an entirely different thing.

GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION.

After all, nothing is more sensible than government by commission. We are coming to that more and more. It is absurd, when one thinks of it, for four or five men of ordinary knowledge and ability to determine the policies of a province in such matters as transportation, education, public morals, trade relations. Governments do well in all matters where

accurate and comprehensive information is necessary to wise action, to call upon men and women who have had special opportunities for research and whose decisions are not likely to be biased by personal or party considerations. In Manitoba, the Telephone Commission, in Saskatchewan the Telephone Commission and the Elevator Commission, give illustrations of what can be accomplished when men who know are called upon to collect information and offer advice. Nearly all mistakes in government, not due to party or personal influence, arise from the habit that political leaders have of deciding great issues in their own small wisdom. The worst of it is they think they know it all.

Now the cheapest and safest commissioners that a province could have for most purposes could be selected from members of the civil service and the state educational institutions, provided care is taken in the appointment of these. Why should not every piece of agricultural legislature be approved or censored by the Deputy Minister of Agriculture and any experts that there may be at the Agricultural College? Why should not the instructor in civil engineering in the university be advisor to the Minister of Public Works? Why should not the teachers of science in the university be asked to direct their best efforts to solving local problems affecting human, animal and vegetable life? Why should not the professor of economics be asked for expert knowledge before laws are enacted touching upon trade relations? Why should not the professor in geology be an expert on good roads? Why should any move in temperance legislation, education or moral reform of any kind be attempted until the opinions of the best informed are secured? The sooner legislation is entrusted to those who have the necessary knowledge, rather than to those who have accidental authority, the better.

CONSERVATION.

The following from an American farming paper is well worth reading. If Americans have reason to feel alarmed, how should we view things in Canada today?

In July, Chancellor Lloyd George got into operation his Workmen's Insurance Act, the most radical sociological legislation in the laws of any nation; and now he announces in a signed statement: "We intend to put our hands to the great work of freeing the land, which was meant for the use of the many, but which has drifted into the hands of the few—to the work of freeing it for the people and their children forever." It would seem that England, with its 36,075,269 population on 58,575 square miles, would be making use of every inch of its soil; but there are thousands of acres unused and the land conditions are deplorable. How they got that way and how these conditions can be unravelled is a problem for that very extraordinary man, Lloyd George.

We should watch the process with attention; interest, and in the meanwhile we might look at our own land conditions. The following statement or variations of it are repeatedly made in Congress without contradiction: "Out of the 784,647,308.77 acres of public lands which have been disposed of by the government, fully 350,000,000 have been granted to speculators and corporations. The railroads received land grants of about 200,000,000—a perfect empire." Another statement made in Congress and not denied is that these railroad lands are now worth at least \$25 an acre. According to the last census we had in the United States 850,000,000 acres of farm lands, improved and unimproved—and the unimproved reached nearly 425,000,000 acres.

These are big figures, but even they hardly let us grasp the fact that we are using less than a fourth of our land area. More than three-fourths of the United States is uncultivated. In the course of time our population of a hundred millions is to increase to hundreds of millions, and, looking ahead even half the length that England has gone in her history, we see the potential value of all these idle acres. That is why the fight to keep our land and to improve the land laws and to strengthen the whole cause of conservation is so important in the United States.

THE BULL MOOSE.

A new party, or rather, a new movement. The significant thing about it is not the leader, but the principles advocated. He may pass away and many of the Adullamites in his camp may return to their old love, but the idea of government for the people by the people will remain. While the extreme naturalism of the new movement is overlooked (and the declaration of a national policy in such an extreme form was no doubt a political necessity), there is little on the platform that will not commend favorable criticism. Although the "Bull Moose" may not be in our minds our ideal character, not so captivating indeed as the nominee of the Democratic party, we are forced to admire his strength and to endorse most of his policy.



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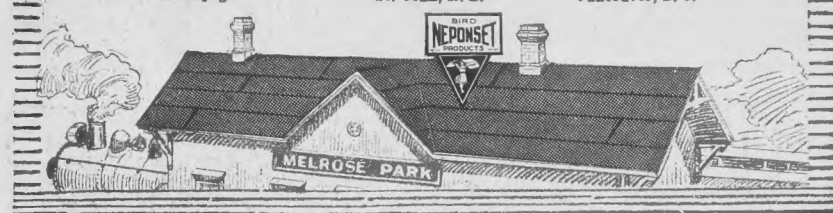
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What's in a Name.

Written for the Western Home Monthly By Irving Thomas.

MINTURN is not a poet-ically musical name, neither is there anything mysterious about it which might suggest the occult. So far as I know it is not borne by any one sufficiently great

to attract attention, yet by pronouncing this name within the hearing of a passing strange traveler in the North completely changed the course of two men's lives.

Bob Minturn came to the fur country fifteen years ago. He is one of the few successful independent fur traders. There is no bit of Northland lore he does not know. He repeats the language of every Indian with whom he comes in contact, knows the secrets of the wild, the habits of its animals, the ways of the winds and snow, and moreover he is a man of unusual physical strength and endurance. He has run as far as eighty miles in twenty-four hours with his dog team at heel when it was too cold for the dogs to rest long at a time. They were trained to lie at night, one under his head, one along each side of his body, one on his feet, and the leader lengthwise on top of him.

hearing, one of them said to the other, "Three blacks, two silvers."

"How you know?"

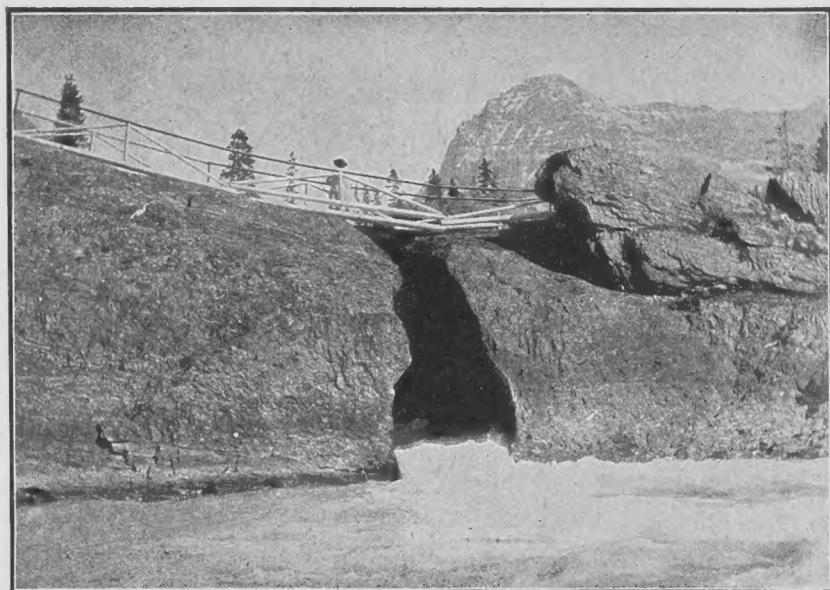
"Rain-in-the-face say he sell him one silver, know where he buy the others and more fine furs, none but the finest."

As Mark was hitching his dogs one of the half breeds said to him: "To the fort?"

"Yes," said Mark.

"We go, too, make company."

Mark had hoped to get away unobserved, for he was aware the half breeds' eyes rested covetously upon his pack. Failing of this, he accepted the proffered comradeship, as though it were a privilege. As they struck off toward the fort the tales he had heard since coming to the fur country of white men purposely lost by half breeds chased one another through his memory. The first day passed uneventfully, but Mark noticed that the half breed in the lead was setting an unusually smart pace, and kept it up all day. At night he dared not sleep so soundly that he would not notice any movement about camp. In the morning another of the half breeds took the lead, setting the same smart pace of the day before, while the one who led on the first day fell behind. Mark



Natural Bridge, N. Field, B.C.

As soon as they began to get cold and uneasy he would get up and run twenty miles, and lie down again until the dogs grew restless, then on again.

His mother died when he was a child, and his father married again. His half brother, Mark, was a lad of ten years when Bob left England fifteen years ago. Mark did not come to Canada for the express purpose of looking up his half brother, but it is likely that when he decided to leave England the fact that Bob was in Canada influenced his choice when he was picking out a new spot in the British Empire. It was because Bob was in the fur country the last time he was heard from that Mark made up his mind to have a look at it before selecting his occupation in Canada. He ran across traces of Bob here and there, and the wonderful tales he heard of his prowess as a runner made him eager to give it a trial himself. After working as a supply runner in the employ of an experienced man for a year he started for himself. The season was well on, and he was prospering. His whole season's purchase was contained in his pack. He had bought nothing but black fox, silver fox, and other expensive furs. Though he discussed the value of his pack with no one he could not conceal it. He had learned the trick of observing people closely without seeming to watch them, and found it difficult to suppress a feeling of anxiety as he noticed three half-breeds at the post eyeing his pack furtively when they thought he was not looking.

Outside, out of Minturn's sight and

concluded that they were after him, and that the game was to play him out. He fell behind, giving as a reason that one of his feet was hurting him, and that he did not wish to delay the others, but they were of no mind to disregard the courtesies of comradeship, and slowed down to his pace. His intention at first had been to start ahead of them, and run fast enough to prevent their overtaking him. Accordingly he had "loaded light," and would run out of grub if he did not make good time. The half breeds knew this, and were sure that he would not dare to delay them much. The second night he was afraid to go soundly to sleep as on the first. On the third day it was difficult for him to keep the pace which he knew was necessary if he were to reach the fort before his grub ran out. Anxiety began to pray upon his mind, for he knew that he could not lie awake and run during the day for much longer.

The half breeds knew it too.

On the third night, as he crawled with his sleeping bag he thought that he had never been so tired in his life before, but for the first half of the night he maintained his usual vigilance, but after midnight when everything about the camp was still he fell into a sound sleep. How long he slept he did not know, but suddenly he found himself very wide awake watching his dogs as they went off at full speed behind the sled of one of the half breeds. He had slept so soundly that they had stealthily broken camp without waking him, tied his lead dog behind one of their sleds,

put the gad to their dogs, and started with a jump. As he slept with the dogs in harness hitched together as they ran this trick was easily executed.

He crawled out of the sleeping bag, and examined his sled. Everything was just as he had left it in the evening before he went to sleep; nothing was missing but the dogs. It was about forty degrees below zero. The trail was in good condition, everything favorable for travel, but what would he do without dogs? Should he abandon his winter's purchase of furs, and start without the sled with a few day's grub on his back? If he did, with rifle, cartridges, and grub to carry he couldn't run fast enough to reach the fort before the grub ran out, for he had figured on only enough for the time it would take him to run the distance with the dogs hauling everything. "No matter what I do," he said to himself, "it's a chance. There is no sure way out." He stood looking at the rawhide strap with each end fastened to the sled which fitted across his shoulders and under his arms when he helped the dogs out of a deep snow drift, or up an unusually steep bank. Mechanically he picked it up, and fitted it to his shoulders. He had no definite plan. "I'll take a chance," he muttered, "if it's me to the wolves it may as well be with the pack



The Countess of Rothes, a survivor of the great "Titanic" disaster, who showed conspicuous bravery at that time.

as without it." He trudged along, dragging the sled at a slow, disheartening pace. When he had traveled in this way for about an hour he stopped and looked back from a half unconscious impulse to measure the distance he had come. As he turned, his heart gave a thump which almost choked him. A runner was coming up on his trail at the greatest pace he had seen so far in all the North country. As he came up he proved to be a man standing about five feet ten, lean, but strongly muscled. His dogs were medium in size, fleet, wirey, and long winded. They followed him as he sped along the trail, the leader just behind his heels.

He held out his hand as he came up. "Is your name Minturn?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mark, as they shook hands. "May I ask yours?"

"Minturn," said Bob. "We seem to be a pair, but where are your dogs?"

"They ran off with some half breeds."

"As I expected. I've got to get 'em. We'll visit when I get back. How far are they ahead of you?"

"About two hours."

Bob took a pound of pemican and a dried apple wafer from his sled, and said to Mark: "Put your sled behind mine, get in front with the dogs, and make what time you can till I get back."

"Aren't you going to take your rifle?" Mark asked.

"No," said Bob, "it's too heavy, and those fellows aren't the shooting sort. I have a handy thirty-two for close work if there is any, but there won't be. Don't you worry about me," and he was off even faster than he had come up from behind.

The half breeds were just making noon camp when he overtook them. Their dogs were lying on the snow with tails curled over their feet, hitched to the sleds just as they traveled. Mark's dogs were lying by themselves in harness, but with no sled. "Where did you get the extra team?" asked Bob.

"They ketch up behind, mus' run away from some feller."

"I passed him back a ways pulling his sled by hand. It will be all right if I take them back to him, won't it?"

"Sure, sure," said the half breeds all at once. The were anxious to be rid of the dogs, and very sorry that they had them. They were not afraid of Mark's overtaking them, worn out for lack of sleep as he was. They had not figured on a fresh runner, and were travelling leisurely to keep an eye on the back trail till Mark was played out.

Without discussing the matter with the half breeds Bob hurried back with Mark's team. When they met there was still a little daylight left, and hitching each team to its own sled they traveled till camping time. When the camp fire was lighted Bob said: "So you've grown to be a man, and thought you would try the fur trade?"

"Yes, there's good money in it, plenty of adventure. I've liked it immensely until this trip. I'll confess that till you came up I hadn't enjoyed it much this time."

"They were out for your pack, all right."

"But why did they take the dogs, and leave the furs?"

"I was asleep; they could have taken the furs as easily as the dogs."

"And leave you with dogs and grub? Not those boys. They know the game too well. The law has a long arm even in this unsettled frozen country. They must keep on the safe side, you know. They had it figured out properly, but you see you didn't follow the usual programme. As the game is usually played you should have awakened suddenly to see your dogs led away from you; then you should have gotten excited, scrambled out of the sleeping bag, and after them without grub or making any preparations. You had been for two nights without sleep, and slept so soundly when you finally did go to sleep that they got breakfast quietly without waking you. They had slept and eaten regularly, and were older runners, more hardened to the trail. You could not have overtaken them, but to do the thing according to rule you should have chased them till you were exhausted, and then, played out, without grub or sleeping bag, you should have lain down in the snow, and frozen to death. The wolves would have eaten you, just your bones would have been found your pack would have been found torn to shreds, and the furs missing; hungry wolves will chaw up furs, you know. But for an accident which turned me this direction no one would have come this way till the snow had fixed the trail, so that it would have told no tales. It would have been found that your dogs had left you in the night, and the rest would have been the natural result."

"What turned you this way?"

"I happened to hear your name mentioned at the post, and was anxious to know who was carrying my name around the fur country. I should have taken a more direct route to the fort than this. The half breeds purposely took this round about way to make sure that other runners could not follow their trail."

"I knew they had an eye on my pack before I left the post, but I couldn't see any way to avoid them. If I had waited for them to go on, they would have waited too. I tried to start early be-

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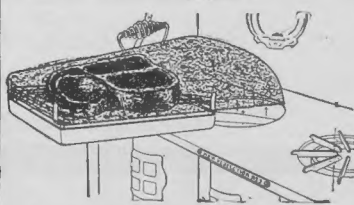
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fore they woke in the morning, but they were watching me."

"They kept that up on me for three years," said Bob. "During all that time they never gave me a minute's peace, but after that they gave me up. They haven't troubled me for a long time."

"You were too clever for them?"

"Well, yes, I guess so, but I had a better pair of legs and a better pair of bellows in my wind box than any of them. When I saw that they intended to hit the trail with me I used to get up a little extemporised athletic contests, show them some stunts, and ask them if they could do them; like this, for instance," and he extended one leg forward at a right angle from his body and slowly sat down on the other heel.

me I had them buffaloed before we started. If they started with me I set such a pace that I had their throats dry and their legs aching before we went into camp at night. Then I lay down for two hours and started again. I seldom ran across one that could stay with me and never two at once, and chanced along it spoils the flavor of it alone."

"And you like it?"

"Yes, there is a fascination about it, as there is to every dangerous enterprise, with a big reward for the successful. I know of nothing at which I could make more money. You see I buy nothing but the finest, most expensive furs, and I pay the Indians more for them than they can get from any

"I was down at Athabaska Landing a month or two ago. There are some great openings there for a man who would develop them properly. What do you say if we go down there and go at it; quit roving around and grow up with the country. We'll look the place over, pick out something good, there's a lot of such things there; we'll go into partnership, and by the time the country is settled up and flourishing, we'll be old timers in on the ground floor."

"I'm with you. I don't need another warning like the one I've had to-day, besides I see I am not so well built for this sort of thing as you are. I'd better quit while I have a chance."

Not everyone at Athabaska Landing knows what brought the Minturn brothers there as we do.

The Loving Father.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Robt. E. Gullins, Winnipeg.

If you cannot, on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready at command,
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever-helping hand,
You can succor the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Master's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do,
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil within life's vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

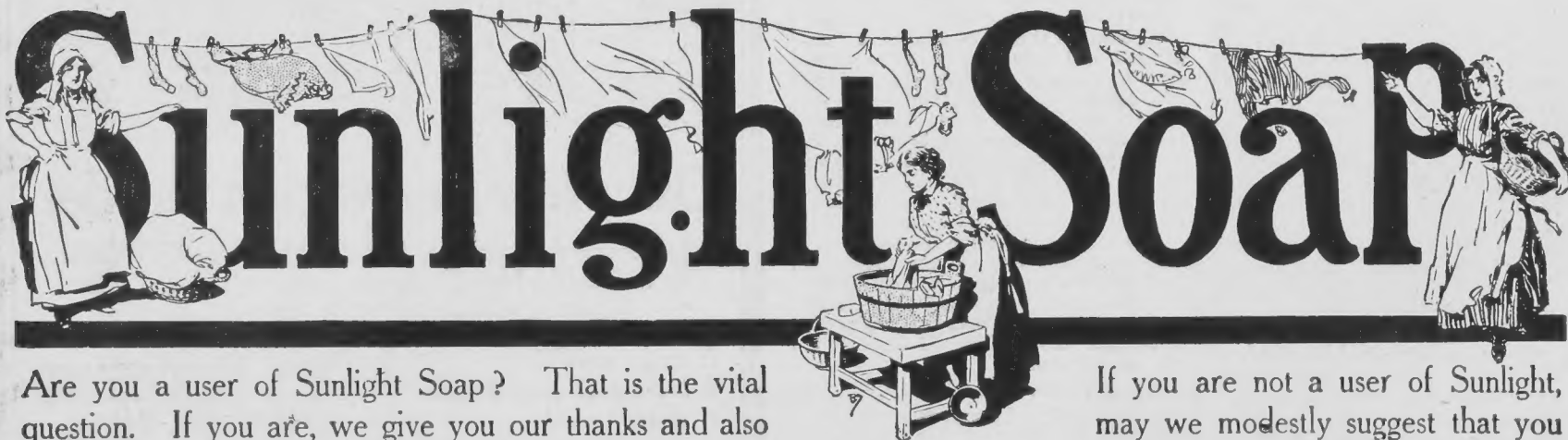


Athalmer, B.C., showing Water Frontage on Columbia River.

then he slid to the ground so that he was sitting squarely on the ground behind his right heel with his left leg still extended rigidly forward, but not touching the ground. Then without allowing the extended foot or leg to touch, and without touching anything with his hands he slowly rose to a standing position by sheer strength of his right leg. He did it several times in succession without pause. "I could keep it up till you would be tired of watching me. I never ran across one that could do my sunts, and if they took the trail with

one else. The Indians have come to know me. They save their choice furs till I come for them; but I have been thinking lately of settling down. I am getting pretty well on toward forty, and a man is not so fleet of foot beyond forty as before he reaches it. Most of them keep on till the North gets them. It might be wiser to quit in time."

"It has been getting hold of me. I was enjoying it, but when I think what might have happened if you hadn't chanced along it spoils the flavor of it a bit for me."



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The Laggard and the Leap Year Lark.

Written for the Western Home Monthly.
By Edith G. Bayne.



"So he hasn't proposed yet!"

It was Alec Patton from 'Varsity who thus exclaimed. He had followed his mother out to the kitchen where

sundry delicious odors heralded the approach of the big dinner.

"No, nor never will it seem," answered Mrs. Patton as she removed two pies from the oven. "Calamity don't say much but she's doin' a heap o' thinkin'."

"Well, if there's anything slower than Jasper Titewadd I'd like to know about it," continued Alec. "Why, when Walt and I were home Christmas and Easter, too, we thought it would come off this June without fail. He doesn't know about Uncle Jim leaving Cally that money last fall?"

"No, and we're not lettin' on about it either."

"That's right. Keep it from the old stiff. Gee! Six years and he hasn't come to the point yet!"

"Sh— Here's Cally."

A medium sized, rather plain-looking girl now made an appearance. She had red hair and a generous supply of freckles, but her expression and manner were so pleasant, that one lost sight of her physical drawbacks at once.

"How are the chickens, mother?"

"Done to a turn, Cally."

"You go back to the parlor, Cally, and help entertain," interposed Alec, "and I'll see mother through this."

And suiting the action to the word, he seized on a bowl of gravy and a pile of hot plates and proceeded to demonstrate his ability as a first-class waiter by holding both at arm's length and side-stepping into the dining room, while his mother and sister held their breaths.

Calamity Jane Patton returned to the company of her other college brother, Walter, his classmate, "Blondy" Bennet, some neighbor friends and the remainder of the family, all of whom were to dine in honor of the homecoming of the boys for the summer vacation.

"Jasper's coming over to-morrow night," whispered Mrs. Patton to Alec as together they "placed" the chairs.

"Oh, he is, is he? Been rushing anyone else this spring?"

"No, he's here just as often as seems just as fond of Cally, only he says nothing."

"Well," replied Alec, with the air of a tenth-season matchmaker, "it's got to come off; it's too good a hitch-up to miss. Cally's had her trunks ready three years now and she's a good 'catch' if I do say it."

For the past six years Jasper Titewadd, a bachelor of means, without a relation to bless himself with, had been Calamity Jane Patton's acknowledged "company." His farm, in the hands of hired help and overlooked by himself, was in a flourishing condition. During the summers of those six years he had driven and ridden, pickednicked and boated with Calamity, and when the arrival of King Frost had changed the order of their pleasures they had spent the evenings sleigh-riding, dancing, or sitting quietly by the Patton fireside. They had been to all the fairs, dinners, dances, barn-raising and church "eats" together, they had roasted chestnuts; pulled taffy and popped corn in each other's company. But as yet the interesting question had never been popped. A careful diagnosis of the case would have revealed neither bashfulness on Jasper's part nor lack of charm on the part of Calamity. Furthermore, not only the Pattons themselves were "talking" about the long courtship, but the entire village had been stirred for years over it, and when all other gossip had run itself out there

was always this topic to come back to, each time with renewed zest. Mrs. Perkins had always maintained that "no good would ever come of givin' a girl a name like that!" Indeed, at the young lady's christening everyone had shaken their heads and prophesied

everything of a disastrous nature for the Pattons, from a fire to a flood. But she had been named for Uncle Jim Patton's wife long deceased, and he had nobody to whom he could leave his money except his brother's children, of whom Calamity became his favorite, at

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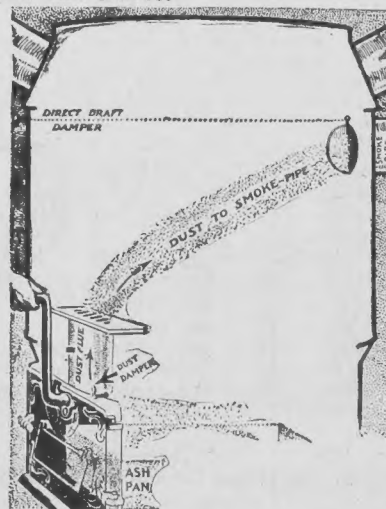


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once and for all time.

Jasper Titewadd had occasionally found other suitors in the field. But his huge bump of conceit saved him from the qualms of jealousy and the undaunted wooer would return to the siege, calling twice weekly and entertaining the rest of the family if Calamity happened to be engaged with another gentleman in the parlor. Nothing came of these experiments, however. The quondam suitors would depart and Jasper still maintained his silence as of old.

'Varsity, 'Varsity — and yet more 'Varsity — was the dinner table topic. Alec had won a scholarship and Walter was captain of the football team. "Blondy" Bennet had distinguished himself neither in science nor athletics, but in the field of amateur theatricals.

"And, mother, if only you could have seen him doing Desdemona in our closing!" Walter cried.

"Not dressed like a woman!" "Sure! And talk of beauties! He's been called "Blondy" ever since. He had all the blondes in T— looking like faded pea-straw. Eh, Alec?"

"That's right, folks. He had a yellow wig on, done a la Fritz Scheff, a girdled white dress, and pumps, powder, paint, perfume—all the 'fixings'."

"Perfect, mother," assured Walter.

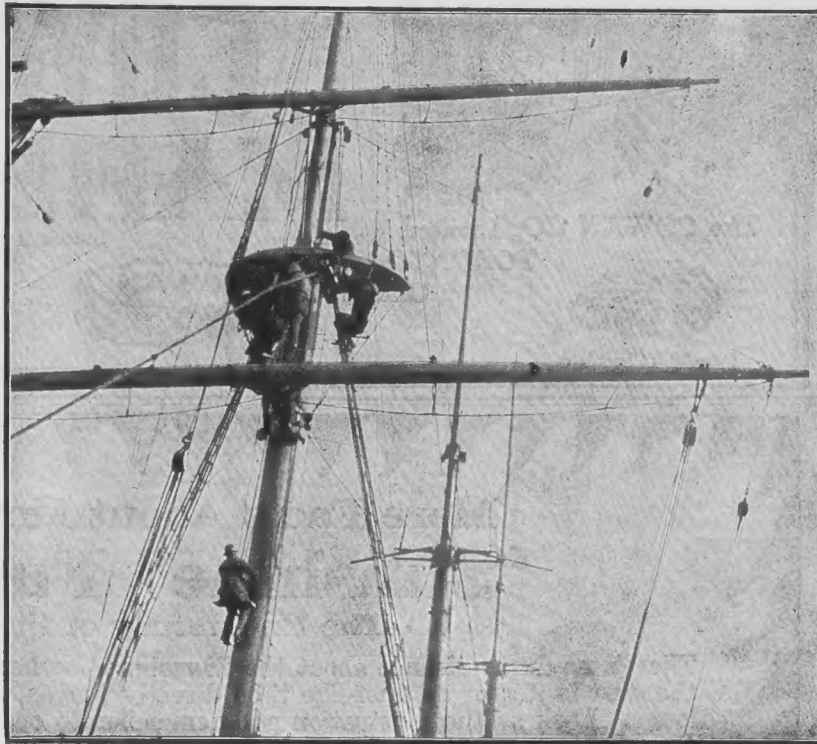
don't tell her you're going to 'land' the old guy. She really likes him, you know."

"All right! Now, Alec, but what if some of the neighbors drop in too?" was "Blondy's" next problem.

"Well, fellows, if they do, we'll just haze them, too. "Blondy's" a stranger to this part of the country, and he's leaving on Monday, so he need not care. I'm going to get mother wise."

At eight o'clock next evening Mr. Titewadd arrived on the Patton doorstep. This was not one of his schedule calls, but an extra thrown in. With the ease of long habit he hung his hat on its accustomed hook and singled out his favorite chair. The entire family, with the exception of Calamity and Mr. Bennet, soon made their appearance. Mrs. Patton continued her knitting, the girls brought in the lights and drew the curtains, the boys and Mr. Patton brought their chairs about the centre table and peace reigned on the little group. But for all Mrs. Patton's placidly, a twinkle of mirth lurked in her eye, and Mr. Patton in dread of a premature disclosure, kept up a spirited conversation with Jasper Titewadd, now on crops and then on the county elections.

"Cally's been a little late chorin' round," explained the mother presently,



Scraping the mast on a sailing vessel.

"And he had some long spiels, too. You'd have thought his voice was Cally's there; he had it pitched to just the right key. I think he'd make his mark in the drama."

"That's enough," interposed the amateur 'actress.' "You will give me stage-fright and I'll never face the footlights again."

The vision of the late Desdemona, however, persisted in haunting Alec's fertile brain so that it was his idea, coupled with "Blondy's" ingenuity and aided and abetted by Walter's enthusiasm that evolved a scheme for the amusement of the family the following evening. He made known to "Blondy" the outlines of the situation between his sister and Jasper.

"I appreciate your confidence, Alec," said "Blondy," "and I'll agree to the role, providing no one's feelings are hurt. Then you fellows mustn't laugh or give the thing away until the last."

"Leave that to us. I will be as grave as a stone image," replied Alec, "and if Walt here snorts out or bungles the scheme, I'll take it out of him next day at the barn."

"Well, if it's all settled then," said Walter, "I'll go into the city to-morrow and bring home the costume, wig and all."

"Don't forget the paint and stuff," said "Blondy," "and maybe your sister could loan me a lady's handkerchief and a fan?"

"Yes, we'll let her in on this—only

after an interval of silence. "I'll call her—"

"And Mrs. Wood, too," remarked Alec carelessly, as he rose to leave the room.

"Mrs. Wood?" echoed Jasper.

"A distant cousin of ours, on mother's side," said Alec gravely. "She just arrived yesterday."

"That so? Well, now—that's good. Strange, though; I don't think I ever heard any of you mention her."

"She's not closely related," said Mr. Patton, "out she is a jolly soul, lots of fun, you know, Jasper."

"A widow," added Walter, who was shuffling a pack of cards.

"Well, well!" ejaculated Mr. Titewadd. "Is she going to remain long?"

"Well—no—only a few days. She likes Pattonville, but she wants to buy a farm and is looking about for a good large one, as she says she is tired of town life. She has considerable means."

"She's a peach-cake, Jasper!" cried Walter. "Bet you'll be all stuck on her in ten minutes."

"I am all eagerness," said the good-humored Jasper, with genuine interest.

And at this juncture there was a slight rustle at the door which made him turn quickly, and the vision that met his gaze was imprinted on his memory for a long time afterward. Ye gods! What picture stepped down from its frame was this!

"Mrs. Wood — Mr. Titewadd," announced Alec who had taken it upon

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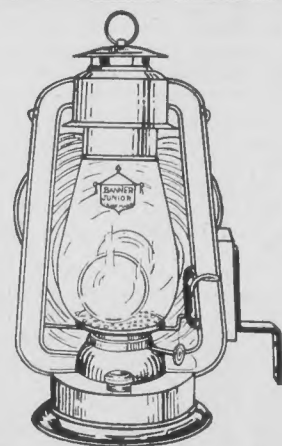
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himself to do the honors of the occasion.

When Jasper rose he discovered that the charming widow was a good half head taller than himself, and he felt it incumbent on him to straighten the little habitual stoop of his shoulders.

Calamity had entered unobtrusively, merely exchanging a "good evening" with her pseudo-fiance. By the side of this brilliant plumaged bird she looked like a little brown sparrow. Meanwhile Mrs. Wood took possession of Mr. Titewadd and proceeded to entertain him in spirited style. The family drew away as if by mutual agreement. The widow was evidently desirous of making an impression on the well-to-do bachelor. And as Walter said "She had the goods." Divinely tall and fair with a melodious contralto voice, a voluptuous form and an imposing address, who could withstand her? She was attired in white and wore a long chain of corals and a corsage bouquet of June roses. Her hair was of that particularly golden hue so often sung about, and so seldom seen. The dainty feet which, as a matter of course, ought to have accompanied the rest of the vision, were concealed beneath the folds of her dress, which was so long as to boast of a considerable train. But they were only a small part of the altogether charming whole.

Jasper found himself making unfavorable comparisons between Mrs. Wood's figure and that of Calamity.

There was a scramble. Mrs. Wood, quite forgetting her dignity and station and bringing up at the head of the boys, until pushed back by Alec with a muttered threat. Notwithstanding the number of rehearsals she had had in managing her train, it insisted on thrusting itself forward and tangling up her feet. Worse luck, too. Something appertaining to her person had given way in that mad rush, and what or where it was she dared not guess.

"Oh dear!" she sighed. "I'm such a tomboy."

"Not at all, Mrs. Wood," said Jasper, "only high-spirited."

Whereupon, to cover the widow's embarrassment, he launched out into his favorite story. And then Mrs. Wood begged him to tell another. By the time he had retailed three of his "yarns," he was glowing with good-humor and self-appreciation. Then the widow herself recounted a few of her merriest tales, all pungent with the latest slang. Mr. Titewadd was becoming more enslaved with every passing moment. When refreshments came in he was most attentive. So also were the boys.

For assiduity in waiting upon the ladies Alec merited honorable mention, returning no less than five times with the same cake and "pressing" sandwiches upon her at intervals of every three minutes. Walter, after several trips around with the coffee, found his



At the Lake of the Woods.

All men like a "figger," and the widow was the happy owner of large—not to say ponderous—proportions. So the tete-a-tete proceeded in delightful manner. Scraps of conversation like the following floated out to the others:

"O, yes, I just adore the country! Heavenly!—Round here it's too sweet for anything. Oh, yes, of course I like the city—but if I could only spend the rest of my life on a farm! Do you? Well I should think you would be so accustomed to the country by this time, you wouldn't care to leave. Sing? Oh, I couldn't. I have a terrible cold. Play? Why certainly. Do you care for dance music?"

Alec and Walter were conferring in a distant corner, but both started when Mrs. Wood rose and minced across to the piano. She seated herself very cautiously and patted a stray curl into place with a hand upon which many rings glittered.

"I'm sadly out of practice," she simpered.

"Oh, just put your best foot foremost," Mr. Patton called out.

"Hit her up with a rag-time, old chap!" cried Walter, for which unguarded remark he was punished by a kick under the table from Alec.

Mrs. Wood played brilliantly. She had "an almost masculine touch," Mr. Titewadd thought. When she had executed ten or eleven "pieces" Calamity, who had been absent for a few moments, called in from the kitchen door:

"I want a boy out here to help carry in the tea."

self-possession deserting him, so he contented himself with leaning in lover-like proximity near Mrs. Wood's chair. From this vantage point he was guilty of making audible remarks concerning "style" and "slinging it over the rubes" and "where did she buy that hair," etc., etc.

"Oh, Mr. Titewadd!" gushed the object of that gentleman's admiration "You cannot imagine how I have enjoyed the evening. You are such a perfect listener. I don't know when I have met a man whose tastes and opinions were so like my own. We must be friends!"

"Very happy, I'm sure," returned the flattered Jasper.

"Shake," she proceeded, holding out a jewelled hand.

Jasper shook it limply, meanwhile casting an uneasy glance in Calamity's direction.

"I—er—I—it's—been a very enjoyable evening to me, too," he said.

"I envy you, Mr. Titewadd."

"Envy me?"

"Why, yes. Your life in the country, you know. Oh, to pass the remainder of one's days surrounded by green fields and waving grain, to be near a running brook, whose tinkling murmur—er—mingled with the songs of birds—"

"Oh, say, cut it out kid!"

The latter clause was addressed in a threatening whisper to Walter, who had administered a heavy punch to the speaker's arm.

"Why don't you settle somewhere near here then?" asked Jasper, taking

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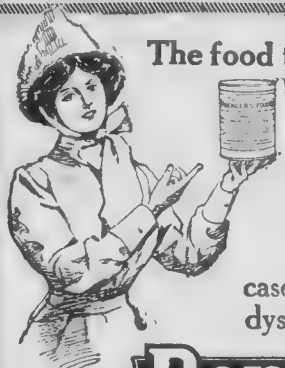
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WINNIPEG, MAN.

a mental inventory of the widow's jewelry.

"Do you think I could?"

"Well, there's the old Perkins' place for sale, and three miles east of here is a large farm just been offered last week."

"But I would be so lonely, Mr. Titewadd."

"Lonely?"

"Why, of course. I must have some company. Oh, let me tell you my secret!"

Her voice dropped to a whisper, and she bent forward till the blond curls tickled the bachelor's nose. "I want to marry—and at once. Read this," and she slipped a small folded paper into his hand. "That is going into all the city papers next week. Don't think me bold. This is leap year, you know, Mr. Titewadd. I got my first husband that way and he was all that one could desire—so kind and loving and—oh dear!"

Here, after a vain search for the lace-edged handkerchief, she was about to seize on a crocheted wool lamp-mat to apply to her eyes when Walter spied the missing article and thrust it into her hand.

The perspiration started out on Jasper's brow and his heart skipped a beat as he read:

"Wanted — By widow of means, not yet 35 and attractive, a gentleman correspondent. Must be of suitable age and steady habits — farmer preferred. Object matrimony."

Just here the Patton clock rasped out eleven strokes and Mr. Titewadd, hastily returning the slip of paper, rose. He seemed to have lost the power of speech.

"What! Not going surely?"

"It is my usual time. I am a man of regular habits, and never keep late hours."

"Oh, are you?" she broke in. "Then perhaps—er—you would like to answer this advertisement yourself?"

Jasper's back was toward the bridge players, but Mrs. Wood could see that the play was suspended.

"I beg your pardon—what was that?" asked Jasper.

"Would you care to—to—reply to my advertisement? I mean, couldn't you and I join interests—or—that is settle down together and—oh, you know?"

"I! oh! Why, Great Scott!"

"Ladies' prerogative, Mr. Titewadd. Leap Year, you know. Excuse bluntness. Get me right? Have I given a knockout blow?"

"Not at all, but—perhaps you are not aware that Calamity—Miss Patton and I—er—you see—"

"Not engaged!" shrieked Mrs. Wood.

"Well—I've never got up the steam to whistle yet, but—"

"Calamity, is this true? Come here, you sly puss."

Calamity Jane drew near in alarmed doubt.

"What's all this I hear?"

"All what?" asked innocent Calamity. "Are you and this gentleman engaged? Why didn't you tell me?"

Jasper looked helplessly from one to the other.

The Patton family listened breathlessly. Calamity was silent.

"When is the wedding to take place?" Mrs. Wood continued relentlessly.

"Next week!" at length burst from Jasper.

"Why, good gracious sakes alive!" cried Mrs. Patton. "There's the cake and the invitations and the—"

"Hush, mother," said Mr. Patton in a whisper. "Let them play the game out."

Mrs. Wood sank into a convenient chair, but in so doing her long coral chain caught on the arm and a shower of beads flew over the room.

"Oh, my necklace!" she groaned.

This was a diversion which had not been arranged for, but which proved most timely, for while the Patton family went down on their knees and crawled about the rug, Jasper found occasion to draw Calamity aside.

"Can you be ready by then, Cally?"

"Oh, Jasper!"

"Well, in two weeks, then? Say the tenth?"

"Well—maybe—oh yes, Jasper."

"Somebody fetch Mrs. Wood a glass of water and a fan. She's fainting," cried Walter.

But Mrs. Wood, protesting vigorously, aimed a blow at that young man, and, snatching off her beautiful golden hair, threw it up and caught it dexterously on the toe of her boot.

"Hip—hip—hooray!"

And the Patton boys joined in with the 'Varsity yell.

"Each For All and All For Each"

Written for the Western Home Monthly.

By Rev. D. S. Hamilton.

It is right to give attention To yourself and to your own; Home and wife and children claim you Lest the loved ones should be lone. But a larger family circle, Too, has needs that you should reach, In fulfilment of the motto: "Each for all and all for each."

It is well to earn a living, In an upright, honest way; It is wise to save a portion, 'Gainst a cold and rainy day. But, beware amid the market, Where so much is bought and sold, That you barter not your manhood, For the sake of shining gold.

It is good if fortune favors, And your treasure grows apace, To remember those less prospered, Struggling members of the race. But a higher service calls you Than to give with ready hand; 'Tis to strive for highest welfare Of your own and every land.

Truth and justice long have waited, And, 'twould seem, are waiting still, For the men of soul and vision, Men of mind and heart and will; Who shall turn from sordid standards, And with clear prophetic call, Teach their fellowmen the motto: "All for each and each for all."

'Tis so easy for the preacher To expound the golden rule; And for saints to sing in chorus Of the Master's perfect school. But if selfishness still governs, And injustice dulls the song, Yours to aid the cause of freedom, Rectifying every wrong.

And methinks the day is dawning, When the Lord, by clamant word, Shall awake His saints to action, Through some prophet yet unheard. Who shall come with message mighty, And with mighty purpose he Turning thoughts of many backward, To the Man of Galilee.

Till again men see Him walking, In the streets or by the shore; Witness gracious acts of healing, As are told in sacred lore. For He fain would teach the teacher, Lead the leader in the way, Of a self-denying service Bringing in the better day.

When with cruel wrongs all righted, With injustice overthrown, Masses fed and clothed and sheltered, Come with gladness to their own. When the people live in earnest, And men practice what they preach, And the motto bears full meaning: "Each for all and all for each."

Charlie.

'Tis Charlie gets the tumbles, 'Tis Charlie gets the bumps, And worse than these, the measles, The chicken-pox and mumps; And if the scarlet fever Or whooping cough's about, Oh, Charlie's sure to have it Before the month is out. But Charlie's such a darling, So full of pranks and fun, Another thing he catches Is smiles from everyone!

Whose was the Sin.

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By William Spencer.



MORNIN'," snarled old John Swift in his customary manner to the cheerful salutation of pretty Jennie Dean. Jennie seemingly paid no attention to his gruff manner, as she smilingly added, "Glad to see you out; feeling pretty well?" "Well 'nough," John grudgingly grunted; and Jennie hastened along on her way to school.

Old John looked up as she passed, and his eyes followed her retreating form till the turn at the corner shut off his view.

"Blamed fool I am," he growled. "Every time that girl goes by, I speak to her when I've said a hundred times I'd never speak to any woman again. Well, I've done it for the last time. If I ain't man enough to do a thing when I make up my mind to it, I wish somebody would just tie me to a post and cat-tail me till I get some sense."

But as whipping posts were things of the past and there was no probability of getting any sense into John's head by that means, he jerked himself off the chair, gave it a vicious kick, stalked into the house, and went to a dark closet under the stairs, when he emerged with two bank bills of large denomination, which he leisurely, and with apparently much satisfaction proceeded to destroy in a most methodical manner: first tearing off the corners, which he threw into the stove, then bisecting the remainder, throwing one half into the fire, and so on until the bills were all consumed.

"There, by Gee Columbus, so much saved. I feel better." And he shook himself like a great dog, and resumed his accustomed seat on the porch. After Old John's self-arraignment, and unique mode of "getting square," he settled back into the same taciturn being as before; but try hard as he might, and resolve as often as he would, to ignore Jennie's sweet recognition, every morning found him venturing the same chopped off replies. Jennie's thoughts

that morning also dwelt on the same incident, though she knew nothing of the strange effect of her usual greeting.

"Dear me," sighed Jennie, "I'm afraid the people were right in what they said of Old John. Here I've been trying for three months to get a friendly word from him, and this morning it seems as if he was more curt than ever. I wonder if I am making him worse by my efforts to draw him out of himself. Perhaps it were better that I take another street, and not pass his house."

But when ready for school next morning, something seemed to draw her in the same direction, and she followed its leading.

Old John was a character, whose friendship none had ever been able to gain since he came to the village to reside, some four years previous. The story of his life had been gathered from various sources, and I will give it in its most approved version.

It has been authentically established, that in his younger days, he was very wealthy, but there the favor of fortune ended; for he had a most repulsive face; in fact, he was known all over the country as being the ugliest man on the Continent, a statement which might easily be believed from his present appearance, for time had not softened those irregular lines, but rather accentuated them. His hair, what was left of it, was not as might be supposed at the age of sixty, grey, but a deep red with an almost purple tinge, and its southern sweep fringed an enormous wen, which, despite its color, reminded one of little Moses in the bulrushes. His nose, large and seedy, with a hairy mole on the tip, could never deny relationship to that face; for one glance, suggested just such a nose. Now, if Nature had but given him two respectable looking eyes, one might, by a heroic effort, fix his gaze on those organs, and pretend to ignore the major part of his unsightly physiognomy. But no—it was not to be. No beautiful soul beamed forth from those mismatched optics, one of which had evidently been inherited from his mother, a somewhat doubtful blonde, and was a watery blue and absolutely expressionless the other, brought down from the paternal side, was a savage looking black, and was set down in the corner next his nose, where its fierceness might be curbed no doubt by that extraordinary member.

As if these were not enough afflictions for one poor head, Nature had further asserted her determination of making as unsightly a human being as possible, by adorning his mouth with two rows of teeth in front, which showed to decided advantage neath his short upper lip. Could John have cultivated mustachios, some of these inaccuracies might have been concealed but bare as a baby John's face ever remained, save for the wisp of red hair, which flourished in the aforesaid mole.

With all these personal defects, it was little wonder that John held himself aloof from all companionship, especially as it was a common saying, that after the fine materials had all been used in the make-up of John's brothers and sisters, the edges had been trimmed off, tag ends picked up, and all refuse and surplus material had been turned into the machine—and John had been ground out.

John's parents were from an old English family, who owned the whole of Cheshire, and since their death, the property had been in Chancery, and was finally settled just a few months before their decease. An epidemic, with fatal effects, had carried away his brothers and sisters, but John, being such a travesty on humanity, not even disease would touch him, and he therefore was left sole heir to all the estate. Small wonder, then, that heretofore John had been shunned as a thing unclean, and indeed so general was this ostracism, that for a time it looked as if the family might starve to death for

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THE IDEAL BEDDING CO. LIMITED
22 JEFFERSON AVENUE TORONTO.

want of some one to bring provisions to the house.

But when the old folks died, and it began to creep out that John was a very wealthy man and it was really surprising to see how good-looking he became, and how many intimate friends he had. For a time John held himself aloof from all the same as before; but a hermit sort of life does not fulfill the natural desire of a human being, though John had so long been accustomed to universal avoidance, he did not so readily respond to the offers of friendship, as it was confidently hoped.

Among his most confiding friends, or those who fain would become his confidantes, were, as might be supposed, impecunious widows who would gladly have taken from his shoulders the responsibilities incident to such large possessions. Mothers also of several marriageable daughters, suddenly awoke to the fact that John must be very lonely, and that society was wrong in leaving him to bear his sorrows unaided. There is a weak point in everyone, and John's was by reason of contrast no doubt, intense admiration of beauty, be it exemplified in scenes of Nature, or the human family, and when Sarah Slocum, the most beautiful girl in the town, began to look demurely toward John, John hesitatingly but longingly looked toward Sarah.

Glances soon resolved into smiles, smiles into words, and it would not take a prophet to tell the only result likely to ensue. John struggled manfully against the surging waters of love that engulfed him whenever Sarah was near, and he told himself a hundred times a day that he was just as ugly as before, and that no girl would ever have looked at him but for his money; but with Sarah at his side, affectionately patting his hand, while the tears filled her eyes as she referred to his sorrowful life all alone, with no living relatives to care for him, John knew that there was at least one sincere woman in the world, and yet he hesitated to throw his last card, for if he lost—then what? He dared not think.

"Now, John, dear," said Sarah, for John had laid his heart and fortune at Sarah's feet and she had quickly picked them up. "You know, you cannot attend to all the details of the wedding preparation; it is too much to ask or expect of you, and mamma has so kindly offered to attend to everything, and not bother you with a single thing till the house is all ready to receive us when we return from our wedding trip; and she knows just the kind of a house we want in a lovely location. But, John, dear, of course—well—you know the money must be paid before we can do anything towards fixing it up, and mamma says she will look after all that business. It's awfully good of her. She will go and buy the house in her name, because, of course, it would be so embarrassing for dear mamma to acknowledge that it was your money, and it can be deeded to you after we are married, you see, just as well. Mamma says—and, of course, she knows—that we ought to have an elegant trousseau for me, because it would show so much more respect to you, dear; and she says she knows you would not have it any other way. Of course, you would be so proud to have everyone say that your bride was the most beautifully dressed that ever stood before the altar. Since poor papa's death (with a few tears) we have never felt like taking our proper position in society, but Mamma says that the marriage of her only daughter is a signal for coming from retirement, and she shall do her duty by me, cost what it will.

"Now Johnnie, my love, you know we are to be married in three months and mamma says that you can just write a check to-day for the house, and she will secure it at once, for it is such a bargain, only fifteen thousand pounds, or some one will be sure to snatch it up, and then you can give me a check for—oh, I guess I can get along with only twenty-five hundred pounds! Mamma and I will leave at once for Paris, and then we can see just what we're getting, and it will be so much more satisfactory than ordering—you are bound to get cheated that way.

You see that will give us time to have everything made, and we will be sure of a fit; that is so important. Why, mamma says it would never do at all to order without seeing what we are getting. You dear boy!"—Sarah always called him "Boy" when she wanted to be real tender—"Just think what a load this will take from you, won't it?"

"I'll get a pen now that we understand just how it's going to be, and you can sign the checks so that mamma and I can begin at once, for there won't be any time to spare." And Sarah puckered up her mouth, and bending over him with a very wry face, touched her lips to his forehead.

John was silent, but extending his arm, he drew her to him, while his eyes sought her face in a beseeching way that would have been touching had those eyes been mated.

"Sarah, my darling," slowly came from his white lips. "You can never know the depths of my love for you—never know half the gratitude my heart encased in this ugly frame holds for you. Long I resisted your noble attempts at friendship—long refused to even accept common civility at your hands; but having at length received you as a friend, I determined that there the relationship should cease. I have never mentioned this to you, but feel that the moment has now arrived when you should know the whole truth. I knew there could be no such thing in the world for me as love. I, with my unsightly features, could never hope to win the affection of any woman, though my gold might. But when your presence seemed a necessity to me, and when you did not recoil in horror from my first intimation of affection, I knew that I had found a true heart and a being whose love would not be mercenary could I but win it. I tried, and did win it. I thank the God who made me this misshapen thing that he sent across my path this bright angel to teach me love and happiness. Now, my dearest one, after my confession, and also my declaration of implicit faith in you, I am going to make one request which I am sure you will willingly grant when you see how much I desire it, even though it does not accord with your plans. The world will gossip, will slander, will kill with suspicion the purest women, and I would not have one breath of malice directed against the only being the world holds for me, and so I would ask you to give up this proposed trip to Europe. Be satisfied, as I shall more than be, with what costumes can be obtained at home, and which your mother, pardon me for referring to it, can easily afford to procure. Let me purchase our home, and after we are married, it shall be put in your name. We together will sail for Paris, and my darling shall then select whatever she pleases, and it will be my greatest pleasure to buy it for her. Though I request this, it is a matter on which I shall be obliged to insist, for I foresee the fatal result of a different plan."

A convulsive shudder shook the frame of the thwarted woman; a fiery look of intense hatred darted from her eyes; her teeth ground in rage, and for an instant she was speechless. But as John turned to receive her answer, with a heroic effort she controlled herself, and smiled sweetly as she began a most impassioned appeal to be allowed to follow out the plan so adroitly formed by herself and mother.

But though John Swift was supposed to be a man of easy principles, still where virtue was at stake and one word might admit of misconception, and bring sorrow to his idol, he was firm as adamant and Sarah's words of eloquence fell powerless.

Finding a will stronger than her own, and one against which it were worse than useless to struggle, Sarah threw off her cloak of hypocrisy, and in a manner that ill fitted those beautiful features, revealed her true self.

"Did you think, Jonathan Swift, that you were so handsome that any girl could fall in love with you for your good looks? Did you think that I, the most beautiful girl in the country, who can have any man I choose, would pick you out from all the rest if it were not to my advantage? You stingy old, baldheaded heathen orang-outang, do

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you suppose for one minute that I ever intended to marry you? Never! And your conceit is intolerable to even think it. Oh, no, but you were so gullible, that I persuaded myself that I could coax a few thousand out of you—and then—Good-bye! You would have plenty of time to mourn the loss of a your money and mother and I would so much have enjoyed a trip to Europe and had a nice house to move into when we returned—but you have spoiled it all. You viper! How I despise you! Your polluted presence is contamination to the foulest leper! Your hideous countenance mocks mankind! Go, hide that distorted thing you call your face in the deepest woods, and bury your loathsome body where man's footprint was never seen; and when your dry bones have returned to the foul dust from which created, hope for forgiveness for ever having lived!"

With a look of disgust and covering her face with her hands, as if to shut out a sickening sight, Sarah fled from the room.

John Swift was a strong man, but for a time his reason left him. Twice he essayed to speak, but his lips refused to make a sound. One groan escaped him, drawing his very life with it, and he arose with a mortal wound.

posing dwelling of which the town could boast.

At first there was much speculation among the Puritan maidens as to whether he had a wife to take charge of such a grand place, or whether perhaps, some day one of them might not be invited to act as mistress. But Old John's forbidding looks never courted inquiry, and at last all conjectures ceased.

Jennie Dean was a Puritan maiden only by adoption, having been employed for several years in teaching the village school, and as her work previous to that time had been one of charity in seeking out and comforting the friendless, her heart at once recognized in Old John a subject for her ministrations, and each morning as she passed she greeted him kindly. For weeks he paid no attention whatever, to her salutation, but her smile was just as sweet and her words as cheery the next time, till at last Old John began to feel just a little ashamed of his part, and the next morning he jerked his head in a sort of half apologetic way when she spoke. This was later followed by the abbreviated morning greeting of which I told you at the beginning.

To no one else in the village was



Feeding the hungry.

He placed his hand on the door to let himself out, and but for his grip would have fallen. With trembling hands he opened the door and stepped into the street. Strangers in the town pitied the poor old man whose limbs seemed too feeble to support him, and even those to whom he had for years been a familiar figure, scarcely knew him, so sudden was the transformation.

From that day forward, no one in his native town ever saw his face again. Through closed doors he disposed of his household goods; placed the house itself in an agent's hands, and left forever the place which had given him birth, and likewise caused his death.

For months he floated around different towns, avoiding people as much as possible. His meals were served at unheard of hours, and his walks were taken at night; but as he always had plenty of money, and never quibbled about price, no one objected to his idiosyncrasies.

By and by this Nomadic life grew tiresome, and John selected an old Puritan town where the quaint customs of its people never jarred on his sensibilities, and there bought the most im-

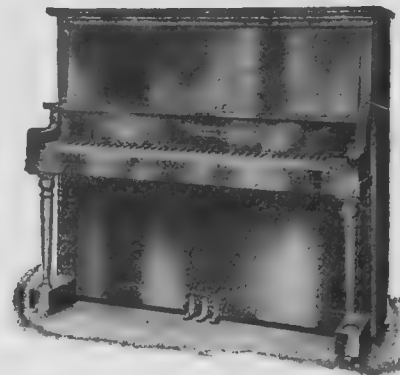
John ever known to have spoken a word. The few necessities which he required were ordered by post, and weekly checks by post also paid the bills. No one knew how he lived and few cared. Old John's solitary figure on his front porch was the only sign of life around the place.

One morning the chair was vacant. No one paid any attention to it or even noticed it except Jennie Dean, and the whole day her thoughts constantly wandered to the old recluse, and a heaviness seemed to oppress her. Her duties ended, she started at once for home, this time being careful to go by Old John's house, although she did not always return that way. But the chair was still vacant, and Jennie felt that all was not right. On the following morning when the old man was still absent from his accustomed haunt, Jennie could wait no longer, and she hurried straight to the pious parson and begged him to go at once to the house; but his piety was too saintly and of too high an order to risk besmirching it, or possibly being kicked out of a place that hitherto he had never sought to enter. Jennie with a feeling of contempt for so

How to determine the actual value of a piano

THAT problem confronts thousands of piano-buyers every year. It will confront you some day—in fact, it may be necessary for you to solve it now. We propose to help you arrive at a wise decision—to give you the basic principles of piano excellence in order that you may be able to form a definite idea of the actual value of any piano you may buy. You see we make the

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Without

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Scraping

Because the fine particles of the Cleanser immediately loosen and remove the hardest "burnt in" food-crusts, which soap-powders and scouring-bricks may only wear off after long, hard scrubbing. Rinse pot or pan in water; sprinkle on a little Cleanser and rub briskly with scouring brush. Wash and wipe dry. The cleanser removes all grease and "burn" (a tiresome scraping with a knife necessary), and leaves utensils "sweet" and clean.



Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 1 Oc

unworthy a disciple of The Master, hastened to the authorities with the story of her suspicions.

Officers were at once dispatched to the house, and as no one answered the door, it was forced.

Within deathly silence prevailed as the officers went softly from room to room, all in perfect order as if kept by a tidy housewife. Finding nothing alarming, they thought of the cellar and lighting their lanterns carefully descended.

Then the mystery was solved.

Two immaculate white cots, held two inanimate forms — one Old John, the other a beautiful infant; both looking as peaceful as if asleep. On a small stand near by were two unsealed envelopes. The larger being opened, was found to contain a bequeath, duly signed and witnessed, of all the property, real and personal, belonging to Jonathan Swift, and including the present home, the half of Chestershire and deposits to the amount of a million and a half in the bank of Chestershire, to the young woman known as Jennie Dean, "because," was added, "she is the only being in human shape, man or woman, whom an angel might envy; the only person who has ever thought that an immortal soul could possibly exist beneath such a repulsive exterior as that of John Swift."

The other envelope contained two letters, whose contents I will give verbatim.

Mr. Jonathan Swift, — At last I realize the true nobility of the man I once spurned, and soon afterward I promised my hand to a man who had long urged me, but our marriage was deferred on one pretext and another, till too late the sad truth—he never intended to wed me, and had gone in search of other victims. What becomes of me I care not; but I do love my babe and I know you will care for her, for is she not just like me and you once loved me? I shall never trouble you again. My sentence is just, and I

serve it uncomplainingly. "Lord be merciful to me a sinner!" is my prayer. Farewell for ever.—Sarah Slocum.

The other letter began in the stereotyped form of all public documents.

To Whom it May Concern,—Seek not to find a cause for these dead bodies, neither the hand that committed the deed; for I alone am responsible, and I am now beyond the reach of earthly punishment. This babe's beauty, and its likeness to her for whom I would have died, is more than I can endure, and I shall go away and take the little angel with me. But before we depart we will drink a potent glass to the sacred memory of mother, and—yes—wife in the sight of Heaven. "I have set my house in order," and this last act shall take place below the ground as befits its character, and also to the end that no memory of my "passing" may cling to the rooms soon to be lighted by the divine countenance of that christian girl—Jennie Dean. I have now but one favor to ask—the first in many years, as also my last: Let this beautiful sunbeam which has just crossed my life of gloom be placed in my arms and laid to rest with me, and allow the miniature of her mother to remain undisturbed in my hand. Thus will be forever united, but hidden from curious gaze, three persons whose lamps of life never should have been lighted, as curses instead of blessings have been their offspring. Signed — Jonathan Swift.

"Well," said one of the officers, "looks like there wasn't much for us fellows to do. Seems as if the old chap had pretty good sense after all. But, boys, let us go down and report and I guess I'll just hand in my resignation. Jennie Dean's going to be married to my oldest son next month, and there's no need of the old man working any longer. Being father-in-law to a million and a half is like having honors thrust on a fellow. Jennie is the nicest girl that ever lived, and we won't cast her off on account of her money—but how will my poor boy stand the shock?"

Mrs. Randolph's Nerve.

By John Reed Scott



WE had gone out on the piazza after dinner an especially good dinner it was—and the particularly calm and satisfied look on my wife's face emboldened me.

I had been trying to say it for a week, and always my heart failed me at the critical moment. Now I got out all my courage, threw out my chest, looked as though I were charging a battery of rapid-fire guns, and waded in.

"My dear," I said, "I have made up my mind to get a machine."

Then, having said it, I, figuratively speaking, ducked and threw up one arm to protect my head.

"A machine?" said she, puzzled. "Why, Reginald, the one we have is in perfect order."

"I am not referring to a sewing-machine, my dear," I explained grandiloquently. "That is in your department exclusively. I mean a car—an automobile."

There was no reply for the space of fifteen minutes—at least, it seemed fifteen minutes to me, sitting there cringing inwardly and, I suspected, outwardly as well. Presently, my wife spoke.

"So you're thinking of buying an automobile?" she said, very quietly. "Why not, my dear Reginald, throw in an estate at Lenox and a winter home at Aiken, while you're about it."

I should have known she was inclined to sarcasm when she called me "my dear Reginald," even if the rest of the sentence had been obscure.

"Because I should need two cars, then," I replied meekly. "The gauge for Southern roads requires a sixty instead of a fifty-six and a half."

"Well, what of it?" she asked.

"This of it," I said, a trifle braver: "I can't afford two cars."

"What has that to do with the matter under discussion?" she asked lightly. "You can afford two quite as well as one."

"We will get two some time—that is," I added, "we will trade in the old one for a next year's model."

"When?"

"Next year, of course."

"How nice!" she reflected.

"Yes; that's the advantage of buying: you can always get a good deal on a trade in the next year."

"How nice!" she repeated.

"I knew you would think so," said I.

"You buy one car," she queried, "and thereafter they supply you with a new one every year without charge? How sweet of them!"

"Not exactly," I explained, though a bit of doubt entered my mind as to her meaning. "They will allow me a certain amount for the old car, and I will have to pay the balance in cash."

"And how do you pay for the first car?" she asked.

"With cash—or a note."

"And where do you find the cash?"

"I will arrange that," I said, with easy indifference. "I haven't gone into this thing hastily, my dear."

"Oh, I've no doubt you haven't," she said, and whether she spoke ironically I did not know. "How much are you thinking of paying for a car?"

"Somewhere around two thousand dollars," I answered. (I was doing better than my fondest hopes. She was astonishingly reasonable.) "I'm going to be satisfied with a moderate-priced one," I went on easily: "four cylinders and forty horse-power. We'll get a touring car—unless, my dear, you would rather have a short-couped one." This was about the extent of my technical language, but I thought it would impress her.

"Two thousand dollars!" she reflected. "And what will you be allowed for the

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Diarrhoea, especially if left to run any length of time, causes great weakness, so the only thing to prevent this is to check it on its first appearance. You will find that a few doses of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will do this quickly and effectively. Mr. Jno. R. Childerhouse, Orillia, Ont., writes:—"When in Fort William, last summer, I was taken sick with diarrhoea, and became so weak and suffered such great pain, I had to quit work. Our manager advised me to try Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, so on my way home I bought a bottle, and after taking four doses I was cured. We always keep a bottle in the house. We have also used it for our children, and find it an excellent remedy for summer complaint."

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car next year, when you trade it in?"

"It depends on the condition of the car; but about one-third the original price, I fancy. Maybe the car will do for two or three years."

"Will you get seven hundred dollars for it then?" she asked.

"No," I said hesitatingly. "Hardly so much."

"I reckon it will cost you about seven hundred a year," she said, "whether you trade it in for a new one or not."

"Yes; that's about right," I answered, a little surprised. I did not know she was so quick at figures.

"I don't suppose you have any notion of not running the car after you've got it?" she persisted.

I admitted that she was correct.

"And how much will that cost?"

"About three cents a mile—not including repairs and up-keep."

"Repairs, up-keep," she repeated. "What will they amount to?"

"No one knows."

"Then, in plain terms, your car will cost you at the rate of seven hundred dollars a year, and every mile you go will be more railroad fare besides. Does that include toll?"

"No; toll is additional," I admitted—"another three cents a mile, about."

"Really!" she laughed sarcastically. She went over the figures again. "So if you travel ten thousand miles a season, it will cost you three cents a mile for toll, three cents for running expenses, and twenty cents a mile for the car. In all, twenty-six cents a mile, and that does not count repairs and up-keep. Pretty expensive!" she ended, with another sarcastic laugh.

I could not deny it; but I put on a bold front.

"Automobiling is a luxury," I said.

"Just so; it is a luxury. And we can't afford luxuries which require an initial expense of two thousand dollars."

I hung my head. It was the truth. My wife is nothing if not practical. My income was about five thousand a year, I had saved about another five thousand. We could not afford it. But it is just what we cannot afford that we Americans buy. I looked up smilingly.

"No, we can't afford it, but three-fourths of the automobiles in this country are owned by people who can't afford

them. I'm going to get into the push. I'll sell enough stock to pay for the car, and we will have some pleasure. Confound it! life is more than saving money."

For all my bluff at assurance, I was feeling like a boy who had been caught stealing apples.

My wife was silent—gazing intently at the distant sunset.

I waited; then spoke:

"You would like a car, Helen, wouldn't you?"

She looked up with a weary little smile.

"Of course," she said. "Our friends have them, and I should like to have one, too. But it isn't just to the boy, Reginald. We ought not to use our capital except for his education."

"I admit all that," said I, seeing that she was weakening; "but you and I want some diversion, and, what's more, we're going to have it."

"You have made up your mind?" she asked.

"I have," said I grandly.

"Well"—with a sigh that had in it both resignation and content—"I protested, but I can't say I'm sorry."

"You're a dear girl!" I cried, and kissed her, nor cared who saw.

I had studied the various cars, of my price, through their descriptive lists, and had picked on two, the Rameses and the Speedway, as my choice. One of them I had decided to buy.

I went first to the Rameses place, on "Automobile Row," and conferred with the salesman.

I found him most polite and accommodating—so much so, that I scarcely needed to open my mouth—he seemed to know, by instinct, everything I would ask, and answered it before I could frame the question. After a while, I just stood back and let him go. With the car to illustrate he gave me a discourse on high speed, low speed, and intermediate, on horse-power, stroke, cylinder, transmission, differential, carburetors, magneto, and other things I don't remember. He was an adept, and when he got to describing the running of the car he was an artist with words, sure enough.

I made an appointment for a demonstration that afternoon, at five, and left, but he picked up his hat and accompanied me clear to the end of Automobile Row. Why, I did not understand until later.

I had been at the office about an hour when the cards of automobile salesmen began to come in. How they were aware that I was a probable purchaser, I could not imagine. There were eight of them before eleven o'clock. I did not see them. Then the Speedway man showed up. Him, I saw.

He was the reverse of the Rameses agent. He did not say a word in recommendation of his car. He simply asked me if he could take my wife and me riding through the park at half-after-seven that evening, in a Speedway car.

I told him we would be glad to go, and he bowed himself away instantly. I was too green then to see that I had forced the Rameses man to show his car, by going to the garage, whereas the Speedway salesman, coming to my office, and being admitted, was enabled to arrange simply for a demonstration.

The Rameses man came at five, and we took a spin through the Park. His car went beautifully.

He drew my attention to the way the motor worked, how noiselessly it ran, how responsive, how quickly it picked up speed.

I admitted everything he said.

He drew my attention to the steering-wheel, the beauty of the wood and its finish, the way the throttle and the spark were placed. He changed from one speed to another with delightful ease. He illustrated action of the brakes and the facility of control. He throttled down to four miles an hour on high-speed, and, between guard-stations, hit up a fifty-mile clip.

I grew enthusiastic—and more enthusiastic. And just then he stopped the car and said:

"You drive now."

Instantly my enthusiasm evaporated. I drew back. I did not know enough. I was—

He laughed reassuringly.

THE WAY OUT.

Change of Food Brought Success and Happiness.

An ambitious but delicate girl, after failing to go through school on account of nervousness and hysteria, found in Grape-Nuts the only thing that seemed to build her up and furnish her the peace of health.

"From infancy," she says, "I have not been strong. Being ambitious to learn at any cost I finally got to the High School, but soon had to abandon my studies on account of nervous prostration and hysteria."

"My food did not agree with me, I grew thin and despondent. I could not enjoy the simplest social affair for I suffered constantly from nervousness in spite of all sorts of medicines."

"This wretched condition continued until I was twenty-five, when I became interested in the letters of those who had cases like mine and who were getting well by eating Grape-Nuts."

"I had little faith, but procured a box and after the first dish I experienced a peculiar satisfied feeling that I had never gained from any ordinary food. I slept and rested better that night and in a few days began to grow stronger."

"I had a new feeling of peace and restfulness. In a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me, and life became bright and hopeful. I resumed my studies and later taught ten months with ease—of course using Grape-Nuts every day. It is now four years since I began to use Grape-Nuts, I am the mistress of a happy home, and the old weakness has never returned." Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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YOU ought to wear hosiery that really WEARS. Write for the price list on HOLEPROOF HOSIERY—six pairs guaranteed to wear without holes, rips or darns for six months.

A MILLION PEOPLE are wearing Holeproof Hose because of the wonderful service and comfort they give. These hose are so made that they wear longer than any other hose and yet they are soft and flexible. They are made in the lightest weights if you want light weights. No hose were ever more comfortable, yet they wear SIX MONTHS. That is guaranteed. Think what it means!

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That's what we do. If they wear out (one pair or all pairs) we give you new hose free. 6,650,000 pairs outlasted the guarantee last year. But we replace every pair that does wear out without any question or quibble.

Here's how we get the "wear" and the softness that have made "Holeproof" famous—

We use a yarn that costs an average of 70c a pound, while common yarn sells for 30c a pound. It is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, 3-ply strands, the softest and strongest yarn that's produced.

We spend \$55,000 a year for inspection—just to see that each pair is perfection, capable of the guarantee.

Then we have had 39 years of hose making experience. We know how to make hose wear, and how to make them stylish, too.

These are the original guaranteed hose—the whirlwind success—the most popular hose in existence. You ought to try them.



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Send for Trial Box!
Stop Darning! End Discomfort!

Men need not any longer wear socks with holes in them. Children may now always wear neat-looking stockings. **WOMEN MAY SAVE ALL THE DARNING!** Think of the darning you do now; then order. Or send for the "Holeproof" list of sizes, colors and grades.

Don't pay out good money for hose that wear out in a week. Get this Trial Box of "Holeproof" and learn how hosiery should wear—even the lightest weights. Send the coupon with \$1.50, \$2 or \$3 (according to grade wanted) for six pairs of "Holeproof" (women's and children's \$2 and \$3 only). Remit in any convenient way.

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Gentlemen—I enclose \$..... for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose for..... (state whether for men, women or children.) Weight..... (medium or light.) Size..... Color (check the color on list below.) Any six colors in a box, but only one weight and one size.

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List of Colors

For Men and Women—Black, Light Tan, Dark Tan.

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For Children—Black and tan only—medium weight only.

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Such a little price.

Such a thick, nourishing, strengthening soup is Edwards'; so small is the cost that everyone can well afford it.

Edwards' Soup is prepared from specially selected beef and the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce. It comes to you all ready for the saucepan. The cook will find Edwards' Soup a great help in the kitchen. It goes with lots of things that aren't as tasty by themselves; it strengthens her own soups and there's double the variety in the menu when Edwards' Soup is on the pantry-shelf.

Buy a packet to-day.

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5c. per packet. **SOUP**

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in Ireland by Irish labour. There, and in England it is a household word.



Don't Doctor Corns With Steel

Don't pare them. That just removes the top layer. It leaves the main part to grow.

A slip of the blade may mean infection. Sometimes a dangerous infection.

This form of home surgery should be ended forever.

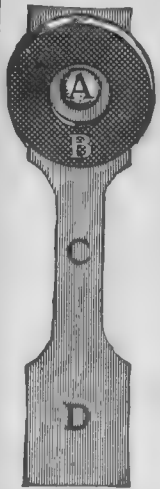
A few years ago a chemist invented the B & B wax—the heart of the Blue-jay plaster.

Now you simply apply this plaster. It is done in a jiffy. The pain instantly stops, and the corn is forgotten.

This wonderful wax gently loosens the corn. In two days the whole corn, root and branch, comes out. No soreness, no discomfort.

Please don't doubt it.

Fifty million corns have been removed in this way. Millions of people know it. Just try it yourself, and never again will you let corns cause you pain.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (149)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

More About

The Loading Platform

The present generation of western farmers will never know the difficulties and vexations experienced by their predecessors in the earlier years, when no one could get a carload of grain shipped in bulk except by loading it through an elevator. The system forced the majority of farmers to sell their grain to the elevator owners at arbitrary prices, and oftentimes to submit to heavy dockage and other annoyances, causing continual dissatisfaction. Now, however, the distribution of cars as fixed by the Grain Act, and the use of the loading platform, provide facilities which enable the farmer to secure satisfactory treatment in the disposal of his grain, and the highest market prices at time of sale. Every farmer therefore should more and more endeavour to use the loading platform in shipping his grain to the terminal elevators. It is the safeguard of the farmers' freedom in disposing of his grain to the best advantage for himself. If farmers refrain from using the loading platform freely, it might result in its being done away with, because railway companies and elevator owners are strongly opposed to it. It is easy to understand why elevator people desire the loading platform abolished. The railway people on their part say it delays the loading of cars and helps to cause car shortage; this we know to be nonsense, because frequently after cars are loaded, whether with grain, coal, lumber or other merchandise, they are sidetracked for days and even weeks instead of being promptly moved forward to their destination. It is engine shortage and shortage of competent train men which mostly cause grain blockades on the railways, and not lack of cars. Let every farmer, therefore, do all he can to use the loading platform and become an independent shipper. In subsequent advertisements we will state in detail the savings and other advantages of direct loading into cars as compared with loading through elevators.

We handle the farmers' grain strictly on commission; make liberal advances on car bills of lading; supervise the grading at time cars are inspected; secure the highest prices at time of sale, and make prompt returns when sold. Write us for shipping instructions and market information.

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Grain Commission Merchants

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A GOOD RELIABLE FIRM TO SHIP YOUR GRAIN TO—
DONALD MORRISON & CO. Grain Commission
711 Grain Exchange
WINNIPEG, MAN.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

"Nonsense!" he said. "It's perfectly easy. Get your hands on the wheel, and your nervousness will vanish"; and he shoved me down into the place.

I was in a panic. The wheel, brake, clutch, levers, all looked alike—I did not know which was which.

"The lever is in neutral," I heard him say. "Now throw out the clutch and put the lever into first."

I grabbed the emergency brake and pulled it back, and at the same time put on the foot-brake.

"Not quite right," he said.

I recognized it, too, and, as they say in the army, I returned the car to "as it was."

He told me again what to do. This time I did it.

"Now speed up the engine a little, this way"—shoving up the throttle—"and let in the clutch, slowly."

I released the clutch so quickly, the car started with a jerk that threatened to break my neck, just missed the curbstone, and made straight for a tree on the other side of the road.

"Whoa! Whoa!" I cried—and sat perfectly helpless, my hands on the steering-wheel, but never thinking to turn it, or to put in the brake.

The agent reached over and straightened out the car.

"Now push out the clutch and throw into second-speed," he said.

As though there was but an instant in which to do it, I seized the lever and tried to make the change. A horrible grinding resulted, as if the car was being torn asunder.

"Push out the clutch! Push out the clutch!" he cried. "There! You see, it goes in easily now. Keep the car straight. Don't forget to guide it. Now push out the clutch again—that's right and throw into high."

This time I managed to effect the change properly.

"That's good," was the comment. "Now you've got nothing to do but guide it."

I breathed a sigh of trepidation. "I can never learn all these things," I said.

"Nonsense! In two days you'll be running it without assistance. Give it more juice—I mean gasoline—you're coming to a hill."

I was tardy in obeying—we made half the hill, then began to slow.

"Ease the clutch a little," said he. "Not so much—not so much! No, you'll have to throw into second."

I grabbed the emergency brake and ground it down. We stopped instantly.

"You stalled the engines," he said.

I looked at him vacantly. I should have understood him quite as well if he had told me I was the undefinable X or the fourth dimension.

"Here, take the car!" I exclaimed, disgusted.

He put his hand on my shoulder. "No, no! This is excellent experience for you."

I subsided meekly.

"Now throw into neutral," he said.

I did it.

He jerked the spark up and down the quadrant, and the engine started. "Now push out the clutch. Keep it out—that's it—and throw into first speed—that's right—keep out the clutch! Now listen, but don't act: take off the brake quickly, and just as the car begins to move backward let in the clutch. Do you understand?"

I nodded.

"Then, do it!" he said.

And somehow, I did it.

"Bully!" he cried enthusiastically. "Now we're up the hill you can go into second-speed, and then into high, taking out the clutch each time."

I made the intermediate without much difficulty, but getting into high was again accomplished by a clashing of gears that instinctively made me let go the lever. It slipped, of its own accord, into neutral; we coasted a short distance and stopped.

"I'm done!" I exclaimed, and got up. "You can run it—I'll look on."

"Very good," he acquiesced. "You can learn by looking. I'll explain as I do it—and give you the reason why."

For an hour longer we drove through the Park, and he illustrated everything in the management to a car, until I began to see why the clutch must come out before you change speed, why you must speed up the engine when "step-

ping down," and why let it run down when "stepping up"—and any quantity of other whys. Not that I could act upon them—that would require practice but I was not in quite so intricate a labyrinth of mystery as at first.

"Now, Mr. Randolph, I want as a small favor," he said, as he drew up in front of my house, "that you will not commit yourself for a machine until you have seen me again. I have as good a car as there is made, for the money (we think it a little better), and I don't want another man to get all the advantage by taking you out, when you know nothing about driving. In other words, give me a chance."

"I'll do it," I averred. "I'll sign no contract until I've seen you again."

"Thank you, sir," he said.

My wife was on the piazza. She greeted me with a smile.

"You were trying a car?" she asked, as I came up the steps.

"Yes," said I, as I kissed her. "That was a Rameses. It's a pretty fair machine," I added condescendingly. "The Speedway man will be out at half-after seven to give us a run. I thought you would like to try it, dear."

Ordinarily, we finish dinner at about a quarter to eight, but this evening we had just come out on the piazza when a Speedway, burnished and glistening, drove up. My wife and Harold got in the rear seat; I took the seat in front.

We had a delightful ride. For two hours we sped through the Park, and out through the suburbs—fast, slow, any gait we wished. It was enchanting! And now the agent, having his car, made it perform—put it through its paces. Never the shock of clashing gears, never the screeching of a bearing, never the rattle of a fender. Man and machine were one complete whole.

"What is the difference," asked I, after a while, "between the Speedway and the Rameses?"

The man beside me smiled complacently.

"Just the difference between the full moon, there, and the half full," he said.

"They are the same price," I protested weakly.

"Yes, that's it!" he said. "We will make twenty thousand cars this year; the Rameses five thousand—you can figure how much more you get for your money with us. Our engineer gets twenty thousand dollars—that's one dollar a car on cost. The Rameses would be four dollars a car, if they pay him as much as we do ours. If they don't, they have an inferior man—and their car will show it. It's the same with material, dies, everything. The more you manufacture, the cheaper they are—and the better grade you can put in the car. It's a simple question of mathematics. Take our engines, for example."

And then I had the Speedway, from the radiator to the tail lamp, gone over in detail. When he had finished, I was ready to admit it was the best car on earth.

He wanted me to sign the contract before he left that evening, but I had sufficient nerve to decline. I promised, however, to see him to-morrow, and with that he had to be content.

"Well, which is it to be?" asked Helen, when we were once more seated on the piazza, and I had lighted a cigar.

"I admit I don't know," said I.

"The Speedway is a nice car," she observed.

"And so is the Rameses—both good cars—and, so far as I can judge, every one who has either is satisfied with his choice. There doesn't seem to be a toss-up between them."

"Then, why not toss up for it?" she inquired.

"By thunder, I'll do it!" I exclaimed. "Here! Heads, Speedway; tails, Rameses;" and I flipped a half-dollar in the air.

It fell just between us.

"Trails it is," I said.

"Rameses!" cried my wife. "I'm glad; that is what the Spottswoods have."

"How like a woman!" I thought.

The next morning, I bought the car. "Let us keep it here for you a few days, until you've learned to manage it," said the agent.

And I gladly consented. At the end of a week, I thought I had mastered the control sufficiently to take it home;

which I did, having the man go out with me, however.

My house has a driveway at the side, with a stable at the end of the lot. The carriage-shed was quite large enough for the car, and the approach easy, though there was just enough rise to necessitate going in under power. I was a trifle nervous, but if I wanted to use the car it was the first thing I had to learn, so, after I had turned into the drive, I stopped the machine, gritted my teeth, threw into first-speed, and went at the stable. I recollect closing the throttle, pushing out the clutch, and putting on the brake hard. And I was in!

"When you get a little more expert," said the man, "you can go in on high. It won't be necessary to change."

Fatal remark! It cost me a pair of broken lamps and a damaged radiator, to say nothing of a sprained shoulder and a skinned face. But "that's another story."

That evening it rained, and we did not go out. I spent the time reading my book of instructions. I am not a mechanic. In half an hour, I discovered that I knew nothing about my machine. In an hour, I was completely befuddled. Half-time gear housing, oldham coupling, front universal shaft, dope cup in front transmission bearing, spring shackles, brake-rod counter-shaft, parallel-rods, steering-gear, connecting rods—all were as meaningless to me as the cuneiform inscriptions. Light oil for the engine, heavy oil for the transmission and differential, non-fluid oil for the dope cups!

With a vague despair, I put down the book, to find my wife watching me.

"What is it dear?" she asked, coming over beside me.

"I'm a trifle thick-headed," I answered. "I don't seem to understand much about the car."

"I thought you said you were getting along famously," she answered, surprised.

"I did," I admitted, "but I think now I lied. I don't know enough about it even to let it stand in the stable."

She laughed, a little soothing laugh, and wound her arm around my neck.

"How like a man!" she said, putting her face close to mine. "I will wager, dear, that in a week you will feel as much at home with the car as you do with your—books."

"It won't be your fault if I'm not," I replied, drawing her down beside me.

The next day was a holiday. After breakfast and a glance at the morning paper, I took my book of instructions and made for the stable. I would run the car just out of the shed into the full light, and see how much of the workings I could comprehend.

I got it out all right, which pleased me. Then, having shut off the power, I opened the hood, and book in hand, proceeded to examine.

In five minutes I was so confused I could not have recognized a buggy from a traction engine.

Pistons, crank shaft, cam shaft, intake and exhaust manifold, connecting rod, cylinders, fly wheel, valve cap gasket, and so on, and so on! There they were—pictured in the book, with a designating mark to indicate every one of the one hundred and ninety-nine separate parts of the motor! But I could not find them.

I sank back on the grass in a helpless, half-maudlin condition.

"Oh, Lord!" I said, thoroughly dejected. "I wonder if I can sell it."

Happy thought! I got up and sneaked into the house. No one was in the library. I closed the door carefully, and called up the Rameses garage. The man I bought from answered.

"This is Mr. Randolph, who bought a car from you recently," I began.

"Yes, Mr. Randolph; what can we do for you, sir?" same back.

"How much will you give me for my car?" I asked.

"What's that?" said he.

"How much will you give me for my car?" I repeated.

"Why, what's wrong?"

"There's nothing wrong with the car," I answered. "The wrong is with me. In plain words, I'm afraid of it."

He protested.

I would hear to nothing. I wanted to be rid of it. I insisted that he take it off my hands at once.

"Well, you know, it's a second-hand car now," he said; "and the best I can allow you is a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars!" I gasped. "A thousand dollars! Why, the car hasn't been run a hundred miles!"

"It would not matter if you had run it but five miles," he answered. "It's a second-hand car all the same, and a new one costs us only fifteen hundred. Better give it to me to sell—if you insist on selling. I can get you a better price that way than to buy it myself."

"Send right out and get it," I snapped.

"I'll send out in the morning, Mr. Randolph—this is a very busy day with us—but you'd better reconsider, sir."

"No; send out in the morning!" and I rang off.

I went back and looked at the car sullenly. Thank Heaven, it would go in the morning! I should be glad to get

it out of my sight. I picked up the book of instructions, and regarded it, in anger.

I did not see Helen approaching—until she spoke to me.

"Well, how is it now?" she said cheerfully.

"It isn't at all," I replied. "It's worse than ever."

"Don't be discouraged, dear—you ran it out all right, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes; I ran it out all right. But how am I going to get it in the shed again? How am I ever to take care of it? Look! Did you ever see so many parts?"

She took the book and glanced at it.

"But why do you have to learn all this immediately?" she asked. "Why can't you learn a little at a time?"

"That is only a quarter of it—look at the rest of the book!" I exclaimed. "I

don't understand it I never can understand it! The truth is, I'm afraid of it."

"What is it that you don't understand?" she asked soothingly.

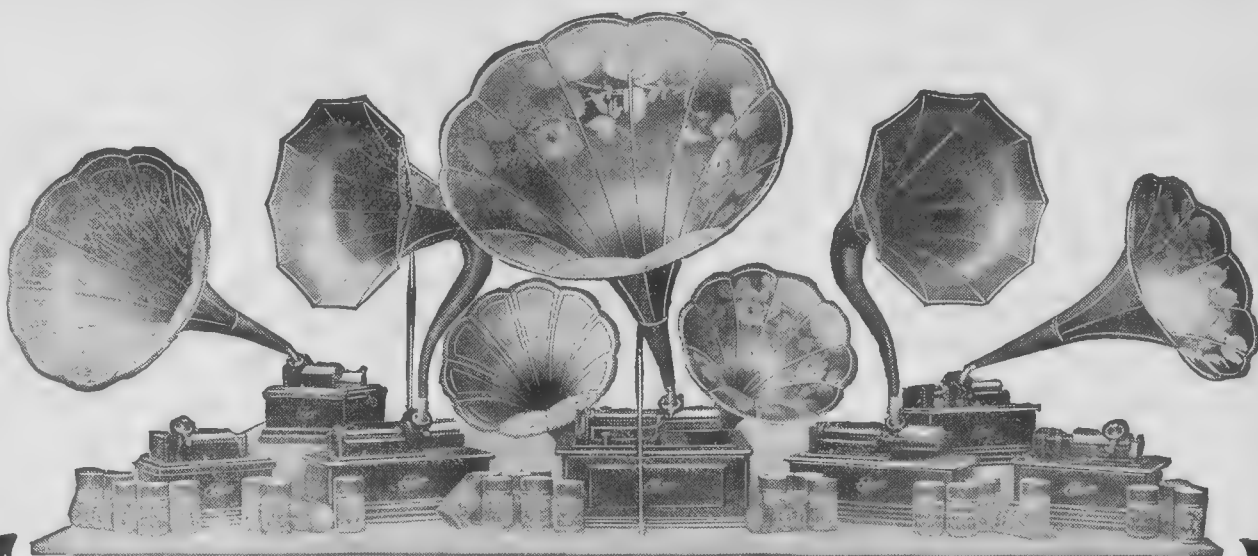
"Everything—the theory of it, the working of it. I understand nothing about it."

"Then, the first thing to do is to have some one explain it. It must be simple. Look at the thousands of men who have cars!"

"Do you call that simple?" I cried, pointing to the book.

"No, not when you look at everything at once. I know nothing of mechanics, but I'm confident, if you start at the proper beginning and work forward, in regular order, it is simple enough."

"I'm going to sell the car," I said doggedly. "I've told the man to come for it in the morning."



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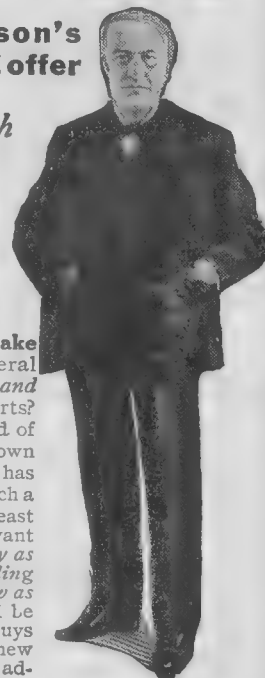
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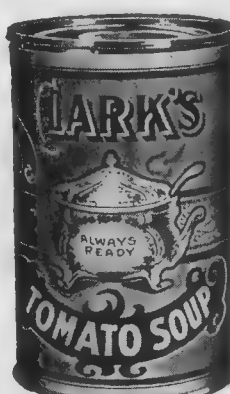
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"You foolish boy—you're going to do nothing of the sort," she laughed—"at least, not until you understand it. My husband is not going to be put to rout by an automobile."

It was the one way she could have appealed to me. I looked up gratefully. "You are willing to risk your life in that thing, with me driving?" I exclaimed.

"I surely am—just as quickly as you get over this silly panic and become normal. You can do it—I know you can! Go down to the Rameses place, and have some one who understands a car, from the front to the back, explain it in plain language, a little at a time—a little at a time, mind you—until you absorb it. Let him show you why you do this, and why you do that, and what happens when you do it. I reckon the first thing necessary to running a car is fire. I don't know how you get it, but you must have some force that propels, and fire is essential to that force."

"The batteries and magneto produce a spark," I explained.

"Well, then, start with them, and work out—getting the why and the what-happens with each. When you've got them all, you'll understand your car. And, what's more, you'll drive it well, dear. You do most things well."

"I'll do it!" said I—and kissed her, nor again cared if our neighbors saw.

I put the car away, without doing more than being badly frightened by the rear of the shed rushing out to meet me, and went straight to town. I told the man what I wanted.

"Good!" he said. "You're the proper sort. You'll understand your machine."

And I did. In a week I took the car out with a fair amount of confidence. In a month I felt at home with it. I am now in my second year, and, with the exception of the time I went into the shed on high, I have had no accidents—except the ordinary ones of the road.

But I have always given Helen the credit. At the critical moment, she showed the nerve and I the white-feather.

The Vicar's Visitor.

By Florence Warden.

IT was on a warm but dull June evening that two ladies sat together in the dining-room of a Kentish vicarage, the one busy with a basket of stockings to be darned, the other with the weekly paper spread out before her on the table.

The elder of the two ladies, a gentle-looking spinster of about fifty years of age, was the sister of the Rev. George Kenley, the Vicar of Scarfield, and aunt, therefore, to his only child, Mary, now a charming and pretty girl of twenty.

The Vicar had lost his wife many years ago, and his sister had been house-keeper to him and mother to his daughter ever since.

Mary was reading out the various items of interest aloud to her aunt. "A boy named Jones was playing with a loaded gun on Friday last, when it went off, and the bullet with which it was loaded entered the head of his little sister, who died instantaneously."

"It only shows," said Miss Kenley, looking up with a grave frown, "how right I am in saying that all guns, at all times, should be looked upon as loaded, even if you have just seen the charge drawn with your own eyes."

Mary nodded.

"This sounds rather creepy, Aunt Myra, doesn't it? Yesterday a lunatic escaped from a private asylum and has not yet been recaptured. There is considerable alarm amongst the authorities about the matter, as the unfortunate man is known to have homicidal tendencies, and has tried on two occasions to kill people by attacking them from behind."

Her aunt looked up with an exclamation. Mary went on reading—

"He is a man of little more than the middle height, of gentlemanly appearance and address, and talks well and with interest on such subjects as literature and art."

"Good gracious!" cried Miss Kenley. "It must be that poor man the Ropers were telling me about."

Mary shivered.

"How horrid for him to be about! I hope he won't wander in this direction." Miss Kenley looked uneasy.

"His friends, the Ropers, live near here," she said dubiously. "And this place is so lonely! And I've got to go to the church this evening and do the flowers for to-morrow."

"Let me go, Aunt Myra; I'm not a bit afraid, really."

"Certainly not. I was only wishing that Millie were back, so that she might go with me."

Millie was the cook, a robust and laughter-loving Kentish lass, whose spirit and muscle could be relied on.

"She won't be back much before eight. Take Perrin."

This was the parlourmaid, a ladylike young person from London, with "nerves." The suggestion was taken as a jest by Miss Kenley.

"Imagine how much assistance Perrin would give in an emergency of that sort? No. I shall be on my bicycle, and—and, of course, there's no danger really. I don't suppose the Ropers are the poor man's only friends."

Whether Miss Kenley was really nervous or not, Mary could not tell. Certainly she gave no sign of it as she went off on her bicycle, with the big basket of flowers strapped on behind.

Mary, who had come as far as the garden gate to see her aunt on her way, watched her down the high-road until she became a speck in the distance and disappeared at the bend.

The vicarage, which was a quarter of a mile from the church, stood by itself at an angle of the road. It was a plain, square, flint-faced building, with a large garden behind and a small one in front, and it was built facing the road to the church and the village.

Mary felt just a little uneasy and timid as she turned to go indoors, and realised that a madman, with homicidal tendencies, might be more likely to turn his attention to the occupants of a lonely house than to people walking or bicycling along the high-road. She was not exactly nervous, but she wished she had not heard of this escaped lunatic who was a friend of the Ropers.

She had reached the open French window of the dining-room, by which she had come out, when her attention was attracted by the sound of rapid footsteps on the road which ran at right angles to that which led to the church. Instinctively she paused to ascertain whose the footsteps were, and the next moment she saw a face peering at her over the trimly clipped hedge which bordered the garden.

A spasm of horror ran through her, and, with a low cry, she tried to get into the dining-room and to shut the window behind her.

For the first time she cast at the flushed face, glaring eyes, open mouth, and disordered hair of the hatless stranger, convinced her that she was face to face with the madman himself.

Panting, staring at her stupidly, and speaking in a hoarse, unnatural voice which made her shiver, the man muttered some incoherent words which sounded like a request of some sort.

Aslashed of her first fright, and thinking it better to appear at least cool and collected, however deceptive such a demeanour might be, Mary turned a smiling face towards the stranger, who had by this time opened the garden gate, and said, as she pushed the French window—

"The Vicar is away."

She had no idea what it was that he had tried to ask, but she thought this seemed the right sort of thing to say.

Then she tried to enter without undue haste.

But however leisurely her movements might be, those of the stranger were nothing of the kind. She had scarcely set foot inside the dining-room, and turned to close the window, when, to her horror, she found the madman upon her. He had sprung across the little lawn in front of the vicarage and forced his way into the dining-room close to her heels.

"I—I beg your pardon. I—I must apologise for this intrusion," stammered the man, as he tried to smile reassuringly, but only succeeded in betraying still more plainly than before the state of nervous tension from which he was suffering.

As he spoke, he closed the window, and then, turning to Mary, bowed, still panting and incoherent, and stammered out—

"I hope I haven't frightened you. But the fact is—pray don't be alarmed—I'm more sorry than I can say for being forced to such an unconventional act. But there are some people following me, cr—er—who—"

Mary, who was so much alarmed that she was for the moment paralysed and incapable of action, understood at once by this that the asylum authorities were in pursuit of the man, and she resolved to go out to meet them and to lead them to him. But there were difficulties in the way. The dining-room was a large room; on one side was the fireplace, and on the other the door. In retreating from the window, she had gone towards the fireplace, and there was a broad space to traverse before she could reach the door. In doing so she would have to turn her back to the madman, and this she was determined not to do.

She had an idea that if she could only keep him talking until she should hear the sound of footsteps outside, he would probably turn to the window to see who was coming, and so give her an opportunity of making a dash for the door.

She therefore did her best to maintain an appearance of calmness, and, controlling her voice very imperfectly, said—

"You are on your way to the village?"

"Yes."

As he spoke, she saw him turn anxiously, as if listening for some expected and dreaded sound outside.

All this time he was standing just within the loosely hanging lace curtains, without advancing far into the room. She now noticed that his right hand was held behind him, and she had an uncomfortable curiosity to know why.

He turned again to her with great abruptness—

"Is there a police-station there?"

Before she could answer, he had once more wheeled round to look out of the window, and to her intense horror, she saw against the light, that what he held behind his back in his right hand was a long, open knife. Frozen with terror, she forgot to reply. For a few moments he stood listening, and she watched him with fascinated eyes. Then, recovering herself she saw that this might be a good opportunity for her to make her escape, and she had taken two or three steps in the direction of the door when the stranger, once more turning towards her, ran out round the table, and speaking in a confused way, said—

"Pray don't let me think I have driven you out of the room. I really don't know how to apologise for this very unceremonious behavior. But the fact is, I have just escaped from a most unpleasant situation, and if I had been caught up by the person who was pursuing me at the time I was happy enough to see you looking out of your garden, I should have had to go through all the horror of it again."

Poor Mary listened with the blood running cold in her veins. But putting strong constraint upon herself, and understanding how necessary it was that she should keep all her wits about her, she contrived to remain outwardly tranquil, except for certain quiverings of her hands and lips, as she smiled, and said she was very glad if she had been the means of saving him from such a disagreeable meeting.

"Won't you sit down?" she said. "My aunt will be in before long, and she

will be able to tell you anything you want to know about the—the village."

He hesitated, and then availed himself of her invitation, and sat down on a chair which was half way between the window and the door. Mary felt sure that this position was chosen by him in order to prevent her escape from the room in either direction. She saw that his right hand was again concealed behind him, and the knowledge that he was holding the weapon ready for the moment when she should turn her back

to him braced her nerves and kept her at keen tension, while she did her best to divert his attention by small talk, which, in the circumstances, was not very easy to think of.

And while she talked and watched him, she noted that, but for the wild look in his dark eyes and his flushed and heated condition, he would have been remarkably handsome, for he was a young man of good figure and easy carriage with well-cut, refined features and curly brown hair. His voice,

though rather hoarse, was pleasant and musical, and his manner, though nervous, was courteous, and, but for her terrors, would have been winning.

She almost jumped when he said abruptly—

"You are very lonely here. The position of the house is quite isolated, isn't it?"

"Yes," said she, with her heart in her mouth.

"Aren't you ever alarmed by tramps and burglars?"

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"Not often," answered Mary, with a rather ghastly smile. "There are two men almost always on the premises, my father and the gardener."

"Have you a man about the place now?"

As she hesitated for the moment what to answer, a way out of her difficulties occurred to her. There was a basement to the vicarage, reached by a flight of stairs, and provided with a strong door at the top. This door could be bolted from the outside, and there was no window to the cellars below large enough for a man to get out by. There were only three small openings, all provided with strong iron bars; so that if once she could persuade her visitor to go down there, he would be safely imprisoned, and she would have time to look about her.

But how was she to get him into the trap?

She knew that both the coachman-gardener and his wife, who lived in a cottage adjoining the stable at the end of the long garden, would on this Saturday evening be out doing their marketing in the village.

"My father is not here," she answered cautiously, after a short pause. "But the coachman lives at the end of the garden."

"I suppose you have some means of communicating between the stables and the house?"

"Oh, yes," said Mary quickly. "If you will open that door, and go to your left a little way, you will come to an-

self. Do—do go, there's a good girl! I don't know how long the door will hold; it seems to creak on its hinges already."

For the visitor was emphasising his displeasure at the treatment meted out to him by blows, which grew ever more vigorous upon the basement door.

This sound redoubled Perrin's nervous fears; and although she pretended to agree, to go to the village for help, Mary heard the key turned in the lock of her door, when the girl got to her room at the top of the house, and felt quite sure she should get no help from that quarter.

In the meantime the knocking had ceased, and the silence which followed alarmed her even more than the noise had done. She thought that the madman might be preparing some more effectual attack upon the door, so she went quickly back into the dining-room and hurried to the window, so that, if he should break out, she might be able to run out of the house and seek protection.

Indeed, she was in a divided mind as to whether she should do this at once; but cowardly as Perrin had shown herself to be, Mary did not like the idea of leaving her alone in the house with the lunatic. It occurred to her as she passed by the sideboard, and noted that the great bread-knife was laying on the platter, to wonder what the madman had done with the long knife he had had in his hands when he came into the house. Had he taken it with him? And was he now using it as a tool with which to



1st Communion, Catholic Church, Long Lake, Holdfast, Sask.

other door on your right, leading to a flight of stairs. Ring the bell in the wall on the left, half way down, and if he is at the stable, the coachman will come."

The visitor rose slowly. He seemed puzzled by these directions, but appeared quite willing to follow them.

"Would you, then, allow me to send him into the village, if he should be here?" he asked.

"Oh, certainly."

"Thank you very much."

He opened the door and went out into the hall, and Mary, running across the room, listened with a fast-beating heart while he pulled open the heavy door at the head of the cellar stairs. She heard him go cautiously down a couple of steps, and then she flew into the hall, ran on tip-toe to the cellar door, which he had left open to enable him to see, and shutting it quickly, pulled the heavy bolt across it, and drew a long, shivering sigh of relief.

If only the old door would hold fast, she was safe.

She did not heed his cries, his knocks on the door as she ran to the kitchen and beckoned to Perrin, who started up from the chair on which she was sitting by the table, at her young mistress with eyes full of alarm.

"Oh, miss, what is it?"

"There's a madman in the basement. Don't scream. He can't get out. Will you run to the village and get help to secure him?"

"Oh, miss, I daresn't!"

"Why, you will be much safer out of the house than in it—don't you see? It is I who will have to look out for my-

force open the door?"

This seemed highly probable, and when the thought occurred to her, Mary slipped out into the front garden, afraid to remain indoors.

As she did so, she at once became aware that another visitor was standing at the door.

The joy she felt was so great that she could not repress an exclamation, and she clasped her hands in such evident pleasure that the visitor, smiling, raised his hat and waited for her to speak.

Then she perceived that her behaviour must appear rather extraordinary to him, as he was a stranger to her.

"You—you wish to see the Vicar?" she asked timidly.

"Yes. I suppose I have the pleasure of speaking to his daughter?"

Mary blushed and smiled.

"Yes, I'm his daughter," she said. "But papa is away; he's gone to take the Sunday duty for a friend of his, and won't be back till the day after to-morrow. Is there any message I can give him for you?"

She wondered whether she would dare to tell the visitor of the dilemma she was in, and decided that she might make the venture. For he was a sedate and dignified man, with mild, blue eyes and grave, gentle manners, who would certainly not fail to listen to her patiently, and who would, she thought, at least be willing to take a message to the village for her.

In the meantime he answered her questions.

"I have no particular message for him, thank you. I looked in for a chat, that was all."

"You know my father, then?"

"I have that pleasure, and I am very pleased at this opportunity of meeting his daughter."

"And I'm very glad to meet you," said Mary ingenuously, "for a dreadful thing has happened. I'm quite sure you'll think I'm dreaming, or that I'm crazy myself, but—there's a lunatic in the house!"

The stranger smiled, but looked, as she had almost expected, rather incredulous.

"A lunatic! You don't mean it?"

"Indeed I do. A man rushed into the house by the window, not more than ten minutes ago, with a knife in his hands. And—"

"A knife! Did he attack you?"

"No; I took care not to give him the chance. I got him into the cellar by pretending there was a bell there that he could ring to summon the gardener, and then I—I bolted him in."

"Well done! And in the meantime, of course, you've sent for further assistance?"

"Not yet. I've only got one maid in the house, and she's locked herself in the top room, and is too much frightened to come out. The other two are both out, and so is my aunt, so I'm practically alone."

"Dear me! A serious position for a young lady. Isn't there anything I can do?"

"Oh, if you would! I should be so deeply grateful if you would go to the constable's house for me, and ask him to come and to bring someone with him to help."

"I'll go with pleasure. But I don't like the idea of leaving you alone in the house with the fellow. Couldn't we put something before the door, so that he can't get out till I come with the constable?"

As he spoke he stepped into the room, crossed to the door, and stooping, looked at the lock.

"Pity there's no key!" said he. "He would find it difficult to force a second door, even if he should manage the first."

"Oh, I don't suppose he'll do that. Only I couldn't help feeling frightfully nervous."

"Of course not. I consider your courage simply wonderful. And now for the constable."

He smiled at her, and crossing the room again on his way to the window, when he stopped abruptly, and looked at a little water-colour drawing that hung on the wall on the right-hand side of the mantelpiece, exclaimed—

"By Jove!"

Then he looked quickly over the pictures that hung near—a little collection of paintings, some in oil and some in water-colour—of which the Vicar was very proud. The visitor admired them enthusiastically.

"Ah, I see you are connoisseurs here!" he cried as he examined a charming landscape which was one of the Vicar's treasures.

Mary almost forgetting the madman in the cellar in her delight and relief at the unexpected finding of a friend, told him the history of that particular picture, and of the discovery it had been one of the great events, indeed, of the Vicar's simple life. The visitor, still intently examined the picture, laughed and nodded enthusiastically.

"Ah, I know the fine frenzy of a find like that!" said he. "How one gloats over the recollection afterwards, and wonders whether another such piece of luck will ever come one's way again!"

But Mary standing a few steps behind him, and nearer to the sideboard, made no comment or reply. She was, indeed, in a state of sick dread and scarcely able to breathe. For on the sideboard on her right hand was the bread-platter, as she had noticed it a few minutes before on entering the room from the hall; but the big bread-knife which had been lying upon it was no longer there!

As it could not be the excited young fellow with the disordered hair and the flushed face who had taken it and hidden it somewhere, was it the mild-mannered, blue-eyed man now in the room with her?

And, one terrible thought flashed through her brain quickly after the other she remembered what she had heard about the mad Mr. Brewster and

his interest in art, and asked herself, while the blood seemed to run cold in her veins, whether she had made an awful, ghastly mistake, and whether the man whom she had admitted as a friend and a welcome guest were really the escaped lunatic after all.

Scarcely had the idea entered her mind when the visitor, apparently noticing her silence, turned so suddenly that she started back and uttered a little cry. And then, looked him full in the face, she wondered how she could ever have doubted the truth that he was mad; for the blue eyes now seemed to stare with an unnatural glare, and slim white hand which he began to caress his light brown hair seemed to her fascinated eyes "to move, with a strange, uncanny, stealthy motion, as if the long fingers were feeling for something—something deadly."

Their eyes met in a gaze which was like the last look exchanged between hound and hunted hare. Mary felt that nothing on earth could have made her turn away, as if the wild, blue eyes had a power in them which made her weak and helpless and at his mercy.

And then, while still stroking his beard with those horrible white fingers, that she saw without looking at them, he smiled at her and suddenly said, in a voice which sounded to her like that of a man who was hungry, starving, so eager, so hoarse was it—

"Look at that!"

At the same moment he pointed with the forefinger of his right hand to the door behind her. She was about to obey his command instinctively; but suddenly remembering that it would be fatal to turn her back to him, she said in a whisper—

"What is it you want me to look at?"

He frowned impatiently.

"Look behind you, look behind you!" he said fiercely.

But she would not.

"Tell me what is it you see," said she, in a hoarse voice.

He stamped on the floor.

"Why don't you see for yourself?" said he, still pointing; and as he indicated the door behind her with his left hand, he put his right hand stealthily into the inner pocket of his coat.

Mary felt paralyzed with horror. She guessed that what he had concealed, there was the knife he had taken from the platter, and she seemed to feel already the sting in her head.

Still she would not turn. She knew that to face him steadfastly was her last and only chance. The minutes seemed hours while they stood thus facing each other. Her brain seemed to be bursting and she felt as if something was surging in her head higher and higher, till each moment seemed to be the last in which she could endure the awful tension. She must scream, she must turn round; the strain was getting too great to be borne.

Meanwhile the madman was still pointing with his white fingers to the door behind her, and she was feeling that she would give way, that the fatal fascination of his attitude would be too strong for her, that she must turn and—die.

And then, when her breath was coming in such gasps that they seemed to fill the room with sound, she heard a door open and footsteps which she recognized in the hall.

Summoning all the strength she had left in her, she screamed "Millie!" with all her might.

But to her horror her voice had lost its power, and it was only a hoarse, gurgling whisper that came from her lips. The madman smiled. The smile, blood-curdling and with a sort of hopeful ferocity in it, seemed to give her back a little strength. Urged by pure terror, she cried again—

"Millie! Millie! help! help!"

Then the door opened behind her, and she heard the voice of the cook, crying in amazement

"My gracious! who's that?"

The next moment the worse had happened. Millie turned to shut the door behind her, and in an instant the madman had darted past Mary, who, turning quickly, was just in time to see him fling his left arm round the girl's throat and plunge his right hand into his pocket.

With all her might, Mary flung herself upon his right arm from behind,



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while the screaming Millie struggled to free herself from the grasp of his left.

The tussle seemed to go on for ages. Mary clung with all the force of two muscular young hands to the madman's right arm, making it impossible for him to get at the weapon he had concealed.

In the meantime she uttered short directions to Millie, who shrieked and shouted so lustily as to inspire the hope in Mary's mind that somebody would hear her.

And then, just when both the women felt themselves to be at the last gasp, when the madman, uttered short cries under his breath and lashed himself into fury, began to tighten his grasp of Millie, while her cries grew fainter, and when Mary felt her hands growing too weak to hold his stronger arm, there came suddenly to their ears a sound as of something heavy being flung down in the hall outside.

It was the forcing open of the basement door.

The next moment the door of the dining-room was flung open, and the man whom Mary had locked in the cellar burst into the room.

Not much longer was the issue in doubt.

The arrival of this ally, fresh, strong, and thoroughly aware of the character of the man with whom he had to deal, turned the tables. Whipping out his own handkerchief, the new-comer, with the assistance of the two girls, who at once acted according to his instructions, seized the madman's hands and bound them together so tightly that he could not get them free. Then again, with the help of the two women, the unfortunate madman, who did not utter one word, but glared at them keenly, drawing deep breaths and fighting with the strength of two men, was forced into a chair, to which he was bound with the strong silken ropes which looped up the window-curtains.

The work of securing him was scarcely finished when the return of Miss Kenley upon her bicycle brought another ally. The Vicar's sister, who took in the terrible situation with but a few words, went back to the village for help, and before many minutes were over had brought half-a-dozen willing helpers, with whose assistance the unhappy lunatic was safely secured until

the authorities of the asylum from which he had escaped could be summoned by telephone from the nearest town.

In the meantime poor Mary only recovered from her distress at the struggle in which she had taken part to fall into another even more embarrassing at her treatment of her own ally.

She whispered her agonies to her aunt, who apologised for her niece's stupidity as well as she could.

The young man who was quite good-humored and highly amused by the adventure, frankly owned that the lady's mistake was brought about by his own fault.

"I had been attacked by this man in

the road," said he, "just as I was coming out of Searfield Court, the place my father has taken a mile away from here."

Miss Kenley uttered an ejaculation of interest.

"Oh, are you one of the Wares," said she—"the new people at the Court?"

"Yes; my name is Reginald Ware," said the young man, smiling. "As I say, I was attacked by this man, from whom I managed to wrench away a large knife he was carrying."

"Then that was what I saw in your hand! It was that that frightened me so," said poor Mary apologetically.

"I ought to have told you all about it at once," said Reginald Ware, who was quite as humble as she. "But I didn't like to alarm you by speaking about the madman, and I was only too glad to have managed to escape him, as I thought. I'm very, very sorry, and I only wish I'd had a little more sense, and then I should have saved you from this fright."

The young people, though they laughed at themselves and at each other, were rather interested in one another, too.

When the unfortunate Mr. Brewster was safely secured and taken back to the asylum, and the Vicar returned home and was introduced to young Mr. Ware, and informed of the adventure, Mary's father was rash enough to think it only right to express his sorrow for what his young neighbour had suffered by giving him a general invitation to call when he liked.

But not long afterwards Reginald Ware fell into the habit of dropping in so constantly that the Vicar began to wish that he could get rid of him.

Since then Miss Kenley has had to warn her brother that, when he does get rid of his too persistent young neighbour, he will have to make up his mind to get rid of his own daughter, too.

When going away from home, or at any change of habitat, he is a wise man who numbers among his belongings a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. Change of food and water in some strange place where there are no doctors may bring on an attack of dysentery. He then has a standard remedy at hand with which to cope with the disorder, and forearmed he can successfully fight the ailment and subdue it.



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One of the first white men I met on



Coast Indian killing a Martin.

this coast, a venerable Scotchman, a man verging on to eighty years of age, told me that he could remember when the tribe at the mouth of the little river Sooke was quite numerous. Once, to show their regard for this first white settler and his wife, they brought them a great present, it was heaped in the center of the canoe—a pile of the gory skulls of their enemies. Today one withered old klootchman—woman—is all that remains of this tribe: their last disaster was at the hands of the whites. We man our sealing schooners with them. One turned turtle in mid-Pacific and with it perished from off the face of the earth the braves of the Sooke.

While we have as yet small bands and villages representing the once numerous tribes, and each one of these has its own tribal language, its totems, clans, phratries or brotherhoods, with all the mystic rites and sacrifices, its demonology and beneficent fanciful wood dwelling, aye even its rite falsely described as cannibalism, this rite in which the votary, driven almost to the verge of madness, exumes or tears from their cedar boxes the bodies of his ancestors and savagely bites them. The much misunderstood rite called the Potlach, a giving of gifts, whereby the benefactor of other days receives an hundredfold for his present, and, according to the strange custom of the tribe, distributes twice as much as he

receives within the next two years, if he would be a mighty man among his people.

I attended the Potlach of the West Coast tribes, they are all branches of the Kwakiutl, the Nittinates, Barclay Sound people and Nootkas. Now to invite all the members of all the adjacent tribes to potlach with you, means that you must have a great house, great enough to accommodate the hundreds that will come. This halfbreed that gave the potlach had amassed by much work several thousands of dollars. He built a Potlach house great enough to give sleeping and eating room for three hundred people, in this work his sons aided. Then he sent greeting to all the tribes within three days journey to come and make Potlach on his daughter's birthday. They came in squadrons along the stormy straits yet called after the haughty Don Juan de Fuca. They gathered in the little harbor on the sea and advanced in formation of columns, all singing the Wahoo—the old folk song. The musicians beat in dull resounding time on the rude drums and the sounding boards. They drew up in front of the big Potlach house, and an ancient chief addressed the giver of the Potlach, then the miscellaneous host scrambled ashore. I saw the provisions they had for the journey. Dried salmon, salmon heads, long grisly arms of the Devil fish—the squid is a tribal dainty. Crabs, clams, sea urchins. Oh, truly the low tide beach and the sea is the poor man's farm. I do wish his farm would splash

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over him a bit sometimes, he needs it, goodness knows. For three days and part of the nights, this dusky throng danced and sang in that great cedar-shake-covered hall, every hour the excitement grew more intense. The Potlach giver distributed his all, money, guns, canoes, furniture, cattle, everything he possessed. A frenzy of giving seized the people. I saw little boys that had earned a hard wage in some white man's factory pour out their handful of gold and silver for all men to share. A bedridden Kootenian waved a handful of good Canadian bills and gave ten dollars to each as long as it lasted. Now this howling, frenzied, dancing mass has dissolved—and lo! the Potlach giver is a great man—but much impoverished, if the remnant of his people do not die off, he hopes to get it all returned a hundredfold in time.

While these doomed survivors of a once mighty race are making merry in despoiling one another, take a hurried visit to the bays and creeks, the fjords and harbors of this rude, reef-edged, inlet-intersected island of Vancouver. A'l along, wherever good canoe shelter is offered, will be found the relics of this host that evidently originated in China or Japan—take a babe of our native tribes, set is beside a Japanese babe and the tribal resemblance is most marked—and gradually spread all along this northern Pacific Coast. Being fishermen they kept near the sea, in fact the great mountains that everywhere shut off this strip of foreshore from the main continent prevented them going far inland. Every likely harbor we visit is filled with the relics of the passing race. Take the big island, Denman's Island, in the great straits of Georgia; here we found great foreshore fields that were man-built, fields that extended all along the level shore for thousands of yards and ran back right up to that hilly

slopes and rocks that made the high land of the island. All of these were built of the shells and bones these natives had thrown away. Imagine a field fifty yards wide and hundreds of yards long and fourteen feet deep formed of bones and shells alone. Here is a perfect river of clean white shells, uninjured by five hundred years burial. For they must have been here that long at least, as giant firs grow on top of these

shell beaches, fir trees fully five hundred years old.

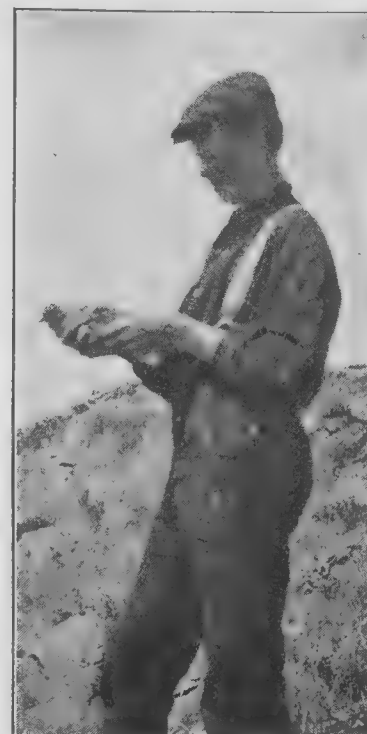
First we found the true soil on which the heap rested, then a layer of salmon fish bones, perfect yet in formation but crumbling at the touch. Next came layers of clam shells, layers of sea urchins, layers of elk bones and deer, and bones of smaller animals like mink and marten and fox, pile after pile, layer after layer, twice the height of a very tall man's

head this great deposit ran before us, a clattering river of pure white bones. Inextricably intermingled were the bones of the natives, just as if they had thrown their dead, or, perhaps, had buried them, in the shell piles. In later years, we know they laid them away in cedar boxes or exposed them on rude platforms, or placed them in their canoes facing some familiar fishing scene. In amongst this crumbling avalanche we found bone needles, flint and jade weapons, but not an atom of iron; the iron age had not come when this shell fish devouring host passed out. We also found caves and rude hollows under overhanging cliffs filled with shells, as if wounded or hiding people had taken refuge there. They have left no name, no record of the four hundred tribes that originally settled this coast, fully two hundred have perished and left no tribal records. Within the memory of the white man, these survivors have been rapidly dropping off—and the white man as rapidly dropping into their places—as I heard a wee native lad, a lad with those wondrous animal brown eyes, say: "Why do you let the white man take our land." Alas, they are helpless against our aggression, our wiles, our tribes, our unfair treaties.

Some of the tribes have left a poor scribbling record of their totems or tribal



Pacific Coast spring salmon.



Native lad with young sea fowl.

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animals or birds or fishes; some of these men were carvers of no mean skill. Now, while every fish and clan and family had for a totem or phatry some bird or beast or fish, to which they gave often the power of life and death, creation and good and evil, few of the dead peoples made any carvings that have lasted, we have a few death masks and dancing faces, weird things, grotesquely wrought from cedar, but only on a few rocks on Vancouver Island and on the mainland of British Columbia have we any graven records. These are carved on the granite and chalk so that they may be photographed better.

They are credited with being of late manufacture, within a few lifetimes, as figured by the natives. The salmon and the crab seem to have been the subjects of this unknown sculptor. The best bit of carving I have seen lately has been used by a gentleman for the gate posts of his island estate. These look like house posts as found in some of the older native houses today, as the interior of these mud-floored houses are much subdivided, so that the newly-married daughter can bring the new chief—her husband—to live there; building a house within another.

Of the many legends we have noted, this one appeals the most. Hamatsa was a dreaded cannibal, he devoured fire, his grizzly bear gathered for him the bodies of the tribe. None of the spirits that had the power of giving back life dare approach Hamatsa; so all the ancestors were devoured. Now there lived in the

tribe a young man, a mighty slayer of bears. For months he had hidden in the forest, daily washing himself and rubbing his body with the branches of the hemlock. He spoke to the Thunder bird that dwelt on the mountain: "I greet you, Oh Thunder bird; come with me and kill great Hamatsa that I may go back and marry my Maxala." Then he ran back to his tribe and was made a chief by his father and went through fire and bit man's flesh. Then he hid Maxala where the Thunder bird would guard her and fought Hamatsa and threw him to the ground; then the Thunder bird shot fire down Hamatsa's mouth and sent the Raven to carry Maxala down to her lover that she might see the dead monster. Thus was the Raven evermore the totem of the family of the young chief, "The Slayer of Bears."

Where has this mighty race gone? Ask the rivers that roll their crumbling



Natives and dead bear.

bones down to the sea. Ask the wind that daily scatters the great shell heaps that holds their dust. Where are their possessions? I can hear the refrain singing in time to our paddle strokes, echoing back from the mighty hills about us: "Their lands are ours, their forests are ours, their islands are ours." Alas! that all races must pass before the white man.

An Akward Compliment,

Inspector-General Hornaday of the G. A. R. was relating incidents of famous national encampments.

"I remember a little Japanese who attended one of our banquets," he said smiling, "and a queer compliment that he paid to a colonel's wife."

"I sat between the two and the lady said across me:

"Mr. Takashira, you compress the ladies' feet in your country, don't you?"

"Oh, no, madam: that is a Chinese custom," said the Japanese. "We Japanese allow our ladies' feet to grow to their full size. Not that—"

"And he bowed and hissed in the polite Japanese way:

"Not that they could ever hope to rival yours, madam."

Extermination of Rats and Mice.

If it were generally known that there is no trouble to rid a house, barn or any building of rats and mice by the use of Gillett's Lye, it is doubtful if the article could be made as fast as it would be used for this purpose alone. The process connected with using it is very simple, the plan being to sprinkle a little of the article in and around the holes made by these pests in floors, partitions, etc. In addition to this, it is well to use a thin piece of board about a quarter of a foot square or even smaller, and make a complete circle of the lye on the board about a quarter of an inch deep, and inside of the circle place some meat or cheese. In endeavoring to get at the bait the feet of the rats and mice will be burned and the whole colony, whether large or small, will immediately disappear from the premises.

The plan is worth trying, but the good kind—Gillett's Lye—should be procured. Refuse the many cheap imitations and substitutes.

Plain English

By the extraordinary contortions of her neck, he concluded she was trying to get a glimpse of the back of her new blouse; by the tense line and scintillating flash about her lips, he concluded that her mouth was full of pins.

"Umph—goof—suff-wuff—she—sh—f—spog?" she asked.

"Quite so, my dear," he agreed. "It looks very nice."

"Ouff—wuff—so—gs—ph—rf—ugh—ight?" was her next remark.

"Perhaps it would look better if you did that," he nodded, "but it fits very

nicely as it is."

She gasped and emptied the pins into her hands.

"I've asked you twice to raise the blinds, so that I can get more light James!" she exclaimed. "Can't you understand plain English?"

Perfectly Welcome

Night was approaching, and the rain was coming down faster and faster. The traveller dismounted from his horse and rapped at the door of the one farm-house he had struck in a five-mile stretch of travelling. No one came to

the door. As he stood on the doorstep the water from the eaves trickled down his collar. He rapped again. Still no answer. He could feel the stream of water coursing down his back. Another spell of pounding, and finally the red head of a lad of twelve was stuck out of the second story.

"Watcher want?" it asked.

"I want to know if I can stay here overnight," the traveller answered.

The red-headed lad watched the man for a minute or two before answering.

"Ye kin fer all of me," he finally answered, and then closed the window.

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A Meteorological Misadventure.



I MET the Professor at Long Pine," said Jimsey McMullen, brushing the glossy black cowlick from his eyes and rolling a too tight cigarette between his palm and the green baize on the deserted table. "I took him for a palmist, or a hypnotist, or something in that line at first, but I was away off. He was a meteorologist. He told me so, and I didn't see any reason why I should disbelieve him, seeing he had staked me to a meal and had promised to exert his influence with the clerk of the American House to get me a night's lodging. I was up against a touch of the real thing at that time and I could appreciate a little courtesy.

"I'm not going to pauperize you," says the Professor; "I intend to make you earn this. I'm in need of an assistant."

"What's the graft?" I asked him.

"Strictly scientific," he says. "I'm meteorologist, as I told you."

"If you could tell me something easier I could tell better whether the job would suit me," I says. "Is it connected with gas works?"

"Well, yes in a way," he says. "I produce certain gaseous elements for the amelioration of atmospheric conditions."

expression of countenance. He handed me the telegram, which was from Chicago. It read:

"Planks set ever for pictures. Garland warped readily, but Mary ten candles gold binding."

"That's good news," he says.

"I congratulate you," I says. Is it a boy or a girl?"

"It's a tip," he says. "It comes indirectly from the Auditorium tower in the great metropolis of the West, where my fellow meteorologist, Professor Cox, gets advance notices of various waves. A friend of mine sends me these reports, which I find of great assistance to me in locating the strata."

"How will the strata b. around Hyattstown?" I asked.

"Haydes would be humid beside them," he replies.

"When we got into the burg we found that something was evidently doing. The population was in its Sunday clothes, and flags was fluttering from all the buildings. It seemed that Congress had just passed a bill appropriating half a million for deepening the waters of Jim Creek, and they were about to celebrate with a picnic and barbecue and clam-bake, combined with noted orators from all over the State, in the grove a mile out of town. It was going to be simply the time of Hyattstown's life. I thought the situation was unfavorable to rain-making, but the Professor only chuckled



A notable Football Match, Winnipeg v Corinthians (English Team).

"You'll have to come down a step or two lower," I says.

"I have an apparatus for the condensation and precipitation of moisture in the upper air strata," he explains.

"I shook my head. 'If I only had an unabridged dictionary about my clothes I might follow you,' I says.

"I'm a rainmaker," he says. "I visit parched and arid regions where the crops are languishing for liquid nourishment and I make the farmer's heart rejoice within him by bringing the reluctant humidity from the cloudless sky. If you want to come with me there's board and lodging and a small rake-off in it for you. My partner has just quit me."

"It's a go," I says. "I'm with you."

"And that's how I came to be a scientist.

"He explained to me that his outfit consisted of a wagonload of box kites and an explosive chemical composition that made nitroglycerine and lyddite seem like they were afflicted with nervous debility. He claimed that there was always plenty of rain in the air in layers—like currant jelly in sponge cake, which same he called strata for short—and that the thing was to fly your kite up to it and jar it loose by setting off his bombs. It looked about as easy as falling off a log, but the Professor used up more six-syllable words in explaining it than I ever guessed a little man like him could hold.

"The morning after I took the job we loaded a couple of packing-cases of apparatus on to a light wagon and set out for Hyattstown—a place of about four thousand population, and the county-seat of Vernole. Before we went, the Professor hikes off to the telegraph-office and comes back with a telegram and a pleas-

when I told him so. He had made his arrangements beforehand, it seemed, and an hour after our arrival there was a scene of wild excitement in the sample-room of the hotel. On the one hand there were eight or ten sunbrowned farmers who wanted rain and wanted it right off, on a contract with the Professor for a precipitation of not less than four inches, which they had made three days before; and on the other there were the Mayor and a number of prominent citizens, who wanted the cat-astrophe postponed until the day following.

"They hadn't expected the Professor until the next day. He had given them to understand that he would arrive then; but he explained that his contract said 'on or before' that date, and that circumstances over which he had no control made it necessary for him to get to work right away. They masticated the textile fabric there for the best part of an hour, and the upshot was that the rainmaking was called off in consideration of \$150 to the Professor in hand paid and a new contract for a rainfall within three days from date.

"I'm afraid," says the Professor, as we started out again—"I'm afraid that circumstances over which I have no control will prevent me from filling the return engagement. In the case," he says, "I shall lose the \$300 which I should get for my four-inch contract. It's too bad to lose that much money." And he gave his breast-pocket a slap and winked.

"Well, we made quite a number of towns and farm-settlements through the arid belt. Sometimes we arrived just in time for a celebration like the Hyattstown one, and sometimes, if the telegrams from Chicago and the barometer read-

ings were propitious, we sent up a few kites and exploded some bombs in mid-air. Sometimes we got rain and sometimes we didn't, but we generally came out with a little bunch of money.

"One fine morning we got a telegram that said: 'Leather inside sing straw-stack farewell combined liverwing,' and the Professor chuckled and said we should have some kite-flying. We hitched up to make a date with a grange about four miles from where we were staying, and on the way the Professor consulted his barometer frequently. We'll have to hurry," he says. "There's going to be the dickens' own storm break loose in a little while, or I'm no meteorologist, and we don't want it to get ahead of us."

"It didn't look that way to me. As I observed, the weather was fine—for a person suffering with rheumatism. The climate around in that part of the wheat-belt had taken to spitting cotton most of the time, and for a month past it had been drier than a break-beam tourist on a through trip in August. The prospect of crop failure wasn't the worst the farmers had to face. There wasn't hardly a farm that hadn't shrunk from five to forty acres, and the holders of the mortgages were getting anxious about their security. If there was any change imminent it wasn't so that it was visible to the naked, unscientific eye. Thermometer up to ninety-three and working up the scale to so-la-si-do, the landscape showing like a kinetoscope view and not a cloud in the sky. I studied on it as we plowed along through the dust, and I couldn't help thinking that the Professor got what is technically known as a bum steer.

"Professor," I says, "if the operator has balled things up and got liverwing for gizzard or merrythought, would it make any diff.?"

"Not any essential difference," he says; "the code is susceptible to a certain elasticity of formulation, but the correlation or interdependency of its component parts renders the accuracy of its interpretation open to no admissible dubiety."

"Oh!" I says.

"They were waiting for us—a crowd of about a hundred, I should say—all men. The scene of action was what was kindly Nature had intended for a pasture, but the grass was dried on it till it rubbed off like singed hair and left bald spots underfoot. There was a house close by and a stackyard and a barn, with a wind-mill for pumping dishwater for the house. I can shut my eyes and see the whole scene yet.

"We got busy and soon had three kites and the tackle spread out, the little windlass fixed and the explosive out of the wagon. I felt a sort of sense of impending disaster and depression of spirits and disinclination for society, somehow, when I looked over the crowd. It may have been symptoms of a lack of wild honeysuckle and huckleberry bitters, or it may have been a hunch from my guardian angel. They certainly did look as if they would hate to be disappointed, though, and I feared we should have to disappoint them. There was one sturdy tiller of the soil, with a bad eye and a red billy-goat lambrequin in particular, that I didn't like the look of. He had a sassy way of spitting his tobacco-juice, and he looked me over as if he had met me somewhere before. I asked him if he had.

"You look like a fellow that tried to sell me a gold brick in Omaha last fall," he says, taking another careful look at me. "I reckon I'm mistaken, though; you're too bow-legged and your mouth is too big."

"You'd probably find out that my knuckles were harder, too, you ginger-whiskered botch job, if I had time for you!" I remarked, and then the Professor stepped in and says, "Cut, tut!" and other observations of a like nature.

"Here," he continued, "help me with the battery now, and gentlemen, I must request you all to stand back and afford me room for my operations. Jimsey," he said in an undertone, look over in the southwest and tell me what you see."

"A cloud no bigger than a man's hand feels to the kid across his knee," I says, taking a hasty squint. I guess we'll make good yet."

"Don't rubber at it, or the jays will get wise," says the Professor, lapsing into plain English. "Is the wire free

on the spools? Then send her up—quick!"

"The big kite with two-pound can of the Professor's concentrated essence of gun-cotton sailed majestically up into the empyrean until it became a mere black spect against the blue. The Professor didn't waste much time in the usual monkey-business. He just turned the handle of the windlass once or twice, looked at the barometer, and touched the button.

"Ker bang!" she went—a good one—and the crowd scattered a moment and then began to cheer. The Professor set me to hauling in the kite. "Hurry!" he says, "it's coming. Feel the breeze? Barometer down to twenty-eight inches. I've got to make a little talk to get their attention occupied until we get off another blast. Then, if I'm not mistaken we'll have to run for shelter."

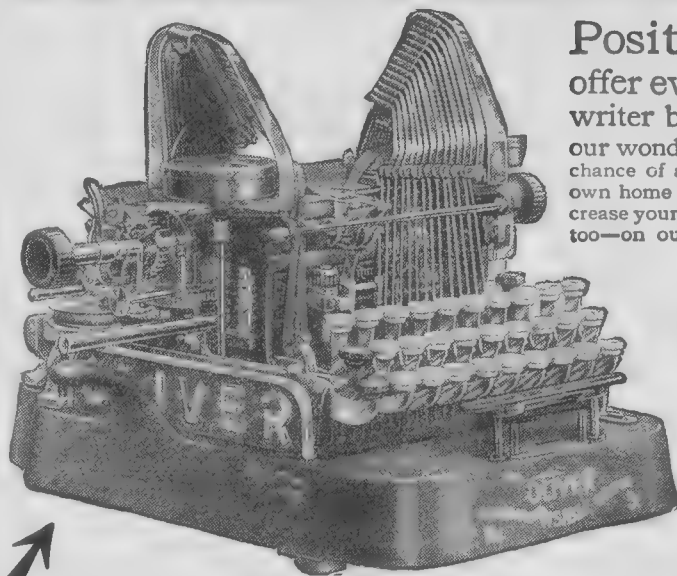
"He raised his hand and began to spiel while I examined the connections and tacked another can on to the kite.

"Gentlemen," says the Professor, I take this opportunity of explaining to you the phenomena you are about to witness. The aqueous vapor held in suspension above us, and which we are about to precipitate, is to a great extent impervious to both solar and terrestrial radiation. It must, therefore be plainly evident to your comprehension that the deprivation of the atmosphere of this

"I looked up as he stopped just in time to see about forty rod of rail fence and two Hereford cows, that I had noticed coming along, go whirling up into the wiggling tail of an enormous black pollywog that was sweeping along towards us at the rate of an express train. Before I could yell the horse and barn were hicked

up in the spinning tangle of wreck, dust and cloud, and driving sheets of rain slapped our white faces. We all turned to run, but with a roar, a shriek and a howl it struck. Perhaps you'd like to know how it feels to ride on the wings of the storm. I'd tell you my sensations if I could. The only reason that I can't is that I didn't have any. I infer that I was gathered in from the fact that I was luxuriously pillowed on a fine, large, pedigreed Percheron and some other debris when I came to, and the horse could hardly have crawled under me without my knowledge, being defunct. Furthermore, we were lying within half a mile of the town the Professor and I had left to stir up this disturbance. The town seemed to be entire. The cyclone must have

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avoided it, and I don't blame it. I wished I had, before long.

"It was morning, as near as I could gather—a bleak, chilly, cloudy morning. I was drenched to the skin with aqueous matter and I felt a pressing need of something of a spirituous nature. I felt my bones cautiously. They were sore, but they seemed to be whole, so I raised myself from my first premium couch and limped toward the burg. I struck the main street and was approaching the hotel when I heard a yell behind me. I looked back and saw the tomato-colored Turk who'd indulged in gayety with me during the meteorological preliminaries, as the Professor would have called 'em. He had been engaged in conversation with an admiring group of jays on the other side of the street. I guess the cyclone didn't think he was worth picking up. As soon as he saw me he yelled: 'That's one of 'em!—one of the fellows that started the cyclone! Stop him!'"

"I wouldn't have bet on myself for place in a foot-race a minute before, but I certainly missed everything but the high places when that mob came pounding down the street behind me. I had a picture of myself held in suspension from one of the tall telegraph poles that were hissing by me so fast they had

straight along until I almost ran into the train. Then I turned like a flash and flipped.

"As I clambered up, I saw my red-whiskered friend parting along within ten yards of me, losing ground, but game, and with a thrill of joy and gratitude I reached for a couple of chunks of that coal and turned loose. One chunk took him on the jaw and knocked him backward, and the other landed neatly in the abdominal region and doubled him forward. It was the loveliest thing ever seen.

"Within five minutes it was raining hard again, and I had no umbrella; the coal was the lumpiest, hardest kind of anthracite ever blasted out of a mine, and I was sore enough before I sat on it; I was hungry and sore athirst; at any moment an unsympathetic brakie might come along and boot me into sudden contact with the right-of-way; but the thought of that beautiful double shot filled me with a glow of happiness that was a dead ringer for ecstasy.

"It soaked out in time, though. I travelled on that coal-car clear into Omaha, and it rained every holy minute of the time. It was midnight when I dropped off at the yards and made my way to my friend Michael O'Carroll's place. Mike was standing behind the mahogany when I floated in on the



Reflections in Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg.

the aspect of a picket-fence—and that helped me. A half a brick that came hurtling by my ear helped me some more.

"I hadn't any clear idea of where I was going until I heard a bell jingling ahead of me and saw a long train of coal-car running along the railroad track at the crossing at about twelve miles an hour. My relentless pursuers whooped triumph. They thought they had me blocked, but I knew better. I kept

bosom of the stream that ran from my garments, my teeth chattering.

"Mix me a hot one Mike, and I'll take ore at normal temperature while you're doing it, to save time," I says, reaching for the bottle with one hand and for the cheese sandwiches with the other.

"For Hivin's sake!" says Mike, his eyes bulging. "Where have yez been?"

"Rainmaking," I says, with my mouth full, backing up against the stove, which by good luck he'd lit.

"Ye've struck yer gait, Jimsey," says Mike. "Ye're a howlin' success at it."

"You don't know how successful I have been," I said. "This is only a small sample."

"I got into a dry wardrobe that Michael furnished me, and wet down to my regular abiding-place. The next morning I met another old friend who had a good mail-order proposition, and I gave science the shake, for the time being, for conservative commercial rake-off of ninety-eight per cent. of ret receipts. I worried about the Professor for quite a while, until I read a newspaper account of where he'd sued the grange for the amount of our contract, and recovered. Then I saw that I need never worry about him."

Hardly Truthful

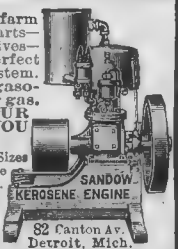
Sages assembled in the general store were discussing the veracity of old Si Perkins when Uncle Bill Abbott ambled in. "What do you think about it, Uncle Bill?" they asked him. "Would you call Si Perkins a liar?"

"Wall," answered Uncle Bill slowly, as he thoughtfully studied the ceiling, "I don't know as I'd go so far as to call him a liar exactly, but I do know this much: when feedin' time comes, in order to get any response from his hogs, he has to get somebody else to call 'em for him."

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Winnipeg

This cut shows Elevator mounted on truck, with leg up and Hopper swung back to let team drive up alongside of Elevator.



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Spout may be swung in any direction either up and down or side ways.

Our Prices Are Right

Over Seas with the Western Teachers.

By One of the Party. Written specially for the Western Home Monthly.

Winnipeg is often looked upon as the dividing line between Eastern and Western Canada, certainly to one who has been reared there, a panoramic change takes place with his journey eastward.

Such was unfolded to the party of teachers leaving on July 2nd. The lower flat portion of Manitoba having been traversed, the first interest was centered in Kenora, and first and last will be enshrined in our hearts one of the beauty spots of that country, which we are proud to call our homeland. Numerous lakes joined by picturesque channels with inviting bays around each turn were studded with wooded islands. Our welcome was one worthy of the true westerner—no more need be said.

A stretch of rough country—rocks and little hills—followed then through the lovely Muskoka district, where Mother Nature has again furnished so much balm for bruised nerves. On to Toronto we hurried. A glimpse was all we managed, because our train had been delayed, but we had seen the surrounding farms, compared them with those in our West, looked with longing eyes on the apple orchards, mentally climbed the snake fences and assessed the brick houses. Six o'clock on the 5th found us in Montreal, a weary lot, glad to board the Virginian without too many curious questions. Many saw a large harbor for the first time, and looked with wonder upon the assortment of boats waiting their turn for duty. Slowly ours turned, left port and majestically glided down that majestic river, the St. Lawrence. Those who were not too tired, admired the scene on either side, quaint French villages and river farms.

Quebec called for her full share of admiration. Never before had we experienced such a feeling of protection. With the British flag waving over such a fortress who need quake with the fear of war—those rocky arms were outspread to defend us. Here, too, we were impressed with the romance of Canadian history—never again would we call it "dry."

Shore scenery again held attention. Point Levis, the beautiful falls, and the ever-widening gulf were watched with interest. Soon attention was turned to the boat; it was explored from hold to Marconi station. The powerful engines steadily pounded on despite the gaze of so many eyes. The kitchen was inspected and found "not wanting." The steerage was viewed, the life boats counted and the Marconi system made a subject of serious study.

South of Newfoundland we bent our course—too many icebergs in the northern seas. We sighted several and felt the charm of the floating "castle dangerous." Foggy weather claimed us here, and our good captain prudently held over for several hours. A heavy swell now began to be felt, and Neptune took the usual toll—for several days the decks and dining saloon had a lonely appearance, and some made the usual rash vows of what would happen if they ever saw dry land again. The convalescents indulged in shuffle-board, ring toss and renewed their youth in a game of tag.

Every one was up to view the green of the Emerald Isle; the rocky coast-line, with its many lighthouses, neat white cottages nestling in among the trees and neat checker-board fields were all new sights.

Stern Scotia's sentinel shores gravely, let us pass and about 7 p.m. we slowly sailed up the Mersey, and with much tugging and (apparently) pushing by the "Muskwash" and the "Gopher" (how "homy" that sounded!), we were at last docked.

"Merry England" certainly seemed appropriately named—a band had come on board to welcome us, laden pleasure boats sailed all around us and waved a happy welcome, and every face beamed joyous contentment.

Liverpool to London was done on a special, after dark, but we could hear the toy whistle, see the small engine,

which caused us to wonder "can it pull us," and explore the corridor cars, which seemed to us like so many stalls.

Euston Station swallowed us in its immensity about 12 p.m. How glad we were to be "looked after" in such a vast station in a vast city. There were brakes, another innovation, waiting to convey us to our private hotels. We climbed way up on top and viewed from a superior height the contempt of the London caddy, who discovered we were all "gong dead."

Early Sunday morning found us exploring the Bayswater district, puzzling

over the difference between "gardens, terraces, and squares," as applied to streets, and discovering that in some instances the latter were even round. Our next exploration took us down the tube, and we were "shot" down to Westminster Abbey. Awe inspiring, sanctifying, almost, one might call the ancient pile. Its age, its architecture alone have a profound influence to one coming from a country of new things, but combine with that the associations of the Abbey, and even Addison's description faileth to quite describe it.

The British Museum claimed our attention next. If we had even one of their ancient curiosities in our country I think we should be always flocking to gaze upon it, study it, and imagine the past connected with it. Verily, "familiarity breedeth contempt"—for the average Englishman views his historical treasures with pride, but at least, a seeming indifference.



The Late General Booth.

General Booth, the founder and head of the Salvation Army, who passed away in England on Tuesday, August 20th, at the ripe age of 84, will go down in history as one of the greatest religious leaders of modern times. Few men left a deeper impression in their day, and few, if any, have been spared to see their work prosper as he did. While officers, members and adherents always gave loyal support to the Army, the fact remained that it was the dominant personality of the venerable General that guided its destiny, and that was a large factor in its success. Bearing in mind his many wonderful attributes, it is doubtful if his like will be seen again.

and to-day the whole civilized world joins in sympathy with the Salvation Army in their irreparable loss. It was only a few months ago that Western Home Monthly readers received the following characteristic Christmas message from General Booth:—

"Have you heard the Good Tidings? 'Christ has come. He has brought you the priceless blessings of forgiveness, happiness, usefulness and heaven."

"Have you found the Treasure? 'If not, seek it this very day. Don't let Christ live and die in vain. If you have found it be sure and use Christmas to carry the Glad Tidings to some perishing ignorant soul.' Wm. Booth.

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The Little Foreigner.

W. R. Gilbert, Calgary, Alta., Canada.



His real name was Jean Le Roi, but it became a dead letter from the first day he arrived at the Mill, until little Bill Davis, the carpenter, chiseled it out in letters two inches long as part of an inscription which began with a text and ended with a few words of rhyme,—an old nursery rhyme. But that as old Bill O'Grady used to say, is another kettle of fish, and like starting off your leaders before you get your poles hitched up, and begins and ends nowhere.

Bill O'Grady generally drove the bullock team which was used for drawing the felled timber from the forest to the mill, where it was sawn up, hence he was known as "Bill-the-Bullocky" to distinguish him from little Bill Davis, the carpenter, and big Bill Allan the overseer, and boss of the men.

But to return to Jean Le Roi.

Probably it was because his name did not come easily to the men's tongues, rather than because he was a Frenchman,

ly, once they got used to his rapid broken English, and he fell into his place in the camp, doing odd jobs here and there, helping everybody, and gradually acquiring skill in the handling of timber.

In fact he shortly became somewhat of a favorite with the men, though big Bill Allen had resented his coming, and made the little man's life a hard one in many ways that were possible to him as overseer of the saw-mill.

"What the hell does the boss want to send me such stuff as this for?" he had burst out on reading the note Jean Le Roi had handed him on his arrival "Look here, you, what the devil's your name? Frenchy. Can you fell timber?"

The little man not altogether understanding the language, smiled, shook his head and said rapidly; "Non, non, m'sieur not yet; but look you, I can learn I am vare queeck to learn."

"Learn," growled the overseer "What the blazes is the good of that to me? I aint here to teach you."

The Frenchman bowed and waited.

"Can you use a broom and shovel?"

The little man nodded and smiled, showing all his teeth in pleasure at being able to answer in the affirmative.

"Oui,—yes, yes, I can use ze broom and ze shovel."

"Glad to hear there's something you can do?" growled the other in a tone that belied his word "Take that shovel and broom and clear away the saw-dust. You can use a barrow too I hope, to cart it round to the furnace, and he shouted as the little man was rapidly making off to commence his duties "Keep clear of that saw and belting. We don't want no foreign mincemeats round here."

Jean Le Roi smiled and again showed all his teeth. It was one of the secrets of his popularity that he could always laugh at another man's jokes; and in this subtle form of flattery—for we all like our jokes to be appreciated—he was a past master.

And so he started work in the mill, sweeping up the sawdust and wheeling it round to the furnace where it was used to keep the fire going. But before long one of the timber fellows was disabled with a cut foot, and the overseer sent Jean Le Roi to fill his place.

It was part of the overseer's business to choose and mark suitable trees for felling, leaving it to the axeman's discretion to cut the tree in such a way that it would fall in the most suitable position for putting the chains around it that it might be hauled by the bullock team to the mill. Once on the ground, the tree, or at least that part of it intended for the mill, had to be stripped of its bark in order to lessen the weight, and be more easily dragged over the ground.

Now all this was work needing some skill, and experience, and none knew better than the overseer that the little Frenchman possessed neither. But for some mysterious reason of his own, which he confided to no one, he had taken a dislike to the newcomer, and seemed bent on giving him work at the expense of losing some timber—the ill performance of which would give him an excuse for grumbling at the little foreigner, and perhaps for getting rid of him altogether.

And in the first part at least of this design he was not disappointed for Jean Le Roi's first day's work with the axe provided plenty of material for grumbling.

Contrary to his usual custom, the overseer went out with the bullock team, when it started for the logs the Frenchman had felled and stripped the previous day. On arriving at the place where the first log lay, he smiled grimly, before opening the vials of his wrath on the unlucky little man, who, all unconscious of wherein he had offended, stood by well pleased with the result of his work.

"How the flaming hell do you think we are to get that out, you blanky messer?" roared the overseer, pointing to the log, where it lay firmly wedged in amongst timber, the surface of it all chipped and with pieces of bark hang-



Lover's Lane.

which accounted for the fact that he became known as "The Little Foreigner." For there were other foreigners in the camp, notably Jack Turqueson, a huge Swede, who could roll a heavier log than even big Bill Allan, and always carried a long bright sheath knife in his belt, though his easy good nature, gave the lie to his ever using it, except as did happen occasionally he was the worse for liquor, but then, as every man knows, "when the wine is in the wits are out." Only in Jack Turqueson's case the wine was always whisky.

Anyway from the night when Jean Le Roi first appeared in camp, bearing a note from the boss of the saw-mill, saying he was to be taken on as an extra hand, and put to any kind of work he could best manage, he was by universal consent, and after one or two in ineffectual attempts to pronounce his name dubbed him "The Little Foreigner," and remained so thereafter.

He was small, quick, and good natured, anxious to be friendly with everyone, and made up for his shortcomings in the matter of strength and skill by an eagerness, which would have been somewhat ludicrous, if he had not been so entirely in earnest. The men took to him quick-

ing to it. Le Roi had not been very successful in his first attempt at stripping. There was clear ground at the other side into which an experienced axeman would have directed the tree's fall, but the little man knew nothing of the science of tree felling, and his log was wedged in so tightly, that to get it out seemed an impossibility, without a greater expenditure of labor than the timber was worth.

But Bill the Bullocky, anxious to get the little man out of trouble, got a chain round it with much difficulty, and then the team of bullocks incited by Bill's language, and the crack of his long whip, strained forward in their endeavor to shift the log. Le Roi aided his excited cries to those of the driver, while the overseer stood by and swore. One, two, three times they strained, and at the third attempt a chain snapped, and two of the bullocks were down. Then, indeed, the overseer's wrath broke out and he showered down on the offender a string of oaths, that even if they were not all understood, were sufficient to convey the impression that he was not in favor with the boss. The second log was secured with much difficulty and the breaking of another chain; but next day Jean Le Roi was put on to other work, and the overseer wrote to the boss for permission to fire him.

But the permission did not come, and so the little foreigner remained on at the mill the best of friends with everyone except the overseer.

The men all lived in one building which was divided off into three rooms. The first and largest was the living room. A long table with forms on each side ran down the centre of it. At this the men had their meals; the other two rooms were smaller, and had bunks fixed to the walls for sleeping purposes.

The overseer had a hut of his own where he lived with his wife and child, the latter a little girl of five years old.

Now, it happened that one Saturday evening about a month after the little foreigner's advent, Bill Davis, the carpenter, had been to the nearest town, and brought back with him a couple of bottles of whisky. "It's my birthday," he announced when after tea he produced them, and some comment had been made as to his extravagance.

"Good enough for ye, my boy!" shouted Bill the Bullocky; "and it's yer health we'll be drinking; and wishing ye had a birthday every Saturday night."

So the whisky was passed round, and the talk became louder and the laughter more frequent, until suddenly Jean Le Roi was seen to be mounted on the table somewhat unsteady on his legs, but with a fierce glitter of determination in his eyes.

"Look you, my frens," he cried in his shrill tones, "I will sing you one song in honor of the birthday of my fren—what you call him—my goodmate Bill."

A storm of applause greeted this announcement and Le Roi paused in his speech.

"It is the song of Libertee," he continued as soon as he could make himself heard, "and we sing it in my beloved cuntry; la belle France. Ah, my frens, I long for my beloved cuntry here in this far away—what you call him—dam hole of a place."

A roar of good humored laughter greeted this last announcement, for it was a phrase often on the lips of those present. Only Jack Turqueson, the huge Swede, did not laugh, but looked at the little man mounted on the table, with an eye of sympathy, for he knew what it was to be alone in a far off land, pining for his own country.

"But ze song, my frens," Le Roi went on. "It is call La Marseillaise, and now I will sing it to you."

And there by the light of a couple of candles in the rude slab hut, far away from his country, Jean Le Roi sang his song of liberty, while the men sat and smoked, wondering what it was all about.

Allons enfans de la patrie
Le jour de gloire est arrive
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'etendard sanglant est leve.

But if they did not understand the

words they were soon captivated by the tune, and before the song was finished they were roaring it out in a chorus that made the lights flicker to any words that pleased them, and in a good many cases to no words at all. Thereafter the little foreigner was a greater favorite than ever, and often in the hut at night would pipe out queer little French chansons, of which his hearers understood not a word, but which had a strange charm for them nevertheless. And in return for this entertainment the men united to protect the little man from the overseer's bullying, though this could not be done in an open way, but only by rectifying the mistakes he made before the overseer should discover them.

But Jean Le Roi had another listener, perhaps more appreciative of his singing than all the rest. This was the overseer's little daughter. The child loved to escape from her mother's care, and go to where the little man was working; and Jean was never too busy to croon over his little songs to her as he worked, while the little one listened with rapture and delight. She loved to hear him speak in his native tongue, and in time learned words and phrases from him, which she exhibited before her parents with childish delight.

The father never liked to see them together, but forebore to interfere, probably because he was unused and almost afraid to cross the child in anything. And so a warm friendship grew

up between the strangely assorted pair, which did not, however, succeed in modifying the overseer's behavior to the little man.

Once when the child was ailing for several days, and unable to go outside, nothing would satisfy her but that as she always called him, should be sent for to sing to her, and, much against his will, Bill Allen told his wife to grant the child's wish.

Jean came, and, sitting by the fire in the hut with the little one in his arms, sang his songs over and over again in answer to her repeated requests. She had one especial favorite, which she never tired of hearing, and the little man sang it so often, always to the same queer little tune, that Bill Allen

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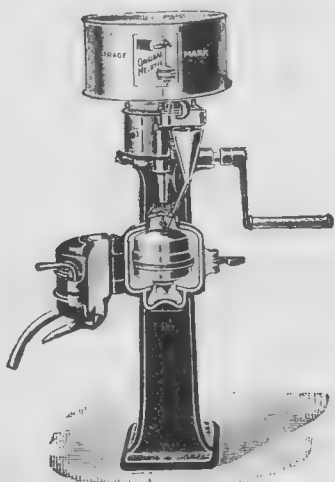
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WINNIPEG

St. John, N.B.

one day found himself whistling it and pulled up in the middle with an oath.

"Sing the one about the man crying for the door to be opened," she would say, and then Jean, who was never too tired to oblige her, would sing:—

An clair de la lune
Mon ami Pierrot
Prete toi ta plume
Pour ecrie un mot
Ma chandele est morte
J'n'ai plus de feu;
Ouvre moi la porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu.

Every man in the camp was fond of the child. Big, burly fellows they were most of them with rough ways but kindly hearts. But the child would have little to do with them, and with the exception of little Bill Davis, the carpenter, who made her rough toys, held herself aloof.

Thus her preference for Jean was all the more marked; but it aroused no jealousy against him among the men, and certainly gained him no favor from the overseer.

As time went on his English improved though it was a somewhat strange mixture, and in moments of excitement he always lapsed back into his mother tongue.

And a long and wet winter passed by, and spring began to put in an appearance welcomed gladly by all, but by none more so than the little daughter of the overseer, who had been sick on and off and unable to leave the hut. Now, however, in the warm bright days she was able to wander about the mill and watch Jean at work. She liked best to sit and watch the great circular saw, singing round with a burr that rose into a shriek, as it met the big legs and tore its way through them, but this joy was not often allowed her for fear of accidents.

This spring she was allowed another pleasure which was to go out with the bullock team when the distance was not too great, and to ride home on the log that was being brought back. She would call to the bullocks by name in her shrill baby voice, and shriek with laughter at the jolts and jars. And as it was now part of Jean's work to accompany the team and fix the chains, the child's enjoyment was unalloyed; and she was placed under the care of Jean. She would walk to the place from over the rough places in the little man's which the log was to be hauled, carried arms, and then wander about close to the men, seeking wild flowers, while they adjusted the chains and prepared to start homeward. Then, when all was ready, Jean would place her on the log, walking close beside in case of accidents.

Many rides she had thus until she began to receive into her kindly regards Bill the Bullocky, not for any special merit on his part, but for the extraneous fact that he was the genius who guided the bullocks thereby making those delightful rides possible.

But there came a day when something happened that made those pleasant outings for ever a thing of the past.

It was a beautiful morning and the child had as usual accompanied the team and then gone a little way off, but well in sight to search for wild flowers, while the men prepared the log for hauling. It was a big log, some 25 feet long, and lying along the side of a steep hill. Before it on the hillside were bushes and undergrowth, but no timber of any size, and great care had to be taken lest an incautious movement should start it on a headlong course downhill. It should have been shored up in the lower side by the man who felled it, but for some reason this had been omitted. Just at the critical moment as Bill the Bullocky who was on the upper side was passing a chain over to Jean, who was on the lower, he slipped on the moist ground and coming in contact with the log, started it slowly over on its course downhill.

Almost instinctively the bullock driver uttered a cry of warning, and with one spring Jean was from underneath and in safety.

"Sacre!" began the Frenchman in great excitement, but he got no further,

for there came another cry from Bill.

"My God, Frenchy, the kid!"

The man's bronzed face had turned a sickly color and whirling round towards the direction in which he was looking Jean saw the child, the child in his charge, right in the path of the slowly descending log. All unconscious of her danger, she was gathering ferns, and a horrible death not twenty yards away.

The great piece of timber turned slowly over and over, crushing underneath its ponderous weight the light undergrowth that lay in its way. No tree of sufficient size to arrest its progress was there, and with every second it gathered speed and momentum, until in a few seconds more it would be rushing down the hillside with the speed of an express train.

The bullock driver with his hand raised and pointing towards the child seemed unable to move, but Jean simultaneously with his first sight of her had sprung downwards. He realized in a moment the hopelessness of trying to arrest that slowly moving mass. What would his, or any man's strength serve once the log was on its downwards course? His one hope was to reach the child before the log descended thus far, and to this he devoted all his energies. With a bound Jean sprang down past it.



Trials of a Bachelor.

He could travel faster than it could now, but in a few moments more it would hopelessly outdistance him. Once in front of it he darted straight to the child, and, snatching her up before she was even aware of her danger, started to run across the face of the now fast descending log. But the little one had been standing in the very middle of its course, and the mass was now close to him, seeming to stretch out an interminable distance on each side. In a moment his mind was made up. With something between a gasp and a sob, the little man braced himself firmly on his feet, lifting the child high up in his arms. And then, just one brief instant before the log struck him, hurled her over it into safety.

Bill the Bullocky was bending over the horribly crushed form, and the child crying bitterly from fright and the sight of her injured friend, stood by, scratched and bruised by the fall, but otherwise unharmed.

The little man's eyes opened, and he tried to speak. The bullock driver bent down.

"Ze leetle one?—is she safe, my good mate Bill?"

Bill lifted her forward. He couldn't speak.

"Ah, my little fren," he gasped, "I will sing to you no more. Poor Jean is done for. But it was good to save—you—was good."

The child cried, but she could not understand.

"Mamam," he grasped again, while

the bullock driver looked on uncomprehendingly.

And then very low and in gasps came the words of the old song he had so often sung to the little one—

"Ma chandelle est morte
Je n'ai plus de feu
Ouvre moi la porte
Pour—l'amour—de—Dieu."

And then! Then the door opened and Jean Le Roi passed through to what is beyond.

Rev. Dr. C. W. Gordon: If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

A New Grain Company for Winnipeg.

A desirable addition to the Grain Commission offices of Winnipeg was made recently when Hallett and Carey Company Ltd. of Minneapolis were admitted to the membership of the local Exchange. For many years they have conducted an extensive business on the Chicago, Duluth, St. Louis and Winnipeg Exchanges, of which they are also members. So that they bring to their Western Canadian business a wide and expert knowledge that will be profitable to grain growers who may make consignments to them.

The Winnipeg office is in charge of Mr. Wm. Hunter whose practical experience in the grain trade goes back over a quarter of a century.

An Anxious Time.

Mr. Broughton, the English artist, while sketching in the Alps, was one day in search of a suitable background of dark pines for a picture he had planned. He found at last the precise situation he was seeking, and, best of all, there happened to be a pretty detail in the figure of an old woman in the foreground.

"I asked the old lady," said Mr. Broughton, to remain seated until I had made a sketch of her. She assented, but in a few minutes asked me how long I should be. 'Only a quarter of an hour,' I answered reassuringly.

"Three minutes or so later, she again asked me—this time with manifest anxiety—if I should be much longer.

"Oh, not long," I answered. But

why do you ask so anxiously?"

"Oh, it's nothing," she sadly answered, 'only I'm sitting on an ant-hill.'"

Needed Quiet

In the garden Bessie one day called out loudly, and was startled by the echo. To her mamma, who was standing by, she said:

"Be still and hear my shadow!"

Exactly so!

Teacher (reading aloud). "The weary sentinel leaned his gun and stole a few minutes' sleep."

"I bet I know where he stole that from."

"Where, Dot?"

"From his 'nap' sack."

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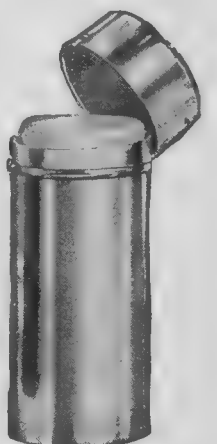
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THE PHILOSOPHER.

A WESTERN WELCOME.

In July the people of Winnipeg had the Duke of Connaught and Princess Patricia as their guests, and gave convincing proof of the heartiness of their pleasure in doing Their Royal Highnesses honor. The solid masses of people lining the streets for miles on the night of the arrival of the Duke and the Princess, the illuminations worthy of any city in the world, including as they did a canopy of electric lights along Main Street and Portage Avenue, the profusion of flags and decorations, the great procession, in which the gorgeously uniformed Highlanders and the other regiments marched, together with a great array of societies, the thousands of automobiles—all made a spectacle unprecedented in Winnipeg's history. It must have astonished our Royal visitors; it was a revelation to the people of Winnipeg themselves. Nothing but a great city—great not in prospect, but in actual achievement—could have furnished the background which gave that demonstration of welcome so much of its dignity and impressiveness. This month the Duke of Connaught, accompanied, as is hoped at the time these words are written, by the Duchess as well as by Princess Patricia, will come to the West again and visit all three of the prairie provinces and British Columbia, his tour extending as far as Prince Rupert and well into October. That Winnipeg's welcome was but the prelude of Western Canada's welcome will assuredly be demonstrated. A few years ago the people of Western Canada had the honor of welcoming the present King and Queen, then the Duke and Duchess of York, and testified no less convincingly than the people of all the other lands of the Empire round about the world on the occasion of that globe-circling tour of the Empire to their loyal attachment to the Crown. It is with like acclamation that Western Canada honors the uncle of the King, son of the ever-venerated Queen Victoria and brother of King Edward, in the person of our present distinguished Governor-General, and delights also in welcoming Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Connaught, and their gracious and beautiful daughter, Princess Patricia. We welcome the Duke as our Governor-General and as a distinguished member of the family whose head is the Empire's sovereign, the symbol and bond of Imperial unity and solidarity.

LORD STRATHCONA'S INSPIRING WORDS.

To few men in all history has it been given, as to Lord Strathcona, to look back over so marvellous a development as this country has had in the years of his life. "The two Canadas: 1838—1912"—is the title of the article contributed by the venerable High Commissioner to the current issue of a leading English monthly, in which he contrasts the conditions of three-quarters of a century ago, when he landed in Canada, a mere lad, after forty-three days' passage in a little sailing ship out of Aberdeen, and the conditions of to-day. The closing sentences of his article are notable for their high spirit of confident optimism. "What the United Kingdom is to-day in population, wealth and power," writes Lord Strathcona, "Canada will be before the close of the present century. The vast lone prairies with their myriads of buffalo, the Indian, the hunter and trapper, the Red River cart—they have passed, and in their place we see thriving homesteads and the busy cities, and in them we have promise of a far greater future. We who are of Canada have higher aims than to be a mere Dominion. Our Dominion will yet be the pivot of the British Empire, and it is our hope and prayer that it may be an Empire which will ensure peace and liberty throughout the whole world." Truly inspiring are these words from one whom, though a Scotchman by birth, Canada may well claim as her own. He is now in his ninety-third year. Few men attain to such length of years; and rare among that few are the ones who preserve their intellectual and physical activity as he has preserved his. He is, and he has always been, a man of untiring energy. Best of all, his outlook on the world is one of unquenchable hopefulness for the cause of human progress. His years are mounting close to the century mark, but the spirit of youth still shines in him.

A BOOK MAY HAVE MANY USES.

There died recently at Galt, Ont., a cultured and genial gentleman of the old school—Mr. H. S. Howell, of whom it is recalled that he used to tell a story at his own expense in regard to a book he wrote. He tasted the joys of authorship, read the friendly press notices, and saw the volume reposing on the shelves of the public library. After a while, it occurred to him that it was reposing too long. Day after day he visited the library to see if anybody had taken it out. At last he was delighted to observe a gap where the book used to be. He mentioned this to the librarian. She smiled in a rather embarrassed way, and glanced over at the

west wall of the building. Mr. Howell glanced, too. The book was holding up a window. In one of his prefaces the late Bill Nye said that he had long been convinced that what the public wanted was not an instructive book, nor even an amusing one, but a large, thick, substantial book, which could be used to hold up one end of the sofa when the leg was broken. "Hence," he went on to say in his preface, "this work." How many books there are in the world which only some such occasional use saves from the reproach of having been written in vain!

ATTRACTING WOMEN IMMIGRANTS.

It is a wise policy to send women from this country to talk to the women in the British Isles and explain what life in this country has to offer women in the old lands who have the requisite qualifications to justify their crossing the Atlantic and becoming Canadians. The work that is being done in this way is good work. Moving pictures are being used. The campaign is attracting great attention, and very good results are reported.

SETTLERS FROM ACROSS THE LINE.

There is a note of pathos discernible in what the New York Times has to say in regard to the inflow of farmers from across the international boundary into this country. The statistics showing the tens of thousands of American settlers who have become naturalized as Canadians are the theme of the Times' moralizings. "It is easier to understand this American emigration than to reconcile ourselves to it," says the Times, "and the hardest thing of all is to realize that, whatever the reason, the feeling of American citizenship is weakening." It would hardly have been thought possible, continues the Times, that some 70,000 American citizens should have become naturalized Canadian citizens. In reply to the New York paper, it is only necessary to point out that the obvious fact that since the settler from the United States need not be naturalized unless he himself sees fit, his own action in becoming a naturalized Canadian is convincing evidence that he believes Canada a good country to live in, and that there is no reason why he should not enter into the fullness of his rights of Canadian citizenship, in accordance with the requirements of our law. He finds in this country a plan of government which does not violate any of his democratic principles; on the contrary, it is more direct than that of the United States in its submission of the executive authority to the will of the people. He also finds that the law of the land is effectively enforced, that justice is secured to every man, that life and property are protected, and that punishment follows surely upon violation of the law.

PRAIRIE PAPERS.

The newspapers of the prairies have a quality all their own. This is from the Lanigan Ledger: "Through the kind permission of Editor Bray, the Ledger was printed on the Guernsey Standard press. We expect our own presses in a few days. Hereafter we expect to have the Ledger published every Wednesday afternoon. We are late this week, but when you stop and think that we have only been in Lanigan about four days, we know you will pardon us this time." Is not this typical of the Western spirit? If you were travelling somewhere on another continent and you were shown the above-quoted extract, with the names blotted out, and asked to say from what land it had come, would you not at once say Western Canada?

FAIRY TALES.

Occasionally a protest is made against the teaching of fairy tales to children. The chief merit of the fairy tale is that it keeps alive the sense of wonder. It is true that nature and life furnish greater wonders—that truth is stranger than fiction. The story of Jack and the Beanstalk is not so wonderful as the fact that a vine, with leaves, flowers and beans, may be produced by simply burying a bean in the ground; that a rose, or a great pine or oak may be produced in the same way. "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption." G. K. Chesterton puts the thing in his usual quaint and stimulating way when he says that a tree produces fruit because it is a magic tree, that water flows down hill because it is bewitched, and that the sun shines because it is bewitched. But the tendency of human nature is to think that a thing is not wonderful, because it is common. Hence the imagination requires to be stimulated by myths and fairy tales. Those of us who have lived through the ages of candles, coal oil lamps and gas, still regard the electric light as a marvel. But the generation growing up regards the electric light as a matter of course. The young

father and mother are amazed and delighted by the development of the child—its first, tottering steps, the first words it utters. Later on they are telling everybody about the child's wonderful sayings. The world smiles indulgently. Thousands of millions of children have said just such things. But the parents are right. It is wonderful.

WASTING FREE NATURAL RESOURCES.

Sir Robert Ball, the distinguished Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, asks the question, "Which is the better for our waking hours, glorious sunshine, which costs nothing, or expensive and incomparably less efficient artificial light?" There is, of course, but only one reply. Yet people continue to waste daylight, and to turn hours of the night into artificial day. Sir Robert Ball's query is suggestive, however, beyond its immediate import. It reminds us of the invaluable natural resources which are free to us all, unlike coal, timber and other natural resources that have to be worked for. Sunshine and air cost nothing. We do not have to dig for them, or extract them by force from the hidden stores of Nature. All that we have to do is not to shut them out. They are the great sources of health, the great enemies of disease.

THE WAGES PAID TEACHERS.

More and more it will have to be realized that education is the greatest of the problems which have to be faced in this country, and the one which it is of the most vital importance to Canada nationally to have solved in the best manner possible. One of the most fundamental factors in that problem is the material one—the factor of the teacher's pay. Most of the great problems are at the basis economic problems. It is so with the question of education. In order to secure teachers duly qualified in every way, they will have to be paid a wage more commensurate with the value to the state of the work entrusted to them than is generally the case at present.

HUDSON WOULD BE AMAZED.

"Amazement must possess the ghost of Henry Hudson," says an American journal, "if it is aware of the pleasant predicament that now confronts the Hudson's Bay Company." The predicament referred to arises from the fact that the company's shares have a par value of £30 and a market value of about £130, and it is desired to devise some form of division of profits that will bring the par value of the stock somewhere within hailing distance of the company's assets, due, of course, to the enhanced value of its lands. Last year's sales netted a little over \$19 an acre. Wise in their generation were the directors of the company two-score years ago, who, when the Dominion bought out the company, bargained that the company should retain two sections in every township. It is now some three hundred years since Hudson discovered the Mediterranean of this continent, on whose waters he was set adrift by his mutinous crew to perish. Sixty years later Charles I. granted the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose first head was Prince Rupert and whose present head is Lord Strathcona.

"I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE."

"I take great pleasure in offering you the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars (\$250,000) on this, my fiftieth birthday." Imagine the feelings of the man who wrote notes like that to five members of his family, and slipped each into an envelope with a perfectly good cheque for the amount named. A wealthy Chicago merchant, Julian Rosenwald, did it a couple of weeks ago. Who would not like to be able to do likewise? It is a thing that appeals to the imagination. But suppose that Mr. Rosenwald had written those five notes exactly as he did, except that in place of \$250,000 the amount had been, say, \$2.50. What would we have thought of that? Quite differently, of course. We might even have felt sarcastic over the thought of their being "great pleasure" in the giving of any such sum. And yet it is not impossible that the presentation of \$2.50, to a worthy cause might give the donor greater pleasure than the presentation of those five \$250,000 cheques gave Julian Rosenwald. The \$2.50 might be the gift of one who could less easily spare it than Mr. Rosenwald could spare \$1,250,000. This may sound fantastic; but the extent of the sacrifice surely has something to do with the measure of the value of a gift. We are too apt to disregard small amounts. The power and the possibilities of popular subscription, or of taxation, are hard for us to realize. What creates, or determines, the pleasure in a gift, anyway? Not the amount given, surely. Rather it is the satisfaction of helping in a cause, or brightening the way or lessening the load for somebody.

Western Verse.

Good Things.

Written for the Western Home Monthly.
By Mary E. Gravel.

The varied tapestry of wooded hills,
The silver river, ribbon-like, below,
With gray-green willows, bending down
to drink,
The drowsy hum of insects whirring low,
The sharp, keen freshness of the morning
breeze,
The fragrant breath of blossomed shrub
and tree,
And, when the day's end comes, the sun-
set flash
Against the clouds. For these,
Thanks unto Thee.

The kindly thought for others stress and
need,
That shapes itself in willing sacrifice,
For every noble impulse in half harden-
ed hearts,
Rising like crocuses and snowdrops
through the ice;
For every willing shoulder to the wheel,
For every cheerful worker in the ranks,
For human life, and love, and work, and
faith,
Lord, we, today, give thanks.

Stand Still and Shut Your Eyes.

Written for the Western Home Monthly.
By Frances.

I know a boy, a pretty boy;
I think he's half-past four.
He loves to play out in the yard,
Close by the open door.
Still, he's a funny chap, I think,
He fills me with surprise!
For when the gander comes along,
He stands and shuts his eyes.

And then, O dear, he feels so safe,
Because he cannot see;
But, don't you think this pretty boy
Is silly as can be?
He will not scowl, or run and cry:
And do you think 'tis wise,
When the old gander canters by,
To stand and shut your eyes?

I know, I'd have an awful scare.
For fear he'd take a shine.
To nip my poor bare, chilly toes,
Perhaps, decide to dine!
That lean, cold, yellow gander bill
Gives out such hissing cries,
O my! how can a boy stand still,
And shut up both his eyes.

But this small boy, just half-past four,
Feels snug as snug can be.
Alas! it does not look so safe:
It is a sight to see,
With outstretched neck and wicked jaws
The mean old gander flies,
To meet a dreadful obstacle!
A boy, with fast-closed eyes!!

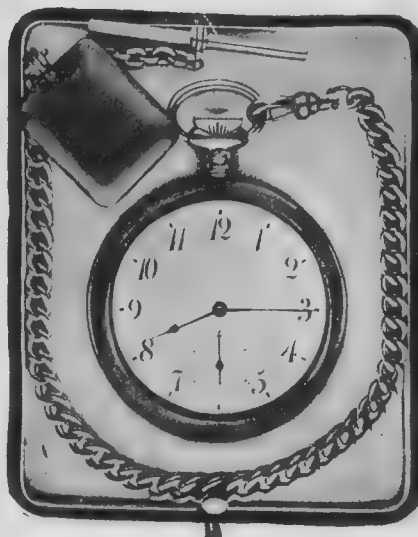
And, O, this boy; this funny boy!
Reminds me every day,
Of old and level headed folks
Long past the years of play,
The evil they don't wish to see,
Of close beside them lies;
But, like my friend of half-past four:
They stand and shut their eyes.

Wide Awake and Sleepy Head.

Written for the Western Home Monthly.
By Mary E. Gravel.

When evening comes, it seems to me
That I could never sleepy be,
And, when the lamps are burning bright,
I'd love to stay up all the night.
But when I only have begun
At some fine game or jolly fun;
Then mamma says: "Come, come; it's
eight—
For little folks that's much too late."
And I am hustled off to bed
As if I were a sleepy head.
When, if my way I could but take,
I would stay very wide awake.

But when the morning comes, Oh me!
Why must I always wakened be?
For when my eyes are shut so tight
They never will come open, quite;
There comes a sound up from the hall,
And then I know it's daddy's call.
"Come, come," he says; "it's almost
eight;
For such big lads that's very late."
And I must tumble out of bed,
Although I'm such a sleepy head;
When, if my way I could but take,
I never would be wide awake.



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carrying of a watch
which will always
answer accurately the
question "What time
is it."

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Steele, Briggs Seed Co. Limited
WINNIPEG.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

TRAVEL.

These are days for travel. The automobile, the ocean steamer, the railroad train and persistent airship compel a perpetual motion for the race. The globe trotter has become a recognized character. Palatial hotels mark the stopping points of thousands who sail seas and cross continents. Who would not travel? But for those who cannot there is wisdom and consolation in the following illustration: "Dr. J. H. Jowett of England has passed on to us from the Winona Lake platform an illuminating incident from a book little known on this side of the water. It is the story of the life of James Smeetham, and in the recital of this man's ability to see the halo around common things, this illustration occurs: John Ruskin once begged James Smeetham to go with him to Venice to 'see the glories of Italy.' The reply came quickly: 'I have not yet exhausted the glories of my own back yard.'"

GENUINE TACT.

I hope you were born sensitive, for then you can sympathize with sensitive people. People who are lacking in tact are usually folks who are lacking in feeling. "Put Yourself In His Place" is a good motto for life as well as a splendid title for a popular novel. No politician can achieve a large success who cannot measure human sentiment in bulk and in individual portions. A friend of Parnell says: "What was Parnell's distinguishing characteristic?" I asked another of his colleagues who loved him not. He answered, 'He was a beautiful fighter. He knew exactly how much the House would stand. One night I was obstructing. S—— was near me. He was generally timid, afraid of shocking the House. He said: "O——, you had better stop or you will be suspended." "Oh, no," quietly interjected Parnell, who was sitting by us, "they will stand a good deal more than this. You may go on for another half-hour." I did go on for another half-hour or so. Then there was an awful row, and I stopped. Parnell had gauged the exact limit. Another night I was obstructing again. Parnell came in suddenly and said: "Stop now, or there will be an explosion in five minutes, and I don't want a row tonight." In all these things Parnell was perfect.'"

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

Men will not judge of your religion by the gilt on your hymn-book, or the grammar of your creed, or the architecture of your church, or the theological views of your pastor, or the orthodox character of your religious ritual. Men look deeper than all these. There is a story told of a chaplain in the army who, as he was going over the field after a battle, saw a wounded soldier lying on the ground; he said to him, "Would you like me to read you something from the Bible?" "I am so thirsty," said the man; "I would rather have a drink of water." The water was quickly brought; after he drank it, he said, "Could you lift my head a little higher?" The chaplain took off his overcoat, rolled it into a pillow and tenderly put it beneath the man's head. "I'm so cold," moaned the man; "if I only had something over me." The chaplain took off his other coat and spread it over the man. As he did so, the suffering man looked up and said, "For God's sake, if there is anything in that book which will make a man do for another what you have done for me, let me hear it." First serve, then tell of the One Whom you serve.

MANY SIDED.

Men would live longer if they broadened their lives. Give the preacher a golf stick, the doctor a motor boat, the merchant an automobile and the boy a new toy. Making new brain tracks relieves the old ones. Let divinity students read medical works and young physicians dip into theology. Your brain is tired of being worked at one end. Your mental drum is being worn out in spots. Follow Gladstone's example. Four desks stood in his library at Hawarden Castle, the famous room literally covered with books, known as the Temple of Peace. On one would be found a copy and a translation from Homer. On another rested a budget the effects of which shaped the financial policies of many nations. On the third was heaped a correspondence which connected him with all parts of the world. On the fourth one could discover his masters in theology and the latest volumes treating on the divine science. He moved from one desk to another spending on an average two hours at each.

DO YOUR SHARE.

Don't dodge responsibility. Do your share. Be equal to your neighbor in your contribution toward the general welfare of the community. Especially be fair and upright in all matters which pertain to the home. You should live for those who have lived

for you. Sad to relate there are shirkers in the home. An English writer remarks "John Lamb, brother of the gentle essayist, left Charles to bear the whole burden of the home and the afflicted sister, and bought bric-a-brac to please his fancy, generous with nothing save good advice. There is something which no parliamentary words are strong enough to characterize in the conduct of lusty fellows who hang on elderly strugglers."

INSPIRATION.

"Inspiration" is a word which has a peculiar meaning for every person who is an artist with the pen. The time to write is when you feel like writing. Bright, original, thoughts which are fresh and full of vigor must be caught "on the wing." The first suggestion of a mental emotion must be photographed instantly. At the moment of inspiration begin to write and one thought will follow another in a marvellous fashion. Julia Ward Howe says concerning the writing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic": "I went to bed that night as usual, and slept, according to my wont, quite soundly. I awoke in the gray of the morning twilight; and as I lay waiting for the dawn, the long lines of the desired poem began to twine themselves in my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas, I said to myself, 'I must get up and write these verses down lest I fall asleep again and forget them.' So, with a sudden effort, I sprang out of bed, and found in the dimness an old stump of a pen which I remembered to have used the day before. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper."

JOKING.

Joke, but don't joke about matters which are serious. There are some things too serious to be laughed about. When a young man grows careless concerning ideals which have been enthroned by the race, the result must inevitably be moral degeneration. An eloquent divine emphasizes the thought we have in mind in the following fashion: "I know that Ingersoll was a man of great oratory, who joked on the Bible and tried to get up a laugh on God and sacred things. He reminds me of the young man with his young friends on one of the fast Western trains, who proposed to get up a joke on the conductor by pulling the air brakes' cord. His friends warned him against it, but he said, 'I want a joke on the conductor.' He pulled the cord, the air brakes were applied, and the train came to a standstill in a cut on a sharp curve, and the duke began to laugh at his big joke on the conductor. A moment later a lightning express train, two hours behind time, crashed into the rear of the standing train and sixty people were dashed into eternity. Wasn't that a joke on the conductor?"

WAKE UP!

Wake up! Bestir yourself! Remember that if you are not interested in yourself nobody else will be. Successful men try, as a rule, to help those who are disposed to help themselves. If you are poor, ignorant and limited in your mental and physical equipment, there is all the more reason why you should be active and energetic. It is said of Paley, the great author of "Christian Evidences," that he was a very slothful student, wasting his time in bed; when one morning a fellow-student came into his rooms at Oxford, and said, "Paley, you are a fool; you are wasting the best years of your life in bed." That word struck home like a knife. Next morning he got up at six o'clock, and every morning of his life after. And by-and-by the slothful man became one of the grandest students of England, the author of "Christian Evidences and Moral Sentiments," one of our greatest philosophers. Try and get a vision of life, how rich it is in its possibilities.

SLEEP.

Sleep is a habit to be cultivated. There are certain conditions which command sleep—the right hour—the right place—the right position—the right mood—the right physical condition. Great men as a class have had a genius for sleep. But this has not been true of all. The late Stephen Girard, when surrounded by immense wealth, and supposed to be taking supreme delight in its accumulation, wrote thus to a friend: "As to myself, I live like a galley-slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with care. I do not value fortune. The love of labor is my highest emotion. When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day, that, when night comes, I may be enabled to sleep soundly."

YOUR RECORD.

Your record is the story of your life, written moment by moment, with an indelible pen. Every action is a word, and every day a page, and every year a volume. What you do in London will be known in Montreal, and what you say in New York will be repeated in San Francisco. So be careful. One of the biographers of the late Chas. H. Spurgeon remarks: "I venture to say that if all Mr. Spurgeon's conversations were given to the world, they could but enhance the public estimate both of his goodness and his greatness. Only a few months before the illness which terminated in his death, his reply to a letter containing something in the nature of a threat was — 'You may write my life across the sky; I have nothing to conceal.'"

IN THE FIGHT.

Get into the fight! A decent defeat is an inspiration for future warfare. Experience is invaluable. Get it, even if, like Admiral Nelson, you lose an eye. Find your place on the firing line. Stay there when others are slipping away. Be a good fighter! An eloquent writer of recent fame, writes thus of English warfare on the high seas: "The roar of the furious breakers and the shrill note of the gale filled the very air with tumult. Conflans had pilots familiar with the coast, yet it was bold seamanship on his part to run down to a lee shore on such a day of tempest. Hawke had no pilots and no charts; but he saw before him, half hidden in mist and spray, the great hulls of the ships over which he had kept watch so long in Brest harbor, and he anticipated Nelson's strategy forty years afterwards. 'Where there is room for the enemy to swing,' said Nelson, 'there is room for me to anchor.' 'Where there's a passage for the enemy,' argued Hawke, 'there is a passage for me! Where a Frenchman can sail, an Englishman can follow! Their pilots shall be ours. If they go to pieces in the shoals, they will serve as beacons for us.'"

RECOGNITION.

The world is sometimes slow to recognize ability. Publishing houses are looking for men of reputation. Fame, notoriety, reputation—these are the things which can be coined into cash. To recognize real talent is a difficult task even for those who are kindly disposed. So the world seems cruel to the child of genius who is climbing upward. A keen observer affirms: "One of the strangest things in history has been the blindness of men to the real altitudes. A dirt heap immediately in front will shut an Alp from our view. One writhes in thinking of the way the great souls have been treated. (Think of a sublime Mozart, with that immortal music in him, visiting a Duchess de Chabot (who remembers her now?), who keeps him waiting in a cold room till his fingers are frozen, then bids him play, while she and her company are loudly talking all the time!) An Archbishop of Salzburg takes this Mozart in his retinue and lets him dine with his cooks. When this genius dies he is put with others in a common grave, which to this hour no one knows exactly where."

INFIDELITY.

The worst thing about infidelity is that it won't work—it is not practical. When you have convinced a man that there is no God and no future life you have removed the master motive and the master fact. It is exceedingly difficult for a man to labor without a motive. What a treadmill sort of an existence when the mind has no objective. Religion is scientific because it provides a motive. When Voltaire's friends were one day arguing against the existence of God and a future life, he ordered his servants out of the room. When asked why, he replied, "Gentlemen, I do not want to have my throat cut." He had taken a true measure of the situation.

WORRYOLOGY.

Get through worrying! Do your work with a scientific precision. Have a lock on every window, a bolt on every door, an alarm on every safe, a double lock on every vault, a policeman at the door, and an arc light in the centre, and having taken every precaution—to the winds with worry. Oliver Cromwell's secretary, despatched on important business to the continent, was detained overnight at a seaport town, and tossed upon his bed unable to rest. At last he awoke his servant and said: "I am so afraid something will go wrong with the embassy." "Master," said the valet, "did God rule the world before we were born?" Most assuredly. "Will He rule it after we are dead?" "Certainly." "Then why not let Him rule the present, too?"

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THE HUDSON'S RENOWN FOUR HOLE STEEL RANGE
EVERY HOUSEWIFE APPRECIATES ITS VALUE

All our Stoves and Ranges are blackened and polished ready to set up when they leave us.

Detailed Description:

Our Hudson Steel Range has four nine inch holes with reservoir and is built under such conditions and from such materials that absolute protection is guaranteed. Each different part is the product of the highest development of expert Range builders, and the practical proof of the wonderful superiority of this Range lies in the perfect satisfaction each one gives in actual daily use.

THE BODY is blue polished steel riveted tight like an engine boiler and is easily cleaned with soap and water.

THE OVEN, the heart of a cooking apparatus, is made of cold rolled steel, measures 18 inches x 20 inches x 11 inches. Is securely riveted and braced to the range body, has a dividing flue strip that insures even distribution of the heat all around, and the bottom can never buckle. The door is hinged at the bottom and has a patent double catch.

THE FIREBOX is the exact size in proportion to the large flues and the work it has to do. It is fitted with the best grade of gray cast iron. The grates are of the heavy duplex type and can be used with either coal or wood, or can be easily pulled out at the front and wood grates substituted.

THE TOP COOKING SURFACE is made of the highest grade of gray iron, has four 9 inch covers and braced so it cannot sag. The top rim is heavy pressed steel riveted to the range body guarding against a leakage of cold air into the range body, necessitating a waste of fuel. The range has an end ore engine draft almost the full size of the firebox, insuring an even fire from end to end and perfect combustion.

THE RESERVOIR is made of heavy polished copper tinned inside. The cover is heavily japanned so that it cannot rust and is flush with the cooking surface.

THE WARMING CLOSET is larger than usual on this size of family range and has a drop door, which is more sanitary than the old style of roll top door, and forms a convenient shelf. Is made of blue polished steel and has the same characteristic plain smooth nickel trimming, so easy to keep clean as found on all Hudson Bay ranges.

The design is scientific and practical; the proportions are perfect and correct in the smallest detail, while the mechanical construction and the mounting are the work of experts. The finished Range is the result of years of work and study in Range building.

The Best Range ever made for the Price

Top measures
47 x 30

Price
35.²⁵



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NICKEL PLATED FEET

FOR COAL OR WOOD
Easy to Keep Clean.

Catalogue Number	Number and Size of Holes		Oven Measures	Top Measures	Weight	Price
HI-600	Four 9-inch	With Tea Shelf and Copper Reservoir	18 x 20 x 11½	47 x 30	250 lbs.	28.75
HI-601	Four 9-inch	Warming Closet without Reservoir	18 x 20 x 11½	45 x 30	300 lbs.	30.75
HI-602	Four 9-inch	Warming Closet and Copper Reservoir	18 x 20 x 11½	47 x 30	325 lbs.	35.25

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WE handle Wheat, Oats, Flax and Barley on commission, obtaining best possible grades and prices. Our work is prompt, accurate and reliable. Let us handle YOUR shipments this season. Daily or weekly market letter on application.

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REFERENCES:
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Take advantage of our experience. We never sacrifice grain that farmers ship us. We know HOW and WHEN to sell on bulges, and we avoid selling on declines. Our business has been built up on our motto:

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We have been established for twenty-eight years—don't you believe our experience could be made valuable to you?

Our Commission is ONE CENT per bushel—too small to pay anything to agents. We have no agents; you get THE FULL NET PRICE at which your grain is sold, less our 1c per bushel commission.

If your car is loaded and you cannot wait for shipping instructions, and if you are on the C.P.R. or G.T.P.Ry., ship to "McBean Bros., Fort William." If on the C.N.R. ship to "McBean Bros., Port Arthur."

If at all possible we strongly advise loading direct from your wagon into the car, thus preserving the identity of your grain, and

also assuring that you get paid for every bushel you put into the car.

Send us a six or eight ounce sample of your grain, and we will advise you its real value. Even the poorest qualities can be made to draw a good price if properly handled. We understand this business thoroughly, and those are the points that count.

Write us for market prospects—you need the BEST—it means MONEY to you. We are not looking for very low prices this coming season.

We are licensed and bonded.

NOTE.—A large yield of grain this fall does not mean low prices. Europe needs every bushel of our grain, and will be willing to pay good prices for it. Should prices get below a fair legitimate value, don't sacrifice. Write us for advice.

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WINNIPEG MAN.

Established since 1884 and still at it.

References: Bank of Hamilton,
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NEW GRAIN COMMISSION FIRM

THE growing West needs more channels for handling the ever-increasing crop. In these seasons of delayed cars and disappointing grades individual attention to each shipment is of highest importance to you as a shipper.

We beg to announce to Western grain growers that a New Commission and Trackbuying Business has been established at Winnipeg by Alex. M. Blackburn and David K. Mills. Many of you know us already in our former connection as Managers of the Grain Growers' Grain Company, Limited. Our long and varied experience is at your service.

We make reasonable advances on receipt of shipping bill, check the grading of all cars consigned to our advice, and secure for you highest current prices. Returns will be promptly despatched.

Write us for shipping instructions, or wire or phone for net track bids. We are here to be of greatest possible service to you, and solicit the handling of your shipments.

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Phone Main 46.

Reference: The Royal Bank of Canada

The Wheat Situation.

Since the 1st of the present month no fresh influence has developed important enough to affect the wheat markets either one way or the other. At the same time the situation is not stagnant, and there is a good deal of interest manifested in the trade, more especially in the prospects for it in the near future, and at this writing it may be said that there is a steadier feeling, verging on optimism, as regards increasing demand for wheat and flour with consequent strengthening in values.

In the last two months there has been a decline in the price of the future deliveries in the American speculative markets of from 10c. to 14c. per bushel, but there has been no decline in the price of wheat for immediate delivery, cash wheat as it is called. In fact in some markets from 10c. to 14c. per bushel, high as they were two months ago, and the demand for cash wheat is unusually good, considering the time of year, for the first of the 1912 wheat crops in America and Europe has begun to come on the markets. From about the beginning of July up to within a few days ago the weather over the American continent including western Canada has been generally very favorable for the seasonable growth of the grain crops. In the United States the harvesting of the winter wheat made good progress with practically no interruption by unfavorable weather, and although the yield in the soft winter wheat states east of the Mississippi river, which may be said to be tributary to the Chicago market, has been very light owing to the severe winter killing which the crop got in these states, the hard winter wheat crop in Kansas, Oklahoma and Nebraska is turning out a much larger yield than it was expected to do earlier in the season.

It may be noted that what is called soft winter wheat which is raised in Illinois, Ohio, etc., is the good old fashioned red winter wheat which the modern miller with his Hungarian process-roller mill does not appreciate as did his grandfather with the old burr stone and water wheel mill, but No. 2 Red Winter is still the chief contract grade in the Chicago market. The hard winter wheat of Kansas, etc., is the Turkey Red, the same as our winter wheat in Alberta (only Alberta raises it of much better quality than our southern friends), and its value for modern milling is some cents per bus. higher than the soft wheat, as it makes a stronger flour, but it does not come up to the quality and value of No. 1 Northern Spring wheat. No. 2 hard Kansas, however, is very acceptable to the English and Continental millers when they can get plenty of it at prices to suit them.

With a good crop, therefore of hard winter wheat, and good weather for harvesting and threshing, the movement of it has been very large to the near by terminal markets of Kansas City and St Louis and considerable quantities have gone for export to Europe through Gulf of Mexico seaports such as Galveston and New Orleans. Then, along with the large and free movement of the southwest crop, there has advanced to harvest the crop of the spring wheat states with practically no damage to it up to this date, and the yield of it is probably the largest on record.

Thus the crop situation in the United States has seemed so favorable that the August report of the Agricultural Department of Washington, which was issued on the 9th inst., gave the indicated probable yield as 390,000,000 bus. of winter wheat and 290,000,000 bus. of spring wheat, together 680,000,000 bus. with an average quality higher than usual, against 621,000,000 bus. the final estimate after threshing of the United States crop of 1911. Some authorities consider the Government estimate of the U.S. crop too low, and that the total yield will easily turn over 700,000,000.

Along with the large crop in the U.S. the American professional speculators also see a large crop coming along in our Canadian West, the yield of which they have been putting at 200,000,000 bus.

With these possibilities of large yield they have apparently decided that wheat prices for the future deliveries should go to a markedly lower level, and consequently there has been a campaign of short selling in the speculative markets, which has borne down prices for the September, December and May deliveries to an extent probably not warranted by the general situation or by the prospect for the size of this year's world's production of wheat compared with the world's requirements, but speculative movements usually go to extremes, and in the speculative markets the price

Classified Want Ads.

For the benefit of our subscribers who wish to sell, buy, or exchange, we commence with this issue a Classified column of Condensed Want advertisements which we trust will prove of interest and convenience. Rates on such advertising will be 3c per word per insertion, cash to accompany all orders. Minimum charge 50c.

For Sale

SCOTCH COLLIE AND FOX TERRIERS bred from our imported dogs all beautifully marked. Prices, collies (Lady Acme) dogs \$5 to \$8, bitches \$5. Fox terrier dogs \$7 to \$10, bitches \$5 to \$7. Shipped on approval with pedigree on receipt of \$2, balance sent C. O. D. Rosedale Kennels, Carleton Place, Ont.

Help Wanted

WE HAVE VACANCIES for representatives in several Western towns and villages. Pleasant, interesting work and good pay. Write for particulars. Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

MEN AND WOMEN, I will start you in the mail order business, making from \$25 to \$40 weekly; no canvassing. For particulars send stamp. Wallace W. Smith, London, Ont.

NEWSDEALERS:—The Western Home Monthly is in active demand everywhere and we can make you a very attractive offer on a trial order. Full particulars regarding discounts on request. Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

WANTED:—Sign letter agents; painters; something new and better; Attracto Gold or Silver letters; anyone can apply them; big money lettering store windows; making plate glass signs; write to-day for free sample and catalogue. Attracto Sign Co., 2645 North Clark St., Chicago.

Fruit and Farm Lands

A NICE SECTION OF LAND wanted, and a few choice quarters. Will trade imported or American bred registered stallions, mares and jacks for a nice section of land in Saskatchewan or Alberta. Will also trade same kind of stock for a few choice quarters of land in the same province not too far north. I would like to trade stock for a section of heavy timber in British Columbia. Would prefer land unincumbered. W. L. DeClow, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Miscellaneous

SEND \$1 Receive 4 cloth remnants cut ready to make. Boys' knee pants, ages 2, 3 and 4. Standard Garment Co., London, Ont.

100 ENVELOPES printed for 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed. Samples free on request. Address The Anderson Press, Net of Lakes, Sask.

LADIES:—Beautiful complexion for all by following directions. Recipes for cold cream, how to remove tan, sunburn, freckles, blackheads, wrinkles, enlarged pores, pimples. Send \$1 to Madame Guthrie, Edmonton, Alta.

BROTHER:—Accidentally discovered root will cure both tobacco habit and indigestion. Gladly send particulars. E. N. Stokes, Mokaw, Florida

WANTED to buy live Black, Silver and Cross Foxes, Bear Cubs, Mink, Marten, Fisher, Beaver, Lynx, Mountain Lion and Goat, Wolverine, Timber Wolves, Sandhill and White Cranes, Wild Geese, etc. Portage Wild Animal Co., Box 223, Portage la Prairie, Man.

25 HANDSOME POST CARDS, gold and silver embossed, Birthday, Thanksgiving and Halloween, for 25c. Extra 100 given free to first 500 people ordering. All postpaid. Money returned if not delighted. HOME EMPORIUM, BEEBE, QUE.



Mend all leaks instantly without the use of Heat, Solder, Cement or Rivet, in Granite-ware, Aluminum, Hot Water Bags, Tin, Copper, Sheet Iron, all cooking Utensils and Rubber Goods. Any one can use them; fit any surface. Assorted sizes in each package. Full size box, 25 cents. AGENTS WANTED. FREEBORN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. H., Winnipeg, Man.



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LESSEN WORK AND REDUCE EXPENSES



HERE is one practical way to save time in the kitchen—get the necessary utensils and equipment that will enable you to economize on wasteful methods of work. For example, have you enough pots and pans to cook a harvest dinner, or do you have to cook in relays? Have you enough pie plates to bake for a threshing outfit, and have you an extra supply of inexpensive knives, forks and spoons for emergency calls?

EATON PRICES:

23P825 Tinned Tea Spoons, per doz.	15c
" Dessert Spoons, "	30c
" Table Spoons, "	36c
23P826 Tinned Knives and Forks, per dozen pairs,.....	\$1.50
23P827 Iron Handle Knives and Forks, per dozen pairs,.....	\$1.00
23P935 Tin Pie Plates, each,.....	4c
23P936 Jelly Cake Plates, each,....	5c
23P731 Lipped Sauce Pans, each, 15 to 42c	
23P653 "Ideal" Food Chopper, each,	\$1.25

It is the essentials of kitchen equipment that many a housewife lacks. It's almost impossible to get good kitchen help these days and most women find it necessary to conserve their strength and increase the working capacity of their kitchen by time- and labor-saving devices. Little things that cost only a few cents often make the greatest difference in the day's work.

How many of these kitchen helps there are, and how little they cost, can best be seen by a glance at Eaton's Catalogue.

LET EATONS HELP YOU!

It costs very little to put your kitchen on an economical basis. You can begin now, by ordering a few extra utensils in anticipation of the threshing season, and each time you send an order to Eaton's you'll have an opportunity to add to your store of useful kitchen helps.

Have you received

The New EATON Catalogue

for Fall and Winter? Yours is ready. Please write for it if not already received

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

never goes so low but some one will sell at the bottom, and never so high but some one will buy at the top; and while from the producer's point of view the speculative bearing down of prices looks like robbing the innocent, speculative buying is the greatest factor in causing a big advance in prices.

While we cannot expect old crop prices to continue into the new crop movement, it is not unlikely that when the new crop does move in volume cash prices for it will be higher than the present speculative prices for the future deliveries. The course of the market will, however, be very much influenced by the reports of the progress of harvesting in Europe and America.

During the last four weeks the weather in western Europe has been unseasonably wet and cold, which is the exact reverse to what it was a year ago. Harvesting and threshing are being seriously delayed and considerable damage has already been done to the quality of the grain by rain and wind. This applies especially to Germany, France and England. France being further south, the season is earlier, and the newly threshed grain is being offered to millers tough and damp and unsatisfactory. The crop over Europe, with the exception of Russia, is going to be smaller than last year's and of lower average quality. The Russian crop, so far as can be judged up to the present, is going to be considerably larger than last year's small crop, but nothing like as large as the crops of 1909-1910, which were both record crops.

In America the spring wheat crop in the United States is out of danger of weather damage with the exception of the most part of North Dakota but in our country large damage could be done yet by unfavorable weather, the same as happened last year during the last half of August, September and October. The last two or three days the weather has not been encouraging. In North Dakota there has been a great deal of rain in some districts and over western Canada it has been showery, dull and sunless, and some bright warm weather is beginning to be badly needed for ripening and harvesting.

We incline, however, to look for a

more or less favorable harvest season this year. Although the weather recently has not seemed quite so favorable, being more showery than needed and lacking in sunshine, the temperature has not been unfavorable, there has been no frost reported and grain must be filling well. Some early districts have seen cutting begin and, if weather keeps dry, every passing day will see other farmers making a start so that in ten days cutting will be general.

Popular opinion has as usual been putting the prospective yield of the three provinces very high, but expert authorities who have been over a good deal of the country put the maximum yield at not larger than last year's, say 180,000,000 bus. but with the prospect of a fairly large average of good milling wheat, much larger of course than there was last year. Mr. Snow, the crop expert, however, sizes up the yield as probably not more than 168,000,000 bus. We are still liable to have that touch of light frost which sometimes comes about the latter part of August and does damage in some localities, but if we get through to September without any frost we seem pretty safe to secure a fairly large crop of high average quality, a totally different crop from last year's unfortunate production, the like of which we never had before.

While crop prospects generally point to the likelihood of a fair continuous supply of wheat to meet continuing requirements, it has to be noted that the statistical situation points to the consumption of breadstuffs running close up to supplies as shown by visible stocks. Last week the United States visible supply was only 18,074,000 bus. against 47,971,000 bus. at same date last year, and the world's visible supply is down to 97,324,000 bus. against 131,088,000 bus. same date last year. It is also well understood that the amount of old crop wheat in the hands of farmers in Europe and America is unusually small, and neither millers nor dealers have anything but meagre stocks of old wheat and flour on hand. Thus the boards are swept pretty clean and await the coming of the new crops.

James Farley's Right-about-face.

Written for W.H.M. by Mr. Ryman.

NO sirree! there's no place for Phillis Rand here, and if you are going to marry that doll-faced chit of a boarding school miss, you can take her somewhere else."

"Do you mean that you want me to leave, father?"

The elder man swallowed hard. Dick was his only son and the two girls were married.

"If you've got to marry that thing, you might as well. Your mother was a plain every day woman who tends to her own business, and did her own work. She didn't waste any time playing the piano, and tramping up her hair, nor mincing round on high heeled boots. She worked."

"Yes, father, but if there had been little more time wasted, as you call it, and less work, mother might have been alive to-day." "You are right; this is no place for a wife, it's a slave that is needed here," and picking up his hat, Dick Farley started for the barn.

James Farley attempted to speak, but the words would not come, for a vision of a pale faced woman whose roses had faded too quickly passed before him, "A slave, indeed! not—" but no remembrance of leisure time, to rest, came to him. It had been work, work from early morning till late at night.

The thought was not comforting, and jamming his hat down a little farther onto his head, he strode down the walk saying to himself, "Guess I'd better go over to Rand's for them collars myself."

The merry sound of laughter drowned his footsteps, and he reached the open door ere George and Phillis Rand were aware of his presence.

Both were busily engaged in oiling a set of harness in a couple of large pans.

Both greeted him cordially, George saying with a laugh, "We're a little busy these days. Father and mother have gone down to Uncle Silas' for a little visit, and taken the youngsters along; so Phil and I are doing a little straightening up while the coast is clear."

"Thought you were house-cleaning," observed Mr. Farley nodding toward the carpet and rugs on the line and the furniture on the porch.

"That's what we are," returned George. "We cleaned the front room this morning, and while its drying out and airing up, we washed one set of harness and are oiling another. We change work, you see, and that makes it easier for both."

"That's the last strap, sis, now I'll take care of this stuff and you rustle up a lunch. I'm as hungry as a dog."

"Those collars? O yes, we oiled them yesterday. Come out to the barn and see the new team Dad bought the other day."

When they came back from the barn, George insisted on his neighbour staying to dinner saying "We're too busy to get up much of a show, but I want you to hear a new piece Phil has."

After dinner, they went into the dismantled room to listen to the new piece, then Dad's favorite, then another old favorite, and another, and before they

A WARM ROOM WHEN YOU WANT IT



THE very sight of this cheery little Heater brings to mind the many comforts that attend its use. Who doesn't want a warm room—often? For bathing baby, or dressing on chilly mornings, for cool evenings in the Fall, and for Sunday afternoons before the coal stove is put up? And surely, at the Eaton price, no home need lack this comfort.

THE RADIANT OIL HEATER

The Radiant Oil Heater is perfectly safe. It is so constructed that it cannot smoke, nor will the hot wick turn down into the oil. This is due to the automatic wick stop. When turned on full it will throw as much heat as the hot-air register from any house furnace.

The body is made of smooth blue steel, and the trimmings are nickel-plated. This heater fitted with patent top, that will open and close, allowing you to heat a dish of water. When closed it acts as a deflector, throwing the heat toward the floor. The Alaska handle on this Heater will not get hot. The fount is made of brass, and is fitted with an automatic indicator which will tell you how full it is. The upper part of body tips back for lighting. This Heater will throw a cheerful reflection when the room is dark.

45P80 RADIANT HEATER, fitted with brass fount and nickel trimmings, weight 17 lbs., Price . . . **\$4.75**

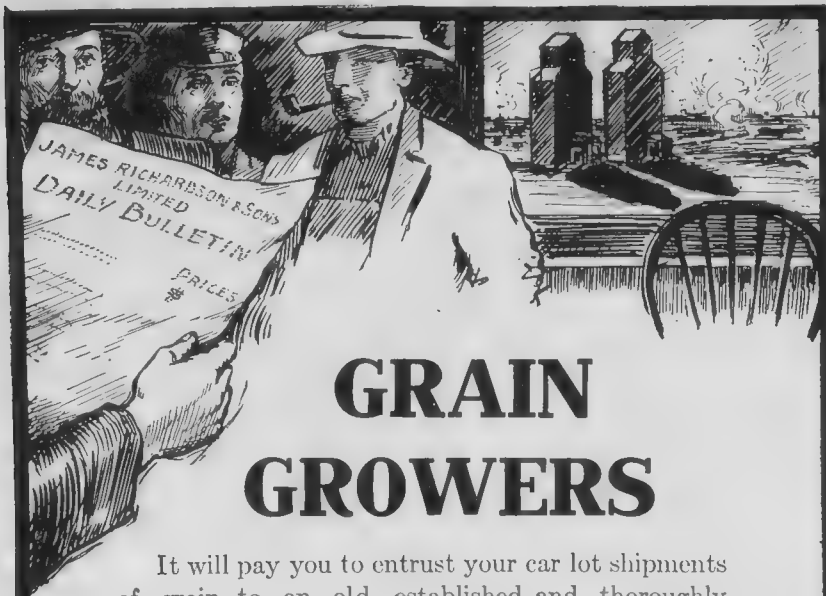
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ORDER YOUR HEATER NOW

No matter what kind of kitchen range or heater you require it will pay you to investigate Eaton prices. We take the entire output of two stove foundries and we sell direct to our customers without middlemen's profits or expenses.

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or everything.

More, it is a REAL
DIGESTIVE.

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SEND NO MONEY !!

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\$50

CASH
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ALSO A PRIZE OF \$10 for NEATEST SOLUTION. Somebody who sends for particulars of this Puzzle Contest telling us WHAT TWO CITIES ARE REPRESENTED by the above Two Sketches, will receive a \$50 GOLD WATCH or ... \$50 IN GOLD MONEY! Try It at once. It may be you. Write the names of the Cities in a letter or postcard, giving your Name and Address plainly.

DOMINION WATCH CO., MONTREAL, CANADA

DEPT. 15

thought of it, the clock chimed three.

"Well! Well! I've spoiled your day's work this time, I'm afraid, but I've enjoyed that music mightily. Thank you! Thank you!"

"Not at all, we can work all the faster for a little rest, was Phillis' answer, and we have plenty of time to straighten this room, haven't we George?"

"Plenty! Glad you came in Mr. Farley. Be sure and come over when the folks get home. They will have all the new city wrinkles to talk about, and they are going to pick up some new music too. Good day, sir."

"Good-day!, Good-day! I'll drop in sure," was the reply.

When Mr. Farley reached home, Dick

was harnessing up the colt.

"Going down town, Dick?" asked his father.

"Yes, do you want anything?" returned Dick.

"You might step into Thornton's and tell him that he may order that piano we talked about the other day, and, well I'll see him about the rest. And I guess you'd better get Phillis over and see what changes she wants in the old house. It'll be a good time to have it done before Hannah begins house cleaning," said Mr. Farley, trying to look very matter-of-fact and unconcerned.

"All right, sir," replied Dick wondering what had caused "Dad's right-about-face".

Rennie's Fall Bulbs

IF FIRST-CLASS BULBS ARE USED the following sorts are hardy in WESTERN CANADA, and may be planted about October in the beds to bloom next Spring. All the Tulips, Crocus, Daffodils (see Catalogue for best sorts in the West), Scilla Siberica, Bleeding Hearts, and others. We furnish instructions for the successful growing in the house of Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Lilies, Freesias, etc. If you have not received a copy of our BULB CATALOGUE send us your name and one will be mailed you at once.

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A Gentleman.

Written for the Western Home Monthly.
By Frances.

I know he is a gentleman!
Please let me tell you why—
I note he never dwells upon
The virtues found in "I";
He never boasts of valiant deeds,
Or struts with prideful throb;
The true "inbred," not stuffed and fed,
Thus differs from a snob.

I know he is a gentleman!
His manners ring so true;
You do not fear you'll see the bra-
Sometime a-shining through.
The nickel-plated kind are thieves!
Your confidence they rob;
Pretenders bold, with spurious gold,
In maskings; 'ware the snob!

I know he is a gentleman!
He treats mankind as such;
And thus imparts to all he meets
A self-respecting touch.
He will not kiss the feet of wealth,
And scorns a "crawler's job."
Is Heaven-taught, with not a thought
That can be labelled "Snob."

I know he is a gentleman!
He has no little ways;
He sees another "making good,"
And gives no stint of praise.
And if a brother has a fall,
He will not join the mob
To blame and jeer, the haughty sneer
He leaves that for the snob.

I know he is a gentleman!
And too proud to be seen
In doubtful paths, with doubtful men,
Because his heart is clean.
He has a distaste for the haunts
Of every Dick and Bob;
The "strength of ten" lies in good men;
Your "weakling" is a snob.

I know he is a gentleman!
And everywhere the same;
As he begins it, so you feel
He means to end the game;
Is tasty in his mode of dress,
Though never styled "a nob;"
Has pride all right, way out of sight;
Thus differing from the snob.
I know he is a gentleman!

He has no iron creed;
Religion to him means a lift
To every soul in need.
His ears are always quick to hear
Humanity's low sob.
A Gentleman, on God's own plan,
With not a trace of snob.

Uuripe Fruit.

Written for the Western Home Monthly.
By Jno. Duff, Mekiwin.

Like children oft we pluck the fruit
When bud and bloom appears,
And then have nothin' left to pluck
When time for ripening nears.
Tis thus that all through life we seek,
and seeking seek in vain,
Because we do not wait Gods time the
ripened fruit to gain.

'Tis when we learn to work and wait for
God's own time to give
The things which He has promised us
that we may truly live;
'Tis when we wait the ripened fruit be-
yond the bud and bloom,
That God will blessings shower on us for
which we have not room.

Flower of the Prairie Land.

Written for the Western Home Monthly.
By Jno. Duff, Mekiwin.

Flower of the prairie land,
Whose was the fairy hand
Planted you, tended you, brought you in
view?

Who held the fairy spade,
With which your bed was made?
Whose hand such skill displayed fashion-
ing you?

Flower of the prairie land,
Was there a fairy hand,
All the long day and night waiting on
you?

Found they your hiding place?
Washed they your pretty face,
Bringing forth tints apace, with magic
dew?



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Mounted with 3 beautifully cut and polished Diamonds. Star settings. \$9.00



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18-ct. Gold, exquisitely finished, with Ruby and 2 Diamond Eyes. \$11.50



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Set with fine brilliant-cut stone in 18-ct. Gold. \$7.00

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Mounted with 3 lustrous Rubies or Sapphires and 4 Diamonds. Claw setting. \$6.60

FINE CLUSTER RING.



Exquisitely set with Ruby or Sapphire and 4 Diamonds. Worth double. \$6.30



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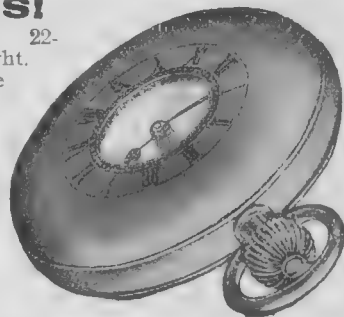
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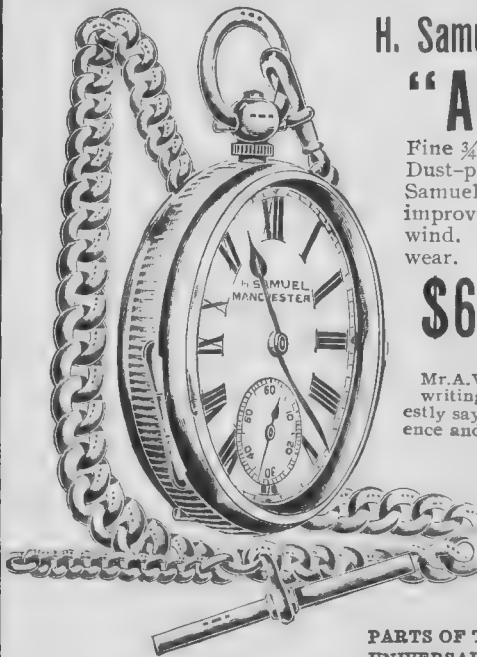
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GOLD HALF-HUNTER. Beautifully finished Solid Gold Government Hall-marked Case, with high-grade Jewelled Keyless Lever Movement. 7 years' warranty.



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\$6.00 Handsome Silver Albert FREE!

READ! READ!

Mr. A. Vaughan, Peterborough, Ont., writing recently, says: "I can honestly say, as the result of my experience and that of my brothers, that whatever price a person pays for a watch, for real active service they cannot in any part of the world beat a Samuel 52s 6d lever."

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A wonderful profusion of exquisite Jewellery, Pendants, Brooches, Bracelets, Gold Guards and Alberts, etc., in the BIG FREE BOOK.

What the World is Saying.

FOGGINESS.

After reading a party platform one feels that the fog-horns should be blowing.—Chicago Daily News.

VICTORIA'S PROUD BOAST.

One motor car for every fifty-five residents of Victoria is not a bad record of wealth. We doubt if it can be equalled in any other city in the world.—Victoria Colonist.

STILL UNDECIDED.

The Mexican rebels have lost another decisive battle. But for some reason or other decisive battles seldom decide in Mexico.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

MOST ASTONISHING.

Emperor William chooses his wife's hats. It is astonishing the power still exercised by some sovereigns.—Boston Transcript.

A TOWER TO JOHN CABOT.

A tower is to be erected in Halifax as a memorial to John Cabot. All things come to him who waits, and John has been waiting for four hundred years.—Edmonton Journal.

J. PIERPONT BUYS A BOOK.

J. Pierpont Morgan paid \$10,000 last week for John Bunyan's copy of "Foxe's Book of Martyrs." He is likely to find this more cheerful reading than the political news during the next few months.—Kansas City Star.

COUNT ANDY.

Andrew Carnegie is to be made a count by the King of Italy for endowing a hero fund in that country. Well, Andy will be one foreign count who can pay his bills.—Detroit Free Press.

INCONSIDERATE.

Too many automobile drivers bear in mind only the condition of their tyres. They don't think enough about the fellow who is moving helplessly in the street with two big feet hung on to him.—Duluth Herald.

SURE MEANS OF ISOLATION.

A Dublin physician recommends garlic as a cure for consumption. If this treatment is generally adopted there will be no occasion for compulsory isolation of the patients.—Halifax Herald.

FINE CHANCE FOR THE NEWLY RICH.

The Portuguese government has decided upon the sale of the crown jewels, valued at \$4,000,000, and Don Miguel's jewels, valued at \$2,500,000. Here's a chance for some of the nouveaux riches of Canada and the United States to shine out to the world.—Vancouver World.

A VANCOUVER SARCASM.

An oil painting by one of the old masters has been discovered in Winnipeg. It was in an excellent state of preservation, having been protected from the frost by a map of a city subdivision only thirty miles from the city hall.—Vancouver Province.

A SOMEWHAT PROLONGED COUGH.

The tiger came towards me, bellowing and grunting, and when he got opposite the screen he gave one of those fearful coughs which only a man who has been close to such a beast can appreciate. It was eleven feet long.—London Standard.

WHY NOT?

That is a good resolution of the Dominion Government to abolish the four-dollar bills, which are a nuisance, and print fives. And the more it prints within reasonable limits, the better. The country's credit is good, and it might as well have the profit on the circulation.—Toronto Star.

MIGHT BE TAKEN FOR A STOP SIGNAL.

Red neckties, fancy red vests and all other outer wear of scarlet hue have been barred from use by employees of a Western railroad by an official order, which states that such clothing may be mistaken for a stop signal. This color is still good to wear when deer hunting, however.—Toronto Telegram.

AS TO HALF-CENTS.

A demand is arising in the United States for the coinage of half-cents. They used to have half-cents in Nova Scotia before Confederation. A demand for a lower unit of value, coupled with the increased price of commodities, furnishes food for thought.—Victoria Times.

A MERE TRIFLE.

The Panama Canal is almost done. It will cost only \$100,000,000 more to finish it.—New York Sun.

EXPORT DUTY ON BRIDEGROOMS.

Four British Columbia young men were married in Seattle one day this week. This feature of foreign alliances does not appeal to local clergymen, who are deprived of a revenue which geographically belongs to them. An export duty on grooms might remedy the grievance.—Vancouver World.

WENT IN A DOWNPOUR.

Despite the heavy downpour, Saturday, folks flocked to the races in crowds, at \$1.50 per. A slight sprinkle is sufficient to keep them away from church, at one-tenth the expense. Something religiously wrong here, brethren.—Hamilton Spectator.

SPRAWLING SAMUEL.

A Mexican paper accuses Uncle Sam of having one foot on Cuba and the other in Panama, while his manly bosom reposes on Central America. This does not prevent him from keeping one eye on Mexico, while the other sweeps the horizon from Baltimore to Chicago.—Lethbridge Herald.

WHAT THE SCHOOLS CAN DO.

If the children of all the foreign settlers are properly instructed in the history of Canada, the enormous resources of the country, the extent of its territory and something of the remarkable energy and progress of its people, they can be imbued with a pride in their new citizenship which must work wonders in their attachment to the country.—Victoria Times.

PRICES A MATTER OF GEOGRAPHY.

We saw a man buy a Panama hat in Oroville for \$5. The same kind of a hat sells for \$7 in Seattle and \$13 in Vancouver. In Madagascar you can buy them for 20 cents, and when the Panama canal is in operation the reduction in freight will be so great that the coast papers will be giving them as premiums for new subscribers.—Greenwood Ledge.

ELGIN AND THE WORLD.

Thomas and Irvin Randall, who ran away from home on Monday of last week, returned on Thursday last. The lads got as far as St. Thomas, and after taking in the sights came to the conclusion that if the outside world didn't have anything better than that to offer, life in the country was good enough for them.—Elgin, Ont. Sun.

MOTORISTS SHOULD BE CAREFUL.

It was a despicable thing to place tacks along a road near Toronto, and the Ontario Motor League is rightly offering a reward of \$50 for the discovery and apprehension of the person who did it. But it is also despicable for motorists to go tearing along through the country and through cities and towns at a rate exceeding the speed limit, endangering human life.—Stratford Beacon.

PROFANE SWEARING AT THE CAPITAL.

In the time of William III profane swearing was made punishable by fine. A laborer or servant forfeited one shilling, others two shillings, for the first offence, four for the second and six for the third. At these rates hundreds of young men in Ottawa would forfeit their week's wages in a single hour.—Ottawa Free Press.

THE MULES BEAT OUT THE MOTORS.

Score one for the homely and derided army mule! In a recent test march between forts in Iowa both mules and motorcars were used in transporting the regimental equipment, and at the close of the day's march the mules were promptly on time, but none of the automobiles had shown up and two were reported to be disabled. The old question, "What would the army do without its mules?" seems to remain unanswered.—Minneapolis Journal.

TOO MANY DISASTERS IN THE AIR.

Almost every day brings an account of an aviator's death somewhere. Consequently, a welcome is due to the American Aviators' Association just founded "to save the lives of remaining American flyers." The members pledge themselves not to fly in an aeroplane they do not consider safe, regardless of jeers or accusations of cowardice. They agree to take action against managers or employers who seek to force aviators into unsafe flights, and they have arranged for a mutual exchange of experiences. The wonder is not that this association should have been founded but that its foundation should be necessary in a civilized age.—Toronto News.

"ANGLO-CELTIC."

We belong to a mongrel race. It is a fact which is not to be deplored. The virility of the race is due to the very fact that it is a mongrel race. The weak, degenerate races are those which have not intermingled with others. It is the blending of so many racial elements, mainly the Teutonic and Celtic, in one great amalgam, which makes the English-speaking people so masterful as a race. The name of the race should be, not Anglo-Saxon, but Anglo-Celtic.—Hamilton Herald.

DYNAMITE BY THE MILLION POUNDS.

Judging by the amount of dynamite used in the construction of the Panama canal, it must seem like a continuous Fourth of July to the American at work in the Zone. An announcement by the isthmian canal commission says that only 3,986,500 pounds of dynamite will be needed during the year beginning July 1, because the canal is so nearly completed. In the six years the canal has been building the work has required the energy of no less than 48,617,650 pounds of this powerful explosive.—Vancouver News-Advertiser.

UO-TO-DATE FAIRY TALES.

A press despatch tells of an Illinois carpenter who has fallen heir to an estate of \$6,000,000, left him by an old aunt in England. The report may have foundation, but at the best the estate will likely shrink considerably before the lucky carpenter secures the money. These fortune stories crop up every few weeks. They have taken the place of the old sea serpent yarns. The reader should chuckle and wink when he reads them.—Calgary Herald.

ONTARIO AND THE WEST.

The "Stay in Ontario" movement is getting exciting. An eastern orator recently implored his audience to "stop boosting the west." It is unfortunate for the east that the west doesn't need boosting. The silent call of potential wealth is what is peopling the west and the east for the present, at least, must just "grin and bear it."—Saskatoon Phoenix.

A TRUE MAN WITH A BLACK SKIN.

An Australian "black fellow" was being led to prison by a mounted trooper. He had a chain around his neck. As they were crossing a river the trooper's horse threw him and kicked him in the face. The "black fellow," disdaining to escape, seized his captor in his arms and carried him safely to the shore. The King has sent him a life-saving medal.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

THE DISTRICT OF PATRICIA.

The territory added to Ontario is to be colored green on the official map about to be issued. It will be named "District of Patricia," in honor of the Princess, who was born on St. Patrick's Day, and named after Erin's patron saint. Can it be that Premier Whitney has an eye on the Irish vote?—Ottawa Journal.

A DUPLEX DOING OF GOOD.

The British Government is becoming alarmed at the dimensions of the Scottish emigration to the Dominion. Up to the present British politicians have exhibited an academic interest in the movement, and now it is directing their attentions to small holdings as a possible influence to stem the tide. If Canada can improve the status of the British farmer who stays at home and give a homestead to those who come this way, it will be killing two very fat birds with one stone.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

SHOULD GO TO CHURCH.

Those who are scolded now and again for playing golf on Sunday will be interested in the statement made by Mayor Gaynor after an inspection of the New York parks last Sunday. "When," said Mr. Gaynor, "John Knox went to call on John Calvin on a Sunday afternoon he found him playing at bowls." The chances are that this reminder will make a more lasting impression than the Mayor's own statement that people should go to church first, as Calvin undoubtedly did.—Ottawa Citizen.

THE HORSE AND THE AUTO.

One fact stands out from this motor car problem very plainly, and that is that, while the horse is naturally a more dangerous citizen of the highway than the automobile, the automobile does more damage. Any motorist will admit that he can stop his car more quickly than a driver can stop his horse. Then, a car does not fling out iron hoofs in front of it when it is stopped. Still, the horse does not kill people like the car. Yet there are ten horses on the streets for every motor. What is the answer? Surely it can only be that the motor is driven more recklessly. When the chauffeur is as careful as the driver, the problem will be solved. And why shouldn't he be?—Montreal Gazette.

The Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

Since I talked to my readers in the August page I have done many miles of travel both by train and motor and have seen a good deal of Sunny Alberta, which by the way has lived up to its name much better than other portions of the west this summer. How the towns grow and what wonderful developments there are. It was good to learn that this new scheme of pumping natural gas from Bow Island on the Crow's Nest Pass railway to Calgary, some 200 miles distant is going to benefit the farmers wives in the territory through which it passes though this benefit may not come immediately. Gas from the immense main pipe is to be distributed to a number of the smaller cities and towns, Taber, Lethbridge, MacLeod, Stavely, Claresholm, and so on, and the managing director told me in Calgary that wherever one of these cross lines of piping was put in, it would be possible, at very small cost, for farmers in the route of the line to have it piped into their houses. Think of the joy of just turning a tap when you want to cook, and turning it out when you are through. Not only that but the economy and cleanliness of this method of heating the house. No furnace to mind, no stoves to mind, no ash to carry out and make a dust.

I hope by this time next year, every farm home on the lines of this system will be supplied with natural gas. There is absolutely no comparison in the cost of the gas and any ordinary fuel such as coal or wood. It is not much wonder that northern Alberta is seeking earnestly to find the same boon and I trust that ere long they will be successful.

In connection with house conveniences let me mention one noted in a new home near Edmonton. It is not new, but I had forgotten about it, and some others who are planning to build new homes may have forgotten too. When being shown through the new home a little seat in the bathroom attracted my attention and the remark passed that it was better than a chair as it would not be carried out of the room. The housewife laughed and said "it is better than a chair for another reason" and lifted the seat up like a lid and showed a zinc lined chute running to the basement. All the soiled linen was dropped, as gathered up, down this chute to the basement where a laundry equipment had been put in. This not only saved the carrying of the linen down, but it saved the space occupied by soiled linen baskets and got the soiled garments out of the rooms at once. It was a small thing but mighty handy.

This house was built on the side of a hill and so the outside door to the basement was on a level with the ground at the rear of the house. It opened on to a little landing just half way of the stair to the basement. On one side of this landing a little cupboard had been put in where all the shoe cleaning apparatus was kept and where muddy boots could be put to dry until ready to clean. The men and boys of the house on wet days, of which, alas there have been so many this season, came in by the door and left their muddy boots there and came upstairs to the dining room in old house shoes. This was done even at noon. It did not take the men long and oh, it made a difference in the amount of floor cleaning which the wife and mother had to do.

This home was situated where it was possible to have their own system of waterworks and a toilet room had been put in the basement which was a great saving on stair carpets and bathroom on the second floor. These little items may help somebody, for if they cannot be adopted entirely they may suggest conveniences along similar lines that are feasible.

It was a pleasure to attend, for the first time, the Edmonton Fair, for Edmonton has the finest and most convenient show grounds, after Toronto, in Canada. That is a feather

in the cap of our northern capital. A thing that was interesting to very many of the women present was the first exhibit of woman's work for Edmonton. It has been allotted very commodious and well lighted quarters in the dome of the manufacturers building. The collection was a most excellent one and a special feature was the amount of exquisite needlework on blouses and white dresses, also the large amount of decorated house linen. Manager Stark had not only given the women a fine place to show their work and had it most tastefully arranged but he placed the small art gallery right above it. This was octagonal and furnished with seats, so that it was possible to look at the pictures, have a rest and secure at the same time and excellent view of the grounds. Another spot where women were made very welcome to the rest was the broad verandahs of the executive building a pretty bungalow set in smooth lawns bright with flower beds.

Another point worthy of mention was the grand stand attractions. They were good and they were clean, there was not a vulgar line from start to finish and moreover there was nothing in the line of thrillers. No event which derived its interest from the risking of either life or limb. The military tattoo with which the evening's performance closed was excellent and the patriotic music found an abundant echo in the hearts of the hearers apparently, for not only was the applause good but hundreds sang the old songs to the music of the bands.

On the G.T.P. train from Edmonton Newry's had brought me some books to look at when a man from another section asked if he might run through them at the same time. A question was asked about a book and one thing led to another, when he said "Did you ever read a book called Sowing Seeds in Danny?" I replied in the affirmative and added that the author was a dear friend. Up he jumped and crossed to his wife calling out Kitty here someone knows Nellie L. McClung come and hear about her. With the greatest eagerness they listened while I told them something of the gracious woman, who as wife and mother is now such an addition to the life of Winnipeg. They wanted the names of her children and their ages and when I said her new book was coming out in September, out came note book and pencil and "can you tell me the name of the publisher I am going to write and have one of the first copies." The man was an engineer, it was his first visit west and I could see that Mrs. McClung's book has been a considerable factor in their making the trip.

The Black Creek Stopping House

The verdict of both man and wife was "Her books are so wholesome they are just like living?" I felt proud for the west and proud I could claim "Nellie L." as we call her in the Press Club, as a friend.

One of the welcome callers of the month was Mrs. Sara Jones of Sherbrooke, Quebec one of the prominent and successful women workers of that Province. Mrs. Jones is a widow, with a family grown up and devotes much of her leisure to Y.W.C.A. Temperance and Prison Reform work. She was a delegate from her Province to the last great convention of Prison reform workers at Washington. A daughter married and living in Alberta has given her a western interest and this is her third trip across the prairies. She is a firm believer in equal political rights for women. She cheered my heart not a little by telling me that her daughter had sent her the Western Home Monthly for a birthday present and had also sent it to another friend in the east, so that they might have the common bond of reading the same magazine and they all liked the "Woman's Quiet Hour." Sometimes I feel so far away from my readers and

as if I had so little grip on them that I will give up the pages, and then some kind soul like Mrs. Jones comes along and tells me it helps and I start again. God knows I would like to help the women of the west. I know something of their trials and hardships as pioneers and the bravery with which they have been faced, and if I could say a word to help even one woman a year it would more than pay for the effort, but it would ease the work a whole lot, if I knew that the help had been received.

Recently I invested in a camera and I

hope next month to adorn my page with some snapshots taken on various trips through the west. No letters on the equal suffrage question have reached me yet. Has no reader anything to say on this question?

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MAN.

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

NOTICE.

Often girls from rural communities and girls from the old country do not know where to go when they reach the city. If any girl contemplating coming to Winnipeg will write to me in care of The Western Home Monthly, I shall be pleased to see that she is met at the station and is taken to a safe environment. We have made arrangements with representatives of the Travellers' Aid to meet any young women who makes this request through The Western Home Monthly. The women of the Travellers Aid each wear a badge of silver metal, the center of which is a maltese cross. The letters Y.M.C.A. are enamelled on the outside circle. They are at the different stations to help strange girls. During the past year they have helped hundreds of girls who might otherwise have fallen in with undesirable company. If any young woman who desires assistance will write to me, describing herself and the time she expects to arrive, I will give the description to one of these women, and she will give special attention to the strange girl at the station. I find that young women need this attention, and we are pleased to assist our readers in every possible way.

Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

A REQUEST.

Will the girl who asked my advice about dancing kindly send me her name and address? I want to write a private letter to her.

P.R.H.

CANADA'S COSMOPOLITAN GIRLHOOD.

Social contact with high minded women deters men from seeking the society of the opposite type of women—women who poison the air they breathe about them. A woman whose conversation is full of clean pure ideas will create an atmosphere of such invigorating spiritual oxygen that the men who breathe it shall be inspired with moral purpose and lofty ambition. As I walk along the thoroughfares of our city, I see a cosmopolitan girlhood.

There is the Scotch lassie with her unusual amount of health and vigor and common sense. She comes breathing absolute faith in all humanity. Let us be careful lest we shake that faith. "Why did you believe the promises of that man?" I asked of a wronged Scotch girl when she came to me last winter.

"Why woman!" she exclaimed, "My mother taught me that God puts good in every one."

A beautiful, beautiful training. I thought—what a pity it cannot always stand the test.

Hundreds of Scotch girls have come to our land this year, therefore let every sincere woman in the west reach out a hand prompted by a heart of honest welcome to the girl from that grand old country that sends out the flower of a girlhood full of beauty, innocence, tenderness and goodness—living types of the Lady of the Lake.

Then there is the young woman with a courteous manner, a fine dignity of expression, a knowledge of those genteel accomplishments that make home-life ideal, and a kindly interest in others—the English girl. This girl at times longs for her homeland for she is domestic and patriotic and we are often responsible for her home sick heart-aches. She sacrifices much when she comes to us. She is needed in our country for we want good wives.

England's daughters, too, are coming to us in great numbers. May we not honour our flag more by binding their hearts close to ours with sisterly words and deeds of sympathy?

I am glad to see the Irish girls coming. Heretofore they have immigrated largely to the country south of us. But our alluring promises are catching them

and they are heading towards Canada. Let us hope the hues of the rainbow will not fade. They are strong girls and they always lift us into the sunlight. These girls are cautious, too, for they know where they are going. They are very careful before leaving the old country that their destination be safe. The Irish girl is practical and can do anything she attempts, for she has an unusual amount of resourcefulness. She is a good housekeeper and makes a happy wife, and she has a keen intellect, so we need her.

The sweet tempered German girl, the clean, bright, intellectual Icelandic young woman, the attractive, fascinating French maiden, the self-confident, American, the hard working, anxious Galician, and forty other types of foreign girlhood are with us.

All these combined with our half-breed and our pleasing, energetic, and genuine womanly Canadian girl make the Canadian girlhood decidedly cosmopolitan. What shall the fusion of these types mean to the Canadian race of the future?

The answer will be guided by the ideal of the present Canadian woman.

What impression does my girl reader create in the mind of the immigrant girl? She feels that she must imitate in a measure your qualities. Are they as desirable as those she brings with her? Will she grow stronger in purity, love, power and inspiration because of your example?

If we want clean manhood we must first have clean womanhood. More than forty countries are sending us resultant types of the development of centuries. Combined with our own—what shall the fusion be? Inasmuch as the natural environment has figured importantly in the development of a country's people, this broad clean resourceful scenic land furnishes us fertile opportunity for fine environment. I believe that within this Canadian Paradise of Promise we shall have the finest, cleanest, strongest, and most powerful men that the world has yet known—for the fusion of Canada's cosmopolitan girlhood must develop an ideal high minded womanhood.

WHERE GUESTS ARE WELCOME.

I have been a welcome guest this summer for I have lived with nature and she is always responsive to her admirers. Her sympathies are not isolated, and though she be stormy or calm she breathes prayers that hold the human soul. Two birds built their nest near my window and fed and reared their young. Patience and harmony ruled their home and it was peaceful. Ambitious waves wildly raced to shore but white breasted sea gulls that seemed like tiny white caps flying in the air, urged the waters to make clean sands their object for haste and fury—and thus fulfil nature's creed—that of service. Then again the warmth of Old Sol's smile charmed the waters to sleep and so lazily did they lie that white winged ships appeared to be sailing in the sky—for the horizon line and water line were merged into one. Noisy crows saucily dared me to molest them in my own back yard. They knew they were safe as they scratched and scolded while they worked. Pet squirrels daintily ran up to my door and wisely nodded, as if to say: "I was here first."

Not a leaf on my favorite poplar tree stirred till a meddlesome breeze whispered a bit of gossip about a diseased leaf on the neighboring oak. Then, like empty headed women they created such a mighty current of criticism among one another that they all fussed in nervous excitement. Mis-directed energies waste the sap of vitality.

Along my front walk new-born nasturtiums greeted me every little while with fresh shades of rich tints. How I delighted in their generous bloom and varying hues. Is the nasturtium

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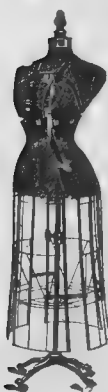
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not an emblem of God's multiplicity of blessings? Among the flowers the society belle of nature's fairy land flaunted her jewelled wings in the face of the dusty working bee. "Ah—Miss Get-Rich-Quick-Butterfly," I said "be not so insolent! I remember when you were only an ugly worm."

I picked a branch of beautiful golden-rod and there I learned one of girlhood's blackest tragedies, surrounded by a wealth of gold—in the heart of all of it—lay my dusty working bee—dead in the clutches of a white spider. The spider outwardly was spotless. Tiny pink rings decorated his white covering. His exterior was handsome and he appeared so clean that one could not imagine a dark stain anywhere. But I am very sure he was black inside. Little bee, did the foolish butterfly make you dissatisfied with your condition and did the spider in his white laundered suit dazzle you with the promise of a golden palace? The silent sermons in nature's wonderland convince me that God is everywhere. One can think when nature listens.

A QUEEN OF NEEDY HEARTS.

Why is it that we who are strong and able so often leave to the weak and sickly those crushing burdens that belong to all of us? When we all bear our proper portion, burdens become light.

Recently, at the age of forty-six, Miss Sophie Wright—New Orleans best



One of Western Canada's Beauty Spots.

citizen—passed into the great beyond. From a tiny crippled child she grew into a frail sickly woman, yet she accomplished more in her native city than five-hundred other women. This woman was born in poverty but she did not allow the environment to conquer her. At the age of fourteen, she hung out this sign in front of her mother's house—"Day School for Girls." Fifty cents a month. She soon had twenty pupils.

One day in her eighteenth year, an acrobat from a circus came to her for help. He wanted to pass a civil service examination, but he had no money to pay for the necessary instruction. Though Sophie Wright was already studying in one school and teaching in two others she gave up her evenings to help him. He wanted to bring a friend and in a short time she had a free night school—the only one in New Orleans.

Then the yellow fever broke out in the city and she turned her house into a depot for supplies, and on her crutches went about the city, helping the sufferers. After the fever epidemic her night school increased to a thousand pupils. Donations helped to keep up the increased expenses. Then New Orleans gave her a silver loving cup as a recognition of the greatest public service rendered to the city. In the loving cup lay a check that canceled the mortgage on her school building.

Besides the establishing of a school for girls and the free evening school she raised money for an institution to care for crippled children. All this was accomplished by a woman who wore a steel harness, who always used crutches, and who was never free from pain. She was the queen of needy hearts. And yet I hear girls say they can never amount to anything.

No Ray of Mother Love.

There is a time in early girlhood when she awakens to her individuality. Her young spirit yearns impatiently to take the bit of life and travel her own gate. Emotion, feeling, impatient will are at their highest tension because judgment and discretion have not yet been formed. This girl in her early teens is not able to decide what is best for her. She needs older and wiser judgment to lean on, otherwise in nine cases out of ten her life will be full of tragedy.

"Why can't mothers be a little more sympathetic?" a girl asked me not long ago. A mother is making a mistake when she is stiff and disagreeable with her daughter—when she answers her little confidences thus: "Don't be so silly!"

I know mothers who will sew, cook, mend, wash and slave for the daughter who is growing into womanhood, but they do not see the longing and the hunger of the girl for her mother's love, sympathy and understanding. Mothers are grieving because their daughters do not give them their confidence; they say they are headstrong, wilful, saucy and prefer other society. These are the things that belong to girlhood and must be handled tactfully. To deal with youth one must never lose the point of view of youth.

Girls like young company. If the mother keep young with her children, and enters into the games and schemes,

her children will like to be with her. Girls need directing, not thwarting. If a girl have a wild idea, suggest another scheme. Take an interest in her little schemes or fancies of dress. Never seer at her, sneer at her, mock her or cut her short with scolding words.

A daughter would rather have her mother's sympathy, than that of any other being on earth. I know this for girls have told me so. The things that seem little to mothers are big to their daughters. I know a girl who ran away and never went back because she longed for a mother's love and her mother scolded her and scoffed at her ideals. This daughter belonged to a church and her mother would watch every blunder and then sarcastically exclaim: "You're a nice christian!"

One reason that there are so many early reckless marriages is because girls hunger for love and appreciation in the home. If some mothers would open up their hearts and let their daughters creep in, life would have less of tragedy in girlhood. Girls will think about boys and if the daughter wants to talk about them to her mother, encourage her confidence, then there will not be danger of her meeting them sneakily. Mothers read this page and this subject concerns them, for they write me about it. Let the mother show that she is willing to love and be loved and be gentle and considerate and remember her own youth.

A FAMOUS CANADIAN WOMAN.

Every month I want to give on this page a short account of a Canadian woman who has rendered service to her country, because I believe familiarity with the lives of great women will be an inspiration to the young women who read this page.

SIMPLIFY YOUR COOKING

Much of the pleasure of life is lost in the worry of preparing meals. Bovril in the hands of a resourceful woman solves the problem. Bovril stirred simply into hot water and flavored to taste makes an excellent bouillon. Meats reheated have their original flavor restored and enhanced by a little Bovril. Bovril Sandwiches are in constant demand by old and young, especially by children. Bovril Tea—hot or cold—can be served at any time with crackers, and as a last thing at night to induce sound sleep, hot Bovril is unequalled.

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Then I recommended it to a friend on Victoria Avenue. She had a baby 6 months old that was not thriving a bit. She put the baby on Neave's Food and at the end of three months, the baby was twice the size.

I have never seen two bigger, stronger boys than mine for their ages and I owe it all to Neave's Food. I have the utmost faith in Neave's Food."

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In the Bute Street Hospital of Vancouver, a famous Canadian woman is suffering from a malady that is numbering her days. No other woman has served Canada in quite the same way as has this woman for she has written in picturesque language the legends of Canadian Indians—legends that have never before been told outside of the Indian race. Not only has she given us these beautiful legends but poems of rare melody and rhythm, full of Canadian Indian life, have been written and recited by this unusually gifted woman Miss E. Pauline Johnson, whose Indian name is Tekahionwake. She was the youngest child of Onwanonsyshon, Head Chief of the Six Nations Indians, and his wife Emily S. Howells, her mother was of English parentage for Miss E. Pauline Johnson is related to William Dean Howells. She was born on the Indian Reserve in the county of Brant, Ontario, which was granted to the Mohawk tribe of Indians for their loyalty to the British Crown. Her father was an important figure in Canadian Indian history. Pauline Johnson during her early girlhood acquired a wide general knowledge. She was a great reader. Before she was twelve years old she had read Scott, Longfellow, Byron, Shakespeare and such books as Addison's "Spectator" and Foster's Essays. Most of the high grade magazines, both on this continent and in England have published her poems.

After her writings had brought her into notice, she appeared on the public platform as a reciter of her own poems. Blessed with a marked ability and personal magnetism, she was a favorite

recollections of numberless articles in yet numberless magazines, all dealing with the recent "fad" of motherhood, but I had to hear from the lips of a Squamish Indian Chief the only treatise on the nobility of "clean fatherhood" that I have yet unearthed. And this treatise has been an Indian legend for centuries; and lest they forget how all-important those two little words must ever be, Siwash Rock stands to remind them, set there by the Deity as a monument to one who kept his own life clean that clean lives might be the heritage of the generations to come."

Then Pauline Johnson relates the legend as it came from the lips of the Indian chief.

In the same legend is this quotation:

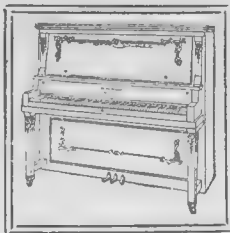
"The young chief had proved himself to be an excellent warrior; his tribe loved him, his enemies respected him, and the base and mean and cowardly, feared him. He fought his tribal enemies like the savage that he was. He sang his war songs, danced his war dances, slew his foes, but the little girl wife, from the north he treated with the deference that he gave his own mother." Again in another legend—"There is one vice that is absolutely unknown to the redman; he was born without it, and amongst all the deplorable things he has learned from the white races, this, at least, he has never acquired. That is the vice of avarice. The greed of gain, miserliness, wealth accumulated above the head of his poorer neighbor, he regards as one of the lowest degradations—he calls it "the white man's unkindness." This remark is followed by a legend demonstrating the Indian's horror



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WINNIPEG PIANO CO

295
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WINNIPEG.

with her audiences throughout Canada, the Maritime Provinces, the United States, and in England, where she gained social and literary recognition. After several years of recitals she decided to give up public work, to make Vancouver, B.C., her home, and to devote herself to literary work. But the hardships and exposure of travelling through North-Western Canada in pioneer days prevented her from carrying out her cherished plans. Physical breakdown followed these sixteen years of travelling through trail and forest, and river, and she is now suffering physically in the hospital mentioned. Though biting pains are eating her body, her mind is triumphant in continual expressions of gratitude for the many letters that convey to her, love and sympathy from friends throughout the British Empire. I cannot close without quoting from her legends.

From the legend of Siwash Rock:

"For a time we paddled slowly; the rock detached itself from its background of forest and shore, and it stood forth like a sentinel erect, enduring, eternal.

"Do you think it stands straight like a man?" he asked.

"Yes, like some noble-spirited, upright warrior," I replied.

"It is a man," he said, "and a warrior man, too; a man who fought for everything that was noble and upright."

"What do you regard as everything that is noble and upright, Chief?" I asked, curious as to his ideas. I shall not forget the reply: it was but two words. He said simply:

"Clean fatherhood."

"Through my mind raced tumultuous

of avarice.

The language in the legends by Pauline Johnson is full of flowers. No one can read them without being inspired to be cleaner and better, and kinder. She makes one appreciate nature more.

In conclusion she says: "To these Coast tribes if a man is "kind," he is everything. And almost without exception their legends deal with rewards for tenderness and self-abnegation, and mental cleanliness. These legends have originated in some mighty mind and they all tell of the Indian's faith in the survival of the best impulses of the human heart, and the ultimate extinction of the worst."

As one wants to see the Highlands of Scotland after reading Scott's Lady of the Lake, so does one want to see the west after reading Pauline Johnson's legends.

The time is not long for an opportunity to help Pauline Johnson. She is too proud to accept charity but by writing to her at Bute Street Hospital, Vancouver, her nurse will send a copy of Indian Legends of the Coast for two dollars. I trust that our Canadian women will take advantage of the chance to make her last days comfortable, for Pauline Johnson—Tekahionwake—has accomplished much in the making of Canadian historical literature.

Professor Leacock: That barefooted boy who stands at the crossing watching the trains whizz by may some day be Prime Minister of Canada. And he may not. Much depends on what kind of boy he is.



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Receive four shirt waists, size 32 to 44, two white lawn trimmed with lace, as illustrated, and two of blue dot print, trimmed with plain blue strappings. Add 18c for postage. STANDARD GARMENT CO. 10 Standard Building London, Ont.

Woman and the Home.

"For Woman and the Home."

By Miss M. G. White, Spy Hill, Sask.

Nature is the greatest teacher on earth but very few of us heed her call. To watch the leaves come forth, the blades of grass turn green and nature begin her handiwork, should make us all live a new life full of energy and happiness.

If we but look around us we can see the farmers busy preparing their machinery, feeding carefully their horses, so that they can do their daily work and ploughing, harrowing and cleaning the soil for the sowing of the seed.

Then the house wife is busy with her spring cleaning. How carefully she cleans every crook and corner, and when she has her home sweet and clean her thoughts turn to her spring attire. From her head to her feet everything in perfect taste and style, but do any of us ever think of spring cleaning our hearts and mind. To me it would seem the most important of all our work and although the beginning of the New Year seems the date set for making resolutions, spring would be an appropriate time for renewing the broken ones and cleaning out all the miserable unkind thoughts which cling to us. Let us begin again and think only of the best qualities in our neighbors taking with us Wordsworth's quotation.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give,
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

For The Living.

We crown our departed with laurels,
And whisper with quivering breath
How nobly they stood in the conflict,
How faithful they were unto death.
But if we had come, in the heat of the strife,
With a cup of cold water, it might have been life.

They have gone to the face of the Master—

What matters our praise or our blame?

We keep in the book of his kingdom
The work that is done in his name.
But we missed the chance that he sent us to make
A rugged way smoother for his dear sake.

We meant in the hush of the evening,
At the close of some peaceful day,
To tell them how precious we held them,

But now they have slipped away.
And the heart may have longed with a secret ache

For the one word of courage that nobody spoke.

If we only had said in the morning,
'Because you are steadfast and true,
The world has a loftier vision,

My life is the richer for you.
It might be—it may be the wearisome day

Would have brightened and glowed with a heavenly ray.

Beloved, the years that have vanished
Can never again come back.

And the treasures we miss as we journey,

The heart forever must lack.

Let us do the errands of kindness to-day,

'For never again shall we travel this way.'

Let us bring to the living the roses
And the lilies we bind for the dead.

And crown them with blessings and praises

Before the brave spirit has fled.

As springs in the desert, as shade from the heat,

To the soul of the toiler the words will be sweet.

—Emily Huntington Miller.

A Gentlewoman.

A certain beautiful and gracious woman is the admiration of all the schoolgirls in her town. Even girls of a larger growth are ready to declare there is nobody like her. "Why do you take such pleasure in her?" an older lady curiously asked of a plain and rather awkward girl, who was especially given to the prevailing fascination.

"Why," said she, at a loss for a moment, "it isn't because she's so lovely or so nice. It's because when I'm talking with her she makes me feel just as lovely and nice as she is."

A similar story is told of a young lady who gave a good deal of time to "settlement" work, and was a particular favourite with all the children.

"Why do you love Miss Mary so?" somebody asked a devoted little boy.

"I like her," he said, "because she looks as though she didn't see the holes in my shoes."

Where Health is Fashionable.

Just now, while the military prowess and general staying power of the Japanese are claiming the attention and



Glad of help.

respect of the civilized world, it is of great interest to note the claim made, by those who know best, as to their advanced attitude toward the whole question of hygiene and physical development.

We are told that in Japan health is not only the fashion—it is the universal habit. The Japanese people do not only know the rules that govern it, but all classes untiringly practice them.

They are the same old rules—we have them all on our tongues' ends—breathe deeply and slowly of fresh air, bathe regularly, eat moderately, drink plenty of fresh water. We all know them, we all respect them, but most of us ignore them, except by fits and starts.

With the Japanese the case is different. They are naturally an abstemious people and not great meat-eaters. They have always laid great stress on the value of large quantities of pure fresh water to flush the system and keep the kidneys in good condition, and they are probably the most inveterate bathers in the world. As to their muscular development and control, they are famous, and last, but not least, they place great weight on the importance of cultivating and practising all the time the fundamental principles of hygiene.

The jiu-jitsu, the system of body-training practiced by the Japanese for centuries, is the foundation of many modern treatises on physical culture.



PERFECT EASE and comfort—always the most popular feature of C/C à la Grace Corsets—is more important than ever since the present trend of fashion is toward the natural figure.



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have never sacrificed comfort for fads or extremes of style. Each model is designed to preserve the natural poise of the figure and give flexibility and freedom—at the same time meeting fashion's requirements. Many models—all sizes—one that just fits YOU.

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BEST APPRECIATED WHERE BEST KNOWN.

In Manitoba—the "Home Province"—the 1911 premium collections of the Great West Life were more than double those of any other Company.

In other Western Provinces similar conditions applied. This prominence tells its own story.

The Great West Life Assurance Co.

Head Office - - WINNIPEG

Business in force exceeds \$77,000,000.

GOLD! SILVER! COPPER! A POT OF MONEY FREE



MAKE a guess at this amount of money. We have a glass jar of money on exhibition in Winnipeg. Gold, bills, copper and silver in it. How much altogether? The jar weighs (2) two pounds (4½) four and one half ounces empty. It holds (9-10) nine-sixteenths of a gallon of water. Weighs (20) twenty pounds (11½) eleven and one quarter ounces filled. It has less than (\$500) five hundred dollars in it and more than (\$50) fifty. All goes to the lucky guesser of the correct amount. Do you want it? Here's how you can try for it. You can have one guess for every quart of

SILKSTONE Flat Wall Colours

"Smooth as Silk - Hard as Stone"

you buy any time between Sept. 1 and Sept. 30, 1912. If you buy (2) two quarts you have two guesses; if three, three guesses and so on.

See the photo of the gallon jar of money at Stephens' agents' stores. No one knows how much is in it. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Only the employees of the Stephens and Company, Limited, barred from guessing. All others who buy a quart of Silkstone entitled to one guess for each quart bought. Make a guess. It's worth trying.

Silkstone is the wonderful, beautiful and sanitary new wall paint perfected by this Company. It is smooth as silk, hard as stone. Better than wall paper or kalsomine. Make your home beautiful with Silkstone and send in your guess at the amount of money in the gallon jar. Make a guess you may get all the money.



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COLONIAL ART CO., Desk 3 L TORONTO

The Girl Who Laughs.

By John Howard Todd.

The girl who laughs—God bless her!—
Thrice blesses herself the while;
No Music of earth
Has nobler worth
Than that which voices a smile.

The girl who laughs—men love her;
She lifts from the heart of despair
Its burden of woe
And coaxes the glow
Of joy to the brow of care.

The girl who laughs—wan sorrow
Comes by, and a glistening tear
Has stolen the glints
Of rainbow tints
And pictured a world of cheer.

The girl who laughs—life needs her;
There is never an hour so sad
But wakes and thrills
To the rippling trills
Of the laugh of a lass who's glad.

Fun at the Table.

It is astonishing to one who has not studied the subject thoughtfully to learn how completely under the control of the nervous system, or rather of



A Centenarian Indian, Portage la Prairie.

the emotions, the entire digestive apparatus is.

It is a matter of every-day experience that the appetite is under the subjection of the feelings, although not of the will. The impulse to celebrate any good news by a dinner is founded upon the fact that when one is pleased and elated hunger is excited. In early times this hunger was gratified on the moment—just as the accompanying thirst too often is now; but the modern man usually defers his eating to a suitable occasion.

The loss of appetite caused by bad news or misfortune of any kind is too well known to need more than mention. Worry or physical fatigue will often act in the same way. The same causes that destroy the appetite will arrest or greatly retard the process of digestion. It is a matter of common experience that any disagreeable occurrence during or just after a meal will stop digestion, and may bring on a bilious attack, with headache, nausea, and a coated tongue. Concentration of the mind or anxiety will act in the same way.

On the other hand, as the appetite is stimulated by good news and mental elation, so digestion is favoured by whatever promotes gaiety and high spirits.

"Laugh and grow fat," like so many popular sayings, is an expression which contains much truth. Dyspepsia is a malady that will seldom be found in the family where the dinner gives occasion

for cheerful talk and mirth, and where all worry and quarrelling are under a ban.

Every member of the family should make it an absolute rule to put worry and all thoughts of business or study aside for the moment, and to come to the table prepared to be lighthearted and gay. This is not only a moral duty but rests upon the physical reason that his appetite will be better, and his food will taste better, and will be better digested.

In this connection it goes without saying that bills and disagreeable letters should never be the accompaniment of the morning meal, because a day started with chagrin is a very hard day to straighten out.

Training Children.

By Dell Grattan.

The young mind is easily confused and infinite patience is required to teach it slowly. While they are young, at least, do not show anger or excitement. A quiet self-control is more effective. The practice of "showing off" little ones to visitors and alluding to their smartness in their presence often has a bad effect. Do not punish by whipping, or, what is more commonly applied, a slap on the head or ears. A permanent injury has been known to result from such action. Make the horror for retiring one to be wooed not dreaded. Do not believe that anyone else can take your place at this time. Mothers, let nothing short of sickness keep your own hands from "tucking in" the little forms. Linger with them, allowing no anger or sadness to remain in the heart overnight. Teach the wee ones to help you pick up their playthings when they are through with them, and gradually require them to do it themselves. Thus will they learn the art of caring for their own and being neat and helpful.

Should your little girl want to sew, thread the needle and show her how to use it. If the thread keeps slipping out, see that it is fine and tie it once close to the eye of the needle; then she may use it without further trouble. From this small beginning she may become an expert in needlework. Be patient and watch for the germ of a talent that is in the child. Whatever it is will in time be revealed and with mother-love to help, will grow to perfection. Should your boy ask you eager questions, patiently answer them, else he will go to others who may not reply as you would wish. Remember, the world is all a wonderland to a child, and from birth to adult age they are eager to peer into the mysteries. Be wise, mothers: keep at the helm and know that your child is guided aright. When school-life begins, show the children that you are interested in their progress; encourage no useless fault-finding with their teachers; simply see that your child has rights, but ask no favors. Saturday mornings and during holidays give easy tasks to keep a wholesome state of body and mind. Never neglect to give a word of praise for work well done, and encourage one who tries, even though unsuccessful. Let your boys have hammer and nails if they want them, and let them exercise their ingenuity. Bear with their "notions," such as having pet rabbits, pet chip-monks, raising chickens, etc. All these must have their run, so see them through with them as you would through mumps, measles, chicken-pox and other similar complaints. Do not fail to recognize each birthday with some little gift or pleasure planned. To be punctual in all appointments is very necessary to the success of one through life. Begin to inculcate this into the child's mind at an early age, and it will become a habitual virtue. Let them know that you have confidence in them, and that, if they disobey, you will be sorely disappointed and be forced to cut short their pleasure another time. It is, indeed, a task to rear them and to do it well. In fact, were it not for the kind Father of all to help us, I do not know just what we tired mothers would do. There are many overworked mothers who do not have the time and



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Big Ben is the result of 26 years of fine clock making. The first Big Ben cost \$12.85 to make. The first hundred cost \$6.50 each. But the great demand has brought the price down to everyone's pocketbook.

Buy Him Now for \$3.00

Big Ben the national sleep-meter, is arousing thousands of farmers on time. Everywhere, everyday, the gentle, insistent voice of Big Ben taps the "sleepy heads" to joyous action. This "minute-man" starts the day with a smile. Big Ben never fails—he's on the job always. He rings 5 minutes straight, or at intervals of 30 seconds for 10 minutes. He tells the truth and gets you and the farm hands up "on the dot."

Big Ben is hand-built, like a fine, thin-model watch, and "time checked" for 140 hours for accuracy. 1,055 skilled watch-makers build Big Ben—the clock that's the pride of the famous Westclox Community of La Salle, Illinois.

2,500 Big Bens now leave the factory every 10 hours and the demand gets bigger daily. Big Ben has ticked himself into popular favor because he is built right, runs right and is priced right.

Big Ben is sold by 5,000 Canadian dealers. If you cannot find him at yours send us \$3.00 today and we will send him by return express, duty charges prepaid.

Big Ben

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For a pair of Men's British Chrome Calf Boots. Biggest value anywhere. Sizes 6 to 11.

Damp-proof leather. "Easy comfort" last. Blucher cut Triple wax-stitched uppers, double reinforced English onk soles, solid leather heels and counters.

A good looking and good wearing boot for work days and all days. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price includes delivery to you. Send for free catalogue.

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Electric Restorer for Men

Phosphonol restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. **Phosphonol** will make you a new man. Price \$3 a box, or two for \$5. Mailed to any address. **The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.**

SEND \$1.00

Receive by return mail post-paid TWO pretty dresses for little girls for age 1 up to 10 years old. The material is soft warm goods suitable for winter wear in attractive patterns. The dress is made just as pictured and a great bargain, two for \$1, add 15c for postage.



Standard Garment Co.
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When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

patience to listen to their children's wants, and one can scarcely find it in our hearts to blame such women; but, mothers, stop and think. We do not know how long we are going to keep them with us. We may come to feel as did the mother whose story is told in the pathetic verse—

Ah, those little ice-cold fingers!
How those little hands remind us
To each hasty word and action
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands reminds us

As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses
For our reaping, by-and-by.

Let us be more patient and do more to make the children happy. Let us study them, keep their confidence, and let us learn to rule them with love, not fear. So many children go to strangers with their troubles, because their own parents do not have time to sympathize. Of course, it is right to be firm with them and when you say "no" to anything, mean it, but consider before saying it, and if what they want to do is merely a simple pleasure that will do no harm, say "yes." Having said a thing, however, do not be teased into changing your answer. Always try to find time to help them in their play. We cannot know how much a little thing means to a child. Help the boys to make their kites, tow strings and fish lines. Assist the girls to make doll's beds, quilts, pillows and dresses. Some may think the time could be better spent, but you will be gladdened by their pleasure and in years to come they will look back upon a happy childhood.

Such a fragile-looking bottle,
But keener than a sword
'Tis stronger than hosts that march
To battle for the Lord;
It has a kingdom of its own;
It aims for lofty heights;
It takes its toll; it wants your soul;
'Tis winsome! but it bites!

Lilac Time.

Written for the Western Home Monthly.
By Frances.

I am tired now, of wandering,
I'd like to see once more
The orchard and the garden,
The old house near the shore;
I want to breathe the incense
Of the apple-blossoms gay,
Where all the happy, droning bees
Are busy every day.
I am weary of the dust and noise;
The sound of trampling feet;
Tired of the restless crowds
That throng the city streets;
I'm longing for the green fields,
With the daisies growing wild.
I want to walk upon the grass,
And play—I am a child.
I would like to hear the wild-bird sing
Their silver songs again;
And I would like to loiter
A-down the shady lane;
The old folks! O, the old folks!
There beyond this rush and roar,
A corner always waits for me,
A welcome at the door.

In a home which the writer used to visit was an unusual number of mirrors



A Western stream spanned by a concrete bridge.

'Tis Winsome! But it Bites.

Written for the Western Home Monthly.
By Frances.

Just a common looking bottle!
It shows no guilt or sin;
It gives no hint of gnawing flames
That burn its deeps within;
If you feel called upon to test
Those dancing golden lights,
My brother, know that this is so,
'Tis winsome! but it bites!

We have heard of dreadful actions
That men "in drink" will do.
There's many women, I am sure,
Will say that "it is true."
Your happy home, its lure can wreck,
It gushes forth and smites!
And all know well it is a sell,
'Tis winsome! but it bites!

Just a well-filled, tempting bottle!
But crafty, sleek and sly,
Still, men do homage to its charm
And let their manhood die.
No starving soul it ever feeds,
There is no wrong it rights,
And so you see, we all agree,
'Tis winsome! but it bites!

Men will scoff at what I'm saying;
But oft "they kneel to pray"
When once this smooth-faced demon
tries
To steal their sons away.
Then banish drink! for freedom work,
A coward never fights!
Begin to-day, e'en drunkards say,
'Tis winsome! but it bites!

hung in the living rooms. It was impossible to look up without encountering an image of one's self, and I knew at once the reason of the mirrors when I found myself unconsciously correcting a strained, ungainly position. The six children in this house were often obliged to end an ugly temper, or a fit of the sulks, by bursting out laughing when they caught sight in the mirror of a little face distorted by passion or made ugly by a pouting frown. When one makes it impossible for a child not to laugh, she has won the battle with a fit of temper, for a frown cannot exist where there is a smile. Instead of the tiny three by six glasses most of us hang on the kitchen wall there was in this home a mirror large enough to reflect almost the entire figure, and hung in such a position that it commanded the sink, range and cooking table. One is very apt to frown, to keep the facial muscles in a strained position while at work in the kitchen, especially if the work is disagreeable. The mirror was a constant reminder that such grimaces do not materially assist with the work in hand, but are all the time etching into the face fine lines, much as an acid eats into metal, and by and by we say, "I am getting old," when it is merely the result of a bad habit, just as the stooping shoulders, in time, cannot be entirely straightened, and one seems "bent with age."

Complete in itself, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the assistance of any other medicine to make it effective. It does not fail to do its work.

A Beautiful BUST GUARANTEED IN 30 DAYS

I have helped thousands of women to obtain perfect development through a simple means by which any woman can easily enlarge her bust to the exact size and firmness desired.



Free to Readers of Winnipeg Western Home Monthly

Thousands of women are to-day the possessors of beautiful busts and perfect forms as the result of an accidental discovery made more than two years ago by Madame Margarette Merlain, whose fame has now spread to nearly every part of the world. While taking a new prescription for building up her health, Madame Merlain suddenly noticed that her bust was growing from almost nothing to a very large size; in fact, her bust measure increased six inches in 30 days.

Physicians and chemists to whom the matter was reported arranged to try the new treatment she had used on ten other women without busts. The results obtained within a few days truly astonished the sages of medicine and science, and in a few weeks each of the ten women had obtained a most marvellous enlargement of the bust. Next it was tried on 50 women without busts, and the same marvellous enlargement was obtained.

Madame Merlain is herself a living example of the great power of her remarkable discovery. By many she is considered to have the most beautiful bust and most perfect form of any woman in Europe. But best of all this wonderful discovery not only succeeded in her own case and in those where special tests were made, but it seems to have worked even more astonishing results in the cases of others, even after ordinary pills, massage, wooden cups and various advertised preparations had all been tried without the slightest results.

Miss Helen Marion Buckett, of 166 Cholmeley road, Reading, writes:—"Since using the Venus-Carnis treatment my bust has developed in all four inches, improvement for which I am extremely thankful."

Madame de Zisbrovsky, of Paris, says: "My bust was flat and soft, and thanks to your marvellous treatment, I now have a bust, firm and well-developed, which is the admiration of all. I am all the more grateful to you as I had already tried several other remedies which had all been without the least results."

Madame Dixon, of Cannes, says:—"The great hollows in my neck, which were my despair, have completely disap-

peared. My bust has become firm and considerably larger, and I am now able to wear low-necked gowns without shame and humiliation."

Mrs. McGee, of Colwyn Bay, Wales, says:—"My breasts, which were a short time ago flat and undeveloped, are now, I am proud to say, round and just as large and firm as I desire to have them. I also feel much brighter and better than before."

Madame Districh, of Leipzig, Germany, writes:—"I am entirely satisfied, and I never imagined that such results would be possible, because for several years I have been ill and was constantly following treatments of one kind or another. I have not only obtained a beautifully curved form and firm flesh, but my general health has been greatly improved."

Dr. Colonnay, of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, declares:—"No matter whether a woman be young or old, nor what her condition of health may be, I firmly believe that in the Venus-Carnis treatment she has an infallible method for developing and beautifying her bust."

Dr. Domenico Scuncio, of Prata Sanita, Italy, states:—"I beg to confirm my previous letters concerning the Venus-Carnis treatment, and I have pleasure in informing you that my patient has used this treatment and is very satisfied with the really marvellous results that she has obtained. I can therefore conscientiously state that this treatment is excellent, and that it can in no way be compared to others of its kind claiming to give the same results."

There are hundreds of just such statements as the above on file in my office, as well as actual photographs taken one month apart, before and after the use of this remarkable treatment. You could see them for yourself, but as you cannot call, I will gladly send you, absolutely free, and under plain sealed cover, complete information regarding the exact means by which you can enlarge your own bust to the size and firmness you desire. All I ask is two 2 cent. stamps to help cover cost of mailing and positively guarantee you a beautiful bust in thirty days, no matter how flat or undeveloped you may be at present. What this treatment has done for others it is bound to do for you. Use the free coupon below to-day."

FREE COUPON for obtaining a BEAUTIFUL BUST in 30 days.

Cut out this coupon and send to-day with your name and address, enclosing two 2 cent stamps to help cover mailing expenses to Margarette Merlain, (Dept. 1038 D.), Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W., Eng., and you will receive full information regarding the exact means for making your bust as large and firm as you desire, absolutely free, under plain, sealed cover. (Please write address clearly and fully.)

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The "CONNAUGHT" Skirt

Ladies Vicuna Skirt. Again we offer a beautiful tailor made Skirt, believing that our patrons appreciate our efforts in producing a rare bargain, as the demand for our special last season was enormous, and at times taxed our capacity. **DO NOT THINK** that because the price is low that the value is likewise, it is really worth far more, and you will agree with us when you see it.

We attribute this success to the fact that our friends know that we use dependable cloth, good tailors and good trimmings which in this case on this offer gives you a Vicuna Skirt above the average. It is five gored, panel back, high waist or the regular waist band. Comes in colors Navy, Brown, Grey and Black.

Sold in Stock Sizes only as follows:

Stock Sizes:—Band—	23	24-25	25-26
Length—	38	39	40
Band—	26-27	27-28	28-29-30
Length—	42	43	43

The "Connaught" Skirt

We call it the "CONNAUGHT" and the price is

\$1.98 POST PAID.

YOU MUST HAVE

Our big Fashion Book for the Fall and Winter—It is NOW READY and is free for the asking. We are leaders in the Art of making Women's and Children's wear.

Our styles are the latest and you cannot afford to be without such a Book, if you wish to dress well at a moderate price.

"MONTROSS" Clothes are known from Coast to Coast.

WE GUARANTEE a fit or refund your money. Everything prepaid. Your name on a Postal will bring a Copy.



MONTGOMERY ROSS & CO., LTD.

MONTREAL

Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish Expert on Standard Dictionary, Translator of New Testament in Braid Scots, etc.

A Few Scots Proverbs:

To wear like the horse shoe: the langer the clearer.

The stoup that gangs aft to the well gets broken at last.

Mony hounds may sune worry ae hare.

I can see as far intil a millstane as he that pick a it.

As a man gangs doon the brae, ilka ane gies him a jaundie.

He sell't his soul for a crack't saxpence.

A Monkey. An Airdrie man, during the coal famine, tied a monkey to a stake in his garden, which abutted a main railway. Every fireman threw a piece of coal at the monkey, which managed to dodge the missles. The man gathered up the coal and kept his grate going.

When I hae saxpence under my thoom, I can get credit in ilka toon; When I hae nae they bid me gang bye

Poverty pairts gude company.

Tarry woo, tarry woo,

Tarry woo is ill to spin!

Caird it weel, caird it weel.

Caird it weel, ere ye begin!

When it's cairded, row't and spun,

Then the wark is halfins done;

But when woven, dress'd and clean,

It may be cleedin' for a queen!

Old Song.

A Magnanimous Cobbler. At a certain county election in the Highlands, the popular Parliamentary candidate waited on a shoemaker to solicit his vote. "Get out of my house, sir!" said the shoemaker, and the candidate was forced to retire accordingly. The cobbler, however, followed him, and called to him: "You turned me off from your estate, sir, and I was determined to turn you out of my house; but, for all that, I'll give you my vote."

Sheep Farming. In the county of Inverness the official returns of sheep showed, in the four division of the county in 1911, 437,873 sheep.

The Thistle. It is confidently stated by several antiquarians of the present-day that the story of the Norseman treading barefooted on a thistle, and with his cry of pain giving notice to the



Captain of Winnipeg Rowing Club, Winner of many Regatta victories

A pund o' wood is as heavy as a pund o' lead.

Follow ye love, an' it will flee,
Flee: ye love, and love will follow!

The smokers of the three kingdoms have spent a million more in 1911 than the year before, the yearly expenditure now being 29 million pounds.

The German town of Bernstadt has followed Glasgow's example of prohibiting women from "waiting" at cafes and restaurants.

The vessels launched on the Clyde for January and February this year aggregated 80,000 tons—the largest on record for those two quiet months in the shipbuilding year.

A Glasgow paper says a poor woman in a Woodgreen tramcar, who handed a penny to a gentleman who had no money on him, has received from him a check for one guinea.

Coal. Coal has been appreciated this year in Scotland as never before. When Scots people met, the first question was, "How's your coal?" It is universally used now—peat coming in as a very lame second. And things are entirely dislocated without it. It is exactly a thousand years ago that it began to be generally used in Scotland. Even with ourselves, it is exclusively used by steamers and factories. But plenty of people can remember when all our lake and river steamers burned wood. The British "Coal Strike" of 1912 will be long remembered.

Scots of a night attack, is substantially correct. It was about 900 A.D. in the reign of Kenneth III., who hastened to Perth and defeated the Danes near that city, at the "Thistles Bridge" over the Tay. The bridge, which bears that name to-day, was so named after the battle. The Danes fled to their ships; their king was killed in the battle.

The pastoral vale that gave us birth,
Where all our infant joys were given,
Appears the loveliest spot on earth,
The holiest place of all but Heaven!
But all in vain its streamlets flow,
And all in vain its wild flowers wave,
When anguished breasts are doomed to know

That it contains a mother's grave.
— William Knox.

The first introduction of coaches in Edinburgh was in 1610, when they began to run between Edinburgh and Leith.

It was John Blower's fault, too, when he wan to the lee-side o' a bowl o' punch; there was nae raising him! St. Ronan's Well.

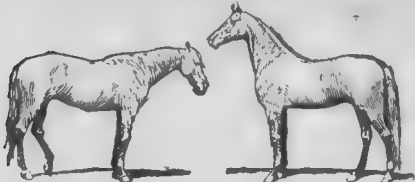
An engine for a "goods train" was turned out lately in Scotland 2,000 tons in weight. Trains drawn by such engines are sometimes two-thirds of a mile long.

The big steamer Lusitania has now got down the time of her passage from land to land to less by one hour of five days. One could visit the Land of the Heather without losing very much time.

A Scottish paper states, that "a

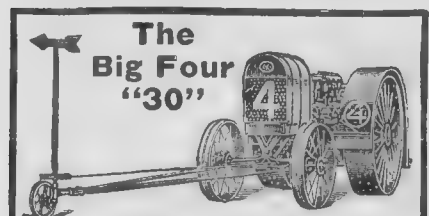
SAVE-THE-HORSE SPAVIN REMEDY

(Trade-Mark Registered)



Whether on Spavin, Puff, Tendon, or any kind of lameness a permanent cure is guaranteed. **NASSAWAY, Ont., Dec. 11, 1911.**—Troy Chemical Co., Kingston, N. Y.—Dear Sirs: Last June I purchased a bottle of Save-The-Horse for a bog spavin and thoroughpin, which I drew on while stoning with a stone machine; after a cure was effected I had one-third of the bottle left. I went West this fall, two days after the fall while playing in a rough pasture. The Veterinary blistered and poulticed her until I came home, two months ago, and she was still unable to put her foot under her. The Veterinary said it was a rupture in the coffin joint, as near the toe as it was possible to get. When I came home I discarded his treatment and used the remainder of Save-The-Horse and she is nearly sound. This mare is a dapple gray percheron, 2 years old, and weighs 1500 lbs. Please send me your opinion and another bottle of your cure, C. O. D., at once from your Canadian office. Yours truly, **ALEX. CRAWFORD.**

16 Years a Success
\$5. And every bottle sold with an iron-clad contract to cure or refund money. This contract has \$50,000 paid-up capital back of it to secure and make its promise good. Send for copy, also latest book and testimonials from breeders and business men the world over on every kind of case.
TROY CHEMICAL CO., TORONTO, ONT.
Druggists everywhere sell Save-The-Horse with a signed contract to cure or refund money.



SAVE MONEY THRESHING

The Big Four "30" is the safest, surest, most economical and efficient threshing power in the world. Has many advantages over the steam engine. No water to watch, no steam to keep up, no fire and no danger of any kind. Motor runs smoothly hour after hour without attention. One man runs separator and engine. Engine and separator can be set so that wind will blow directly from engine to separator, which helps separator handle grain and makes a lot of difference to the pitchers. Only a small crew is required, instead of old-time large crews.

Sold on Approval

Emerson-Brantingham Co.,
Gas Traction Division
172 Princess St., Winnipeg, Man.

Gen. Office: Rockford, Ill. Factories: Winnipeg, Minneapolis.



Send This Advt. with **\$3.50**

And you get, prepaid, a pair of these great British-made boots for men. Goodyear welt, sewn soles, lat toe, comfortable, damp-proof, give long service, solid as a rock throughout. Blucher cut, English-Chrome calf uppers, oak tanned soles, quality clear through. Sizes and half sizes, 5 1/2 to 11 1/2. Guaranteed satisfactory or money back. We sell all our goods that way.

Dealers Wanted.
SCOTTISH WHOLESALE SPECIALTY CO.
134D Princess Block, Winnipeg

BOY'S COWBOY SUIT FREE

THIS WILD-WEST COSTUME, made of Khaki drill, has shirt with turned down collar and red necktie, fringed trousers and large Khaki Cow-boy hat. We have all sizes from 2 to 14 years. Any boy can earn one easily selling only \$4.00 WORTH of our high grade postcards at 6 FOR 10 cents. Our cards are all fast sellers, no cheap cards included. For girls we have a COWGIRL SUIT all ages from 2 to 14 years. Write now for cards, sell them, return the money and we will send the suit by return. **THE POSTCARD PREMIUM CO., dept. WINNIPEG, CANADA.**

Jewish agricultural school is to be established in Great Britain," and asks, "Is finance played out?" for none of us ever saw a Jew-farmer.

The "Rush to Canada" is perhaps greater this year than ever before. "Hard times" for many of them at first. If industrious and sober, they soon overcome their difficulties and adapt themselves to their new surroundings. All Canadians have observed that when immigrants "go home" after being some years in Canada, they never stay there. They are always back again in Canada within about two years.

"I'm tell't that ye hae gotten a fiddle in your kirk."

"Aye, but it isn't ane o' thae little sinfu' fiddles they play at fairs an' penny waddins, but a big sonsie-lookin' instrument that gie's sic a drunt that gars a body respec' it."

"How is it, John," said a minister to his "man," "how is it that you never go a message for me anywhere in the parish, but you contrive to take too much spirits? People don't offer me spirits when I am making calls in the parish."

"Weel, sir," said John, "I canna precisely explain it, unless on the supposition that I am a wee bit mair popular wi' some o' the folk maybe than ye are."

The Pegasus I for the nonce have leased.

Is unaccustomed to the leash or saddle;

The noble steed is such a healing beast,

The very moment that he gets a straddle;

My skill's devoted, not to frills and scallops,

But how to sit him as he soars and gallops!

James D. Law.

Heather. "In the deserts and moors of this realm," says old Hector Boece 600 years ago, "grows an herb named heather, very nutritive to beasts, and especially to bees. In the month of June it produces a flower of purple hue as sweet as honey." Of this flower the Picts made a delicious and wholesome liquor. The making of it is now lost."

The Kilt. As a great many Scotsmen had announced their intention of leaving the Commonwealth forces if the kilt was forbidden, the military authorities have compromised. The present kilt uniforms will still be used on special occasions, but a new uniform known as "Commonwealth pattern" will be issued to all Australian regiments. All training of recruits is to be done in the latter.

A real live professor asserts that the best thing a man can do with a distinguished university course is "to get over it" as soon as he possibly can. He could come out to our Northwest.

Glasgow. In the census of 1911 some of the particulars of which are just issued, the population of Glasgow is 784,496 against 761,709 in 1901. There are 22,000 more females than males. 53,828 were born in Ireland, and 29,859 in England; 16,544 speak Gaelic; 14 persons cannot speak English.

A Beginning. Edinburgh has reduced liquor licenses by 15 this year—11 grocers' licenses, and 4 public houses. This will grow. A few reductions also in other places.

Rev. Mr. Shirra, of Kirkcaldy, was one day reading in the pulpit the 116th Psalm, in which occur the words, "I said in my haste, all men are liars." He quietly observed to his congregation, "Indeed, David, my man, an' ye had been hereaway, ye might hae said it at your leisure."

Hae left us weary and wae,
And fain to be laid limb-free;

In a dreamless dawn to be airtit away
To the shores of the Crystal Sea!

Robert Reid.

New Model 27. Marlin REPEATING RIFLE

The only gun that fills the demand for a trom-bone ("pump") action repeater in .25-20 and .32-20 calibres.



Shoots high velocity smokeless cartridges, also black and low pressure smokeless.

Powerful enough for deer, safe to use in settled districts, excellent for target work, for foxes, geese, woodchucks, etc.

Its exclusive features: the quick, smooth working "pump" action; the wear-resisting Special Smokeless Steel barrel; the modern solid-top and side ejector for rapid, accurate firing, increased safety and convenience. It has take-down construction and Ivory Bead front sight; these cost extra on other rifles of these calibres.

Our 136 page catalog describes the full Marlin line. Sent for three stamps postage. Write for it.

The Marlin Firearms Co. 76 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

A GREAT SPECIFIC FOR WEAK MEN.

All men suffering from Varicocele, Weakening Drains, Nervous Debility, Depression, Brain Fog, Neurasthenia, Bladder Weakness, and all forms of Seminal Weakness or Premature Decline of the Vital Powers, etc., should test the unique Restorative properties of

VARICOLIUM ELIXIR,

the great Scientific Specific for these ailments. Varicolum will cure you quickly: it will cure you completely; it will cure you permanently. You do not have to wait for months, but experience improvement in a few days. Weakening drains gradually cease; the relaxed veins return to their normal healthy state, a restoration of the whole Nervous System takes place, a return of the Vital Powers with full capacity and fitness is assured. Send 5 cents in stamps for Advice Form and Booklet on "Creative Vital Force," which explains fully all about Varicolum Elixir. It is a work of special interest to men on Seminal Weakness, Varicocele, Loss of Energy, Kidney Disease, Bladder Weakness, Gleet, Discharges, Urinary Troubles, Debility, and Premature Decline of the Vital Powers. (Read Booklet for cases cured similar to yours.) **ADVICE FREE.**

Address: **BUCHANAN & CO.,** 1, Grosvenor Avenue, Tong Rd., Armley, Leeds, England

Another New Grain Firm.

Another new grain firm has been added to the Winnipeg list of Commission men under the firm name of Blackburn & Mills. Mr. Alex. N. Blackburn for



D. K. Mills.

years Manager of the Grain Growers Grain Company and Mr. David K. Mills for several years Secretary-Treasurer and Assistant Manager of the same



A. N. Blackburn.

company, have opened up in the Grain Exchange, and have been admitted to the membership of that body. Both gentlemen have an intimate knowledge of the grain business and it is questionable whether there are any two men in the trade who have in recent years handled a larger quantity of wheat. They enter business on their own account, fully equipped and with a wide knowledge that should prove not only profitable to themselves but to all those who entrust them with business.

Automatic Awl



The illustration shows the inside working of the awl. This Automatic Awl will sew anything that an ordinary awl will make a hole through—harness, boots, tents, suit-cases, belting, carpets, etc., making a lockstitch like a machine, sews 2 feet of heavy leather in the time usually taken to make a waxed thread.

We will send this Automatic Awl prepaid three extra needles, including our patent needle for sewing shoes, and a reel of waxed thread, enough to last you for several years, for \$1. Money returned if not as represented.

The Automatic Awl Co., 31 Queen Street W. TORONTO, ONT.
Agents Wanted

DAINTY DRESSED DOLL

GIVEN FREE FOR SELLING XMAS BOOKLETS



This large and beautiful doll is about two feet in height, and is dressed in the very latest style direct from Paris. Her costume is made up of fine silk, trimmed with Irish lace, and she has a very stylish hat. We believe it is one of the prettiest dolls ever shown. Given absolutely free for selling only \$3.00 worth of our high grade embossed and colored postcards at 6 for 10c; including Thanksgiving, Halloween, Birthdays, Comic, Views, Christmas and New Years. All our postcards are fast sellers. Write now for cards and soon as sold send

the money and we will send Doll by return.
THE JONES MFG. CO. DEPT. W.H.M. WINNIPEG, CANADA.

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THIS BEAUTIFUL \$15 LIBRARY LAMP

(For ELECTRICITY, OIL or GAS)

For WESTERN HOME MONTHLY SUBSCRIBERS

This is one of the most handsome and useful Newspaper Premiums ever offered in Canada. These lamps have been manufactured specially for The Western Home Monthly by one of the largest makers in America. We demanded a lamp that would be an ornament to any room and that would give satisfactory service.

This lamp, we believe, measures fully up to these requirements; it must be seen to be fully appreciated.

See it on exhibition in the Western Home Monthly office, Stovel Block, Winnipeg.



For Gas, Oil
or Electricity.

Built of
Solid Brass.

The "Western Home Monthly Lamp" will at once be recognized as the premium de luxe. Nothing comparing with it has ever been presented in this city.

We offer you this beautiful lamp and the Western Home Monthly for one year for only \$5.00 or absolutely free for seven subscriptions at \$1 each.

This price is less than half what the lamp alone would cost you if bought elsewhere.

Our supply of these lamps is limited and after the original number has been distributed it will not be possible to duplicate at the price

The **Lamp** is of solid brass, in brush finish. Each Lamp is equipped with Standard Fixtures. Fitted either for Gas, Oil or Electricity. Height of Lamp is 21 inches.

The **Shade** is 16 inches square, fitted with beautiful Amber and Gold Cathedral Art Glass, and is so constructed that the glass may be removed, in case of breakage, thus removing the necessity of sending it to the factory to be repaired. The shade is also so constructed that a fringe can be adjusted and used by any housewife. This shade is manufactured without the use of solder or rivets, entirely doing away with the danger of solder melting from the heat of the lamp and the crude and unsightly appearance of rivets.

The **Base** is seven inches square, built of solid brass, with an inclined slope.

The **Pedestal** is 12 inches high by 1 inch square, crowned by a cap 2 inches square, upon which the lighting fixture is screwed.

The **Brackets**, four in number, are packed detached from the lamp. The method of attaching them is so simple that it would be impossible to adjust them incorrectly. No screws or rivets are necessary to put them in their place.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG CANADA

The Home Doctor.

The Cold Bath.

I have often been asked if I thought it advisable for a person who is not vigorous to take a cold bath. Yes, by all means. Everyone should take a cold bath of some sort every day. To go from day to day and from month to month without bringing cold in some form in contact with the skin results in a low state of vitality and in debility.

Cold is one of the best of all remedies for stimulating body reaction, reaction being a sort of gymnastics which helps to develop the resistance of the body. In the first place, the skin represents every nerve centre in the entire body, for every part of the interior of the body is connected with the skin. For instance, when a person smiles it is because he is happy inside, and when a person frowns the very opposite is true. This represents a state of the brain, the skin being in sympathy with the brain, because there are nerves from the brain that pass into the face. The same is true of every part of the body. Now this important fact is one of two principles that form the foundation of the science of hydrotherapy; the other fact is the relation of the blood-vessels to the skin—not that the blood-vessels terminate in the skin, but many of them lie very near the surface of the skin. For instance, everyone knows that if a man stands on his head his

sal volatile will bring speedy relief, but will not cure. A good nourishing diet, rich dishes, and alcoholic stimulants should be avoided. Twelve grains of sub-nitrate of bismuth and 5 grs. of aromatic powder, taken twice daily in a little milk, is usually effective.

Biliousness.—Excess of bile in the system.

Causes.—Too much food containing fats, oils, or sugar; want of exercise.

Symptoms.—Languor, sleepiness, furred tongue, pain between the shoulders.

Treatment.—Abstinence from all food till the bile is worked off. Full doses of sulphate of soda, or Epsom salts, should be taken in the morning. Then a diet of porridge and skim milk. The return to solid food should be very gradual, and for some days should consist of easily-digested foods—toast, a little lean meat, broiled fish, vegetables, and ripe fruit. Regular open-air exercise is of the first importance. Those who are disposed to biliousness will find a plain diet of bread, milk, oatmeal, vegetables, and fruit, with lean meat, and broiled fish in moderation beneficial. Alcoholic stimulants must be avoided.

Constipation.—Costiveness; irregular



A Bunch of Spring Beauties—"Anemone Patens."

face gets red, because the blood goes to the head.

Every nerve that comes out from the spinal cord and brain is disturbed in pairs, one nerve going to the internal organ and the other nerve going to the external part, so that if by hot or cold application some change in the condition of the skin is established, the same change is effected in the internal parts. For example, an up-to-date doctor in case pneumonia will put an ice bag, for periods of about twenty minutes, over the inflamed lung, which causes contraction of the blood-vessels lying over the lung, the internal lung vessels contracting at precisely the same time; then for short periods the ice bag is removed so the blood-vessels can dilate again. This is the very best possible means of getting rid of the germs in the lung and thus effecting a cure. The same principle applies to every part of the body, so that you can readily understand why the activity of the skin is so closely connected with the condition of the internal organs and why it is necessary to stimulate the skin.

Common Complaints.

Acidity.—A form of indigestion.

Causes.—Excessive secretion of gastric juice in the stomach.

Symptoms.—Pain in the stomach, followed by the rising of watery or sour fluid after food.

Treatment.—Half a teaspoonful of

or insufficient action of the bowels.

Causes.—Too much animal and starchy food; want of proper exercise; mental anxiety.

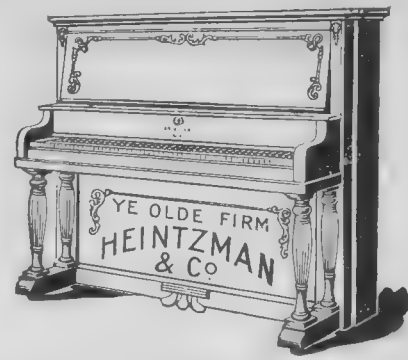
Symptoms.—Headache; distension of the abdomen; furred tongue; languor.

Treatment.—This disorder will usually give way under careful regulation of diet. A glass of cold water before breakfast, a cold bath, or rub down with a rough towel, brown bread instead of white, oatmeal porridge, bacon, coffee or cocoa, vegetables, except potatoes, and fruits, especially prunes and apples, are all useful in helping the action of the bowels. Those who are liable to constipation should avoid milk and cheese. Regular exercise is a necessary accompaniment to diet, and a brisk walk of two miles or so must be taken daily. If medicine is found necessary, small doses of castor oil, magnesia, Epsom salts, Gregory's powder, etc., will be found beneficial.

Diarrhoea.—**Causes.**—Indigestible food; unripe fruit, new vegetables; cold; damp; heat, etc.

Symptoms.—Coated tongue; flatulence; bad taste in the mouth; sickness. Diarrhoea is sometimes a symptom of some other disease.

Treatment.—When diarrhoea is due to some irritating substance in the bowels, a tablespoonful of castor oil and ten drops of laudanum should be taken. When it is necessary to check the trouble a tablespoonful of chalk mixture with five drops of laudanum



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for the Home in the same spirit that you purchase up-to-date machinery for the farm. The Piano is as important a factor in attaining the happiest home-life for yourself and family as is modern machinery in obtaining the best out of your crops.

The Heintzman & Co. Piano

is the most perfect instrument made in Canada. For over 60 years it has led the way. It is built to last a lifetime and age only mellows the beauty and purity of its tone. It is made in many styles but in only one quality of tone.

Some rare values in slightly used Pianos

A "New Scale Williams" in special case. Original Price \$500 for \$375	
Only used for 6 months. Just like New.	
A Second Hand "Mason & Risch,"	500 for 275
A "Heintzman & Co.," only out for a few weeks	425 for 375

There are many others at prices ranging from \$50.00 up, also a number of second-hand organs at prices ranging from \$25 up.

J.J.H. McLean & Co. Ltd.

(WINNIPEG'S GREATEST MUSIC HOUSE)

Corner Portage Avenue and Hargrave Street.
WINNIPEG, MAN.



Are Your Kidneys Right? How Do You Know?

About two-thirds of human ailments come from impaired action of the kidneys. Rheumatism, bladder complaints and many a distressful and dangerous condition are the result of the kidneys failing to filter poisonous acids and waste matter from the blood.

Every human being gets due warning of imperfect kidney action. It may come in the form of dull or violent headaches. It may be given by aching at the small of the back or by intermittent pains in the joints. There are many symptoms but only one way to heed the warning. Treat your kidneys without delay.

Probably the best known specific is sweet nitre. In days gone by, elderly people used to take sweet nitre in liquid form as a means of toning and stimulating the kidneys. To-day

DR. CLARK'S SWEET NITRE PILLS

are used. They are far more effective, purer and cheaper than the old way. A few taken early in the attack, put you right. One taken occasionally thereafter, will keep you right and prevent the trouble ever getting a foothold in your system. Isn't it worth while?

Sold everywhere at fifty cents a box, or mailed direct by 40

THE MARTIN, BOLE & WYNNE CO., WINNIPEG, CAN.

CHALLENGE



Save you money

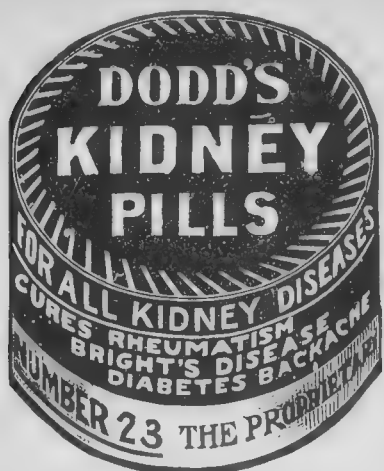
Stop all laundry troubles. "Challenge" Collars can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth—smart and dressy always. The correct dull finish and texture of the best linen.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand write us enclosing money, 25c. for collars, 50c. per pair for cuffs. We will supply you. Send for new style book.

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Cement Granitoid

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No. C. 52

Modern Memorials, as handsome in appearance as Granite, equally lasting, at less than One-Half the cost of Granite. Address to

Standard Cement Stone Co.

Manufacturers of
Ornaments and Monuments

GIROUX - - MAN.



MAKE MONEY

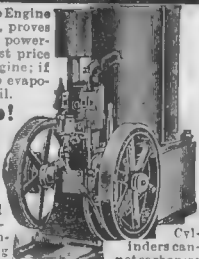
Growing Mushrooms for us. Waste space in cellars, outhouses or barns can be made to yield \$20 to \$50 per week during fall and winter months. Send for illustrated booklet and full particulars. **Montreal Supply Co., Montreal, Can.**

Use KEROSENE Engine Free!

Amazing "DETROIT" Kerosene Engine shipped on 15 days' FREE Trial, proves kerosene cheapest, safest, most powerful fuel. If satisfied, pay lowest price ever given on reliable farm engine; if not, pay nothing. No waste, no evaporation, no explosion from coal oil! Gasoline is 9c to 15c higher than coal oil. Still going up. Two pints of coal oil do work of three pints gasoline.

Amazing "DETROIT"—only engine running on coal oil successfully; uses alcohol, gasoline and benzine, too. Starts without cranking. Only three moving parts—no cams—no sprockets—no gears—no valves—the utmost in simplicity, power and strength. Mounted on skids. All sizes, 2 to 20 h. p., in stock ready to ship. Engine tested before crating. Comes all ready to run. Pumps, saws, threshes, churns, separates milk, grinds feed, shells corn, runs home electric lighting plant. **Prices (stripped), \$29.50 up. Sent any place on 15 days' Free Trial.** Don't buy an engine till you investigate money-saving, power-saving "DETROIT." Thousands in use. Costs only postal to find out. If you are first in your neighborhood to write, you get Special Extra-Low Introductory Price. Write at once. (138)

Detroit Engine Works, 347 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.



HOT IRON IN 3 MINUTES

Every housewife needs a WAMA Spirit Iron. Burns methylated spirits. Double nickel finish—never tarnishes, never gets out of order, guaranteed. Costs 1 cent an hour to use. Price includes delivery. Send for Circular. Agents wanted.

ACME SPECIALTY CO. WINNIPEG.

should be taken at short intervals till the desired result is effected. In violent and long-continued cases a medical man should be sent for at once.

An aggravated form of diarrhoea, which comes on in summer and autumn, is known as British cholera. A mild attack of this disease, like a mild attack of diarrhoea, had better be left alone. In a severe attack, with violent pains and purging, the patient should go to bed and have hot-water bottles, etc., applied to the abdomen, back and limbs, to relieve the pain. Ten drops of laudanum may also be given. Two tablespoonfuls of chalk mixture will help to allay the purging. Barley water, or cold water, in which isinglass has been dissolved, should be given to drink. If there is sickness, give five drops of chloroform in a little brandy and water. The best means of preventing British cholera is care in diet. Iced water should be entirely forbidden, and it is well to boil all the water intended for household uses. After boiling the water which is intended to be used for drinking purposes, it may be cooled by having ice placed about the container, but ice should never be put into it. The most scrupulous care in regard to the milk supply is necessary also, and the milk should be boiled and cared for in the same manner as the water. Cheese, cream puffs, tinned foods, and the like, should be regarded with an increase of suspicion during the summer months.

Heartburn.—A burning affection of the stomach.



Diving at Elm Park, Winnipeg.

Causes.—Undue acidity, or bitter substances in the stomach.

Symptoms.—A burning or irritating feeling at the pit of the stomach, or in the top of the throat.

Treatment.—In this, as in all other similar derangements, the cure is a question more of dieting than medicine. Soda, magnesia, or chalk will relieve the attack; but a cure can only be expected from correcting the error in the diet which is the cause of the trouble. The ease with which these medicines effect relief is liable to lead to their abuse; but it must be remembered that continued application to them will inevitably end in debility of the stomach and the system generally.

Neuralgia.—Violent nerve pain, especially in the head and face.

Causes.—Deranged stomach; cold; rheumatism; exposure to draughts when heated; depressing influences of all kinds—anxiety, worry, grief, etc.

Symptoms.—Severe pain coming and going at intervals, and lasting for uncertain periods. The attacks may occur every few minutes, or days may elapse between them—no pain whatever being felt in the interval.

Treatment.—If the system is out of gear, begin by taking a laxative medicine, followed by a tonic—cod-liver oil or iron—good plain food and plenty of exercise. The teeth should also be seen to. The best of all remedies is quinine, especially if the pain recurs at regular intervals. A 5 gr. pill should be taken every four hours. Relief, and sometimes cure, may be had by applying a piece of flannel wrung out of boiling water to the affected part, or by

soaking a small piece of cotton wool in diluted carbolic acid and putting it in the hollow of the tooth from which the pain proceeds. Care must be taken that none is swallowed. The best way of applying the wool to the tooth is to put it on a pointed match. This lessens the risk of any of the carbolic acid causing a blister by coming in contact with any part of the mouth. Generally speaking, neuralgia will be routed as soon as the general health is brought up to high water mark.

Sore Throat.—Inflammation of the throat.

Causes.—Cold damp.

Symptoms.—Hoarseness; pain in swallowing; dryness in the throat; pain in the angles of the jaws.

Treatment.—The patient should be kept in an even temperature; but need not go to bed. Salt and water used as a gargle will be found quite as efficacious as chlorate of potash, and absolutely safe. It can be used as frequently as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time it will not do any harm, on the contrary, will produce a beneficial effect by cleansing the throat and allaying the irritation caused by the soreness. Diluted ammonia rubbed with a piece of flannel on the outside of the throat is excellent in cases of sore throat from colds. The food should consist chiefly of eggs, beef tea, gruel, milk, etc.

The Candy Habit.

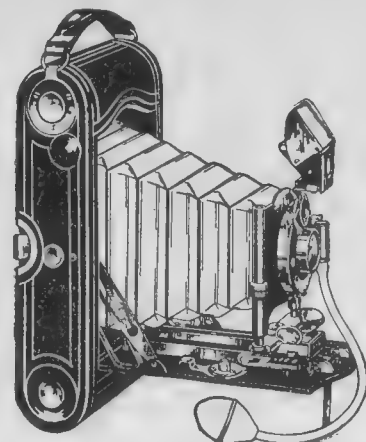
In a recent volume, "The Principles

of Nutrition," Whitman H. Jordan, Director of the New York Agricultural Station, condemns in the strongest possible terms the feeding of candy to children. "It is true," says Mr. Jordan, "that pure candy is made of sugar, which, under right conditions, may play an important part in the animal economy. But sugar of itself exercises no constructive function, and when the free use of sweetmeats is permitted, generally at all times of the day, a desire for wholesome food is much lessened, and the child is robbed, sometimes disastrously and always unfortunately, of the nutrition to which it is entitled. The eating habits of some children are nothing short of abominable, and for these habits parents are responsible. It is a trite saying, but a true one, that the intelligent farmer's calves and pigs are fed more rationally than many children."

There's music, and brightness, and beauty
Somewhere in this great world to-day;
It can't matter much if my duty
Forbids me to join in the play.
The song that my brother is voicing,
The happiness that he has had,
Shall waken my heart to rejoicing—
Because of his joy, I am glad.

If there's something good you know
Of another, friend or foe,
Something meriting your praise,
Though it be in little ways,
Something kindly, tender, true,
That will hope and faith renew,
And lead others like to do—
Always tell it!

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.



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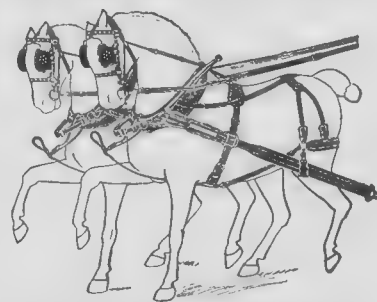
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When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

The New Venetian Relief Embroidery.

It very seldom happens that so many new ideas are brought forward as during the first and second seasons of this year, and another beautiful embroidery has just appeared and is being added to the others which are having such a wide spread vogue. This beautiful embroidery is called relief embroidery, because the flowers are in relief being

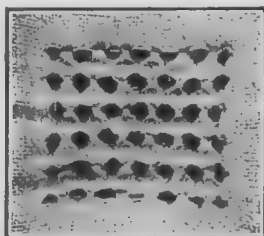


No. 8535 Waist on Linen \$1.25. Waist on 45 inch Voile 75 cents.

fastened to the fabric underneath only at the tip and base of each petal, the effect of this embroidery cannot be successfully conveyed by mere illustrations but with the description and diagram the method of working will be clearly understood.

This embroidery is used in combination with punched stitch which was fully described in the March issue of this paper and the remainder of this

the diagram No. 1 before commencing the stitch. Thread an embroidery needle which will freely take a stranded cotton thread (about three strands,) and make one stitch across the base of each petal near the centre of the flower; into this bar thus formed work four button hole stitches working from left to right, see figure 2. Then work back to the left, putting two stitches into the first, see figure 3, one each into the others and two into the last, thus making six stitches on the second row. Then work to the right again repeating



Punched Embroidery.

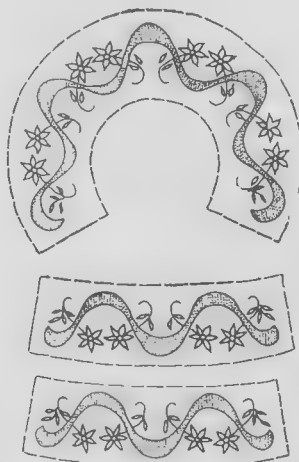
as on last row thus increasing the number of stitches to eight. Then work three or four rows without increasing, thus forming the widest part of the petal. Begin to narrow by omitting a stitch at the outer edge of each row, see figure 4, and narrow thus until only one stitch remains, fastening this into the fabric underneath and finishing



No. 8229 collar and cuff set 60 cents.

the thread firmly on the under side of the material. The result will be a petal a little longer and fuller than the stamped flower, and will thus round up beautifully, carrying out the name "relief embroidery."

The punched background and the remainder of the design should be embroidered before making the raised petals. The centre of each flower is composed of two or three French knots.



No. 8236 collar and cuff set 60 cents.

The punched embroidery has already been described in this column, and full sized diagrams showing the method of working the stitch have also been given.



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For eight skeins of ART EMBROIDERY SILK which is sufficient to embroider a 15 inch Cream Linen Centre Piece, stamped for the new HEATHER EMBROIDERY.

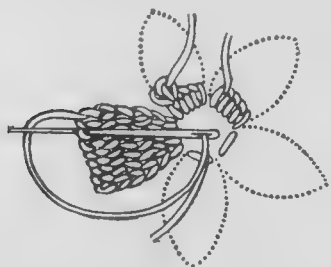
We will give you FREE, this Centre Piece, and sufficient Cream Lace to edge this as illustrated, also a diagram lesson which will teach any woman this beautiful embroidery which is simple but effective.

Send to-day, as this generous offer is good for a short time only.

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Dept. L. Montreal, P.Q.



Figures 1, 2, 3, 4.

design is embroidered in solid padded satin stitch and the finished effect is beautiful. The work is not difficult and the designs are adapted to all articles of dress wear, such as waists, collars, lingerie as well as table centres, doilies and cushions.

Work each petal separately (one at a time), and have them entirely free or in relief from the fabric underneath excepting where they are fastened into the top and base of each petal. Study



Finished flower.



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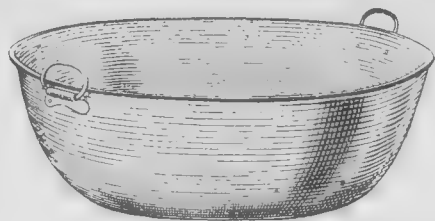
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"TRY THEM; YOU'LL LIKE THEM."

THE E. B. EDDY COMPANY, Hull, Canada

Special needles are required for this work. They are very coarse and puncture the material, thus forming the open-work effect.

The waist illustrated on Page 57 may be embroidered on either marquisette or light weight linen, either of which is suitable for this embroidery. This waist is stamped on two yards of material, which allows for a set in sleeve.

Embroidered collar sets are quite an important item among dress accessories this season, as the present simple one piece gowns and suits do not require any other trimming and the sets illustrated here are very beautiful.

No. 8229 has been embroidered on a medium weight linen and the beauty of this set cannot be shown by a mere illustration. A buttonholed edge finished this set, but No. 8236 which shows another set is to be edged with narrow lace, linen cluny being one of the fashionable laces for this purpose.

The prices quoted in these columns are for stamped or tinted linens only, as we do not supply embroidered articles.

A commenced sample of this embroidery together with a suitable needle will be sent on receipt of 25 cents.

For further information regarding any of the articles described in these columns address Building Paul Corticelli Limited, Dept. L. Montreal, P. Q.

tribution in the suggestion that a pinch of salicylic acid added to each pan full of fruit, pickle or catsup would act as a splendid preservative and prevent souring and fermentation.

The next meeting will be held on Saturday, August 31st. and the programme will be 'School Lunches' a paper provided by the President and read by Mrs. A. E. Downey, and 'Preserving Fruits' by Mrs. Shirely and Miss Ashdown.

RECIPES.

Unfermented Grape Wine.

Mrs. Walter Blair.

Cover 20 lbs. of grapes with 6 qts. water and simmer for half a day; add 8 lbs sugar to every gallon of liquid and to the whole amount 1 desert-spoonful of salicylic acid dissolved in a little warm water. Bottle and cork.

Dandelion Wine.

Mrs. Gardner.

To 1 peck of flowers add 3 gals water and boil 20 minutes; strain through a sieve and to every gallon of juice add 3 lbs of sugar, the rinds of 2 oranges and 2 lemons. Return to stove and boil 20 minutes. When nearly cold put a piece of toasted bread covered with yeast on the juice in crock and let stand for a week to ferment. Bottle and leave uncorked 6 or 8 weeks.



The Blackbirds Return.

Home Economics.—Swan Lake.

The postponed July meeting of the Home Economics was held on Saturday afternoon, August 3rd. on the lawn in front of Mrs. Gardner's house.

The opening of the meeting was deferred until 3.30 on account of the tardy arrival of many of the members and after the President, Mrs. G. B. Gordon, had explained the reasons for the postponement of the July meeting, the usual business was proceeded with by the Secretary, Mrs. Hartwell, reading the minutes of the last meeting, which was adopted as read.

The President then asked whether it would meet the convenience of the members if the opening hour during the summer months, were changed to 4 o'clock, but the majority being in favor of 3 that time was retained.

The President also read a letter from Mrs. McCharles, President of the H. E. Societies of Manitoba, giving an account of the International Congress of Women's Work which is to be held at Lethbridge, Alta, in October, and asking for a donation to help maintain an exhibit there; after discussion the Corresponding Secretary was asked to forward \$5. on behalf of the Swan Lake H. E. S. with best wishes for the success of the Congress.

The programme which was 'Cool Drinks and Desserts,' was very interesting though only Cool Drinks were discussed. Three recipes which were new to the Club are given below, and Mesdames Gordon (President) W. H. Couch and Herbert discussed the various ways of making Raspberry Vinegar and Mrs. A. E. Downey proved that Choke Cherry Vinegar made on the same lines is a pleasant summer drink. Mrs. Downey also gave a valuable con-

Note.—The Rhubarb Wine Recipe has unfortunately been mislaid, we hope to be able to give it in an early issue.

The Black Birds Return.

Written for the Western Home Monthly.

By Mrs. J. E. C., Waskada.

The black birds all came in April;
All the ground was covered with snow.
The music they warbled sweetly,
Had a melody soft and low.
There rippled deep notes contralto,
Diapason—so tenderly—
I heard 'midst all the cadenza:
"Au—ber—ee!" I love thee.

The chorus swelled loud and louder
As the black-coated birdlings told,
In twitting anthems of gladness.
Or loud-voiced notes gay and bold,
Of long journeys north, now over,
And the longing for reed and lea,
Where homes could be built to music:
"Au—ber—ee!" I love thee.

The red wing, the white wing and brown,
Rose up cloud-like from tree to tree;
They saw naught of brown earth's snow
lines,

But circled in happiness free.
The love tunes languished a moment,
Then chorused in higher key,
As each sang back to the other:
"Au—ber—ee!" I love thee.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease

Fashions and Patterns.

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c.
Order by number stating size wanted.
Address: Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Smart Models for Mother and Daughter.

The girl's dress illustrated, is adapted to linen, pique and various materials of the kind, but, in this case, combines plain white linen with the same material eyelet embroidered. The blouse with its cutaway peplum and fancy collar is very attractive, and is apt to be becoming to girlish figures, and the five-gored skirt is

back view, there is a suggestion for scallops that is worthy of notice.

For the 12 year size, the dress will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain linen 36 inches wide with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of embroidered linen 36 inches wide, to make as shown on the figure; to make of one material, the dress will require 6 yards of material 27, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette.

The May Manton pattern 7517 is cut



7517 Girl's Dress.

7472a Blouse with Robespierre Collar.

7477 Four-piece Envelope Skirt.

cutaway and lapped in the envelope style that is exceedingly smart just now; but the treatment and trimming make a vast difference in any pattern, and the same dress can be made as shown in the small front view by omitting the peplum, making the sleeves longer and cutting the front gore of the skirt straight. As shown on the figure, it is a dressy little frock; without the trimming, it becomes simple and adapted to school. In the

in sizes for girls from 10 to 14 years of age.

The young mother's gown is an exceedingly attractive one, combining one of the latest forms of the envelope skirt with a plain blouse that is finished with a Robespierre collar, and this collar is very new and of real importance. It makes one of the very latest features of fashion, and it can be utilized in this way, attached to the blouse, or made

The Rosy Bloom On a Woman's Cheek



is the most alluring beauty in the world. It is a prize within reach of almost every woman, if she will but give proper attention to her skin and her general health.

To restore the complexion, roughened and tanned by summer outings, to that soft, velvety clearness so envied in the social season, use

NA-DRU-CO Ruby Rose Cold Cream

This is a snowy-white preparation with a delicate rose perfume. It cleanses the skin, nourishes and fills out the deeper tissues, smoothes out wrinkles and imparts a velvety softness, free from roughness, redness or chaps. It keeps the skin healthy, and Nature supplies the rosy bloom.

In 25c. opal glass jars, at your Druggist's.

NA-DRU-CO Witch Hazel Cream

is a delightfully soothing preparation of Witch Hazel, presenting all its wonderful cooling and healing properties in a most agreeable form.

For the skin irritation which follows too much exposure to sun, wind, salt water or dust, it is a remedy as pleasant as it is effective.

25c. a bottle, at your Druggist's.

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Don't let anyone frighten you out of enjoying the advantages of Acetylene by telling you it's dangerous. Compared with other lighting systems it is SAFE, for it is responsible for fewer fires than any other illuminant.

Kerosene and gasoline cause the most fires; next in order comes electric light, caused by bad wiring; then coal gas; then candles, while Acetylene causes fewest.

Don't let any misplaced caution prevent you from putting in this whitest, softest, most agreeable of all forms of lighting, for the danger from Acetylene is, as you see, much smaller than that from the coal oil lamps you are now using.

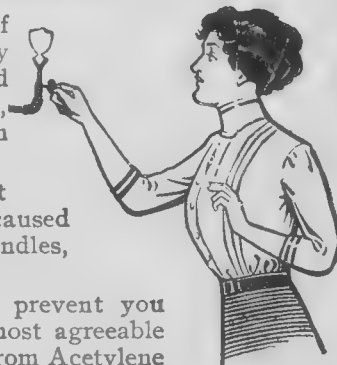
For full information about Acetylene lighting, methods of installation, cost, etc., write

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THE CLEAN, FAST, EASY HOME DYE

There's plenty of wear left in these soiled and faded dresses, blouses, sweater coats and winter wraps, and Maypole Soap will make them as fresh and pretty as new at a cost of only a few cents.

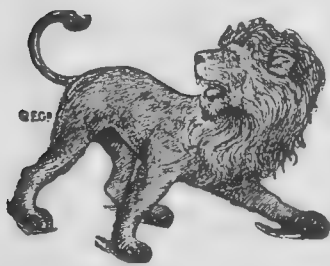
Maypole Soap gives fast, even, lustrous colors, with the least possible trouble and none of the mess connected with powder dyes, because Maypole Soap is in cake form, and does not stain hands or kettles.

24 colors—will give any shade. Colors **10c**—black **15c**—at your dealer's or postpaid with free Booklet, "How to Dye," from

Frank L. Benedict & Co., - Montreal



"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."



If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY drained away your strength by bad habits or dissipation, or SAPPED your vital forces by EXCESSES.

It is time for you to stop.

No man can afford to be reckless, force nature to undue effort, ruin his Constitution or violate the laws governing life, this invariably results in disaster or a Complete Nervous Breakdown and a

Giving out of the Vital Forces

long before the average period.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, and every man who would be warned in time, should take heed NOW. Send 10 cents for my Book, and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess, and thousands who have read it acclaim it to be "worth its weight in gold."

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The most popular and practical treatise published on the Laws governing Life, with Special Chapters on Generative Weakness, Flagging of the Powers and practical observations on Marriage.

Contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the health, regain Strength and restore the Powers when lost.

To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, restore the Powers to advanced age or fit themselves for Marriage. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any address on receipt of 10 cents

Address—**CHARLES GORDON, No. 100, Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks, England** Copyright) (Mention this Paper) [Registered.]

separately. The closing is made at the front beneath the frill. The sleeves are in one piece each of the "set-in" sort. They can be made long and closed with button-holes at the wrists or they can be cut off in elbow length. The skirt is made in four pieces, and those at the front and back are over-lapped in true envelope style. The plaited portions are separate and can be used or omitted as liked. Without them, the skirt is a plain one with over-lapping points. The finish can be made at either the high or the natural waist line.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 27 inches wide for the collar and cuffs and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of lace 6 inches wide for the jabot; the skirt will require 5 yards 27, 36 or 44 inches wide if the material has figure or nap, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 if there is no up and down and 1 yard of additional material of any width for the plaited portions. The width of the plain skirt is $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7472A is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7477 in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper upon receipt of ten cents for each.

Buff Linen with Trimming of White.

Linen of various colors makes one of the best liked materials of warm weather, but it never is prettier than in this lovely buff shade with trimming of white. This blouse is tucked becomingly and the material is of sufficiently light weight to allow such treatment. The skirt is five-gored and both blouse and skirt are closed at the front—a feature that in itself is appealing. The entire costume of the one color is charming, and in the height of style, but there are always occasions when the separate

skirt and waist are needed, and these models can be used in that way. The skirt is an excellent one for linen, pique, cordaline, serge, eponge and, indeed, for all seasonable materials of the heavy sort, and the blouse can be made from lawn, batiste or any thin fabric of the kind. Handkerchief linen with the edges of the trimming bands scalloped would be very attractive.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36, or $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of banding; the skirt $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of banding.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7378 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure, of the skirt 7494 in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7378 Tucked Blouse or Shirt Waist, 34 to 42 bust.

7494 Five-Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.

They will be mailed to any address by the fashion department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

For the Out-Door Girl.

This middy costume is one of the newest and smartest and best liked for out-going occasions. The blouse includes the box plaits in Norfolk style that make the very latest feature and the skirt is six gored with a plait at each side that allows freedom for exercise. Short sleeves and low necks are almost a craze just now and most girls like them, but there is a shield that can be worn and the sleeves can be cut in any length. This dress is made of white linen with bands of blue, and white is much liked for dresses of the kind, but blue or tan color with bands of white would be more serviceable, and color is in every way correct. Natural colored linen with bands of red would make a good effect, and is excellent for camping, boating and all occasions of the kind. The loose blouse worn over the skirt is the preferred one, but it is not always becoming, and it can be cut off and joined to a belt to

IT MADE A MAN OF ME!

READ WHAT P. DESLORS, OF RALPH STATION, SASK., SAYS:

Dear Sir,—I am very thankful for the good your belt has done me. I can work now, and feel that the restoration of my health is complete. All I can say is that your Belt cured me after the failure of doctors. If there are any men broken down in health like I was, there is only one thing that can make them men again, and that is Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt. It has cured me and will do the same for you. If anyone doubts you, let them write to me.

Mr. Timothy Leadbeater, of Lethbridge, Alta., writes as follows:

"Dear Sir,—I purchased one of your Belts in December, 1905, and after using it as you directed, I felt like a new man, and I am pleased to inform you that I am just as well to-day and as free from pain as I ever was in my life. I found your Belt much better than was represented, and I have recommended it to many others, and shall always feel a pleasure in doing so. I am more than satisfied with my Belt. I followed your instructions and found it complete.

Give me a man broken down from dissipation, hard work or worry, from any cause which has sapped his vitality. Let him follow my advice for three months, and I will make him as vigorous in every respect as any man of his age.

Letters like that tell a story which means a good deal to a sufferer. They are a beacon light to the one who has become discouraged from useless doctoring. I get such letters every day.

My Belt has a wonderful influence upon tired, weak nerves. It braces and invigorates them and stirs up a great force of energy in a man.

Are you weak or in pain? Are you nervous or sleepless? Have you Varicocoele, Rheumatism, Weak Back, Kidney Trouble, Weak Stomach, Indigestion or Constipation? Are you lacking in vitality? I can give you the blessing of health and strength. I can fill your body with vigor and make you feel as you did in your youth. My electric Belt is worn while you sleep. It gives a soothing, genial warmth into the body. This is life—vigor.

After you have read the above, write to me, explain your case, and I will at once tell you if I can cure you or not.

Tell me where you are and I'll give you the name of a man in your town that I've cured. I've got cures in every town. That's enough. You need the cure. I've got it. You want it. I'll give it to you or you need not pay me a cent. Come and it get now. The pleasurable moments of this life are too few, so don't throw any away. While there's a chance to be husky and strong, to throw out your chest and look at yourself in the glass and say "I'm a man," do it and don't waste time thinking about it.



Put your name on this coupon and send it in.

Dr. E. M. McLAUGHLIN, 237 1/2 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada

Send me your Free Book, closely sealed, and oblige

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ADDRESS.....

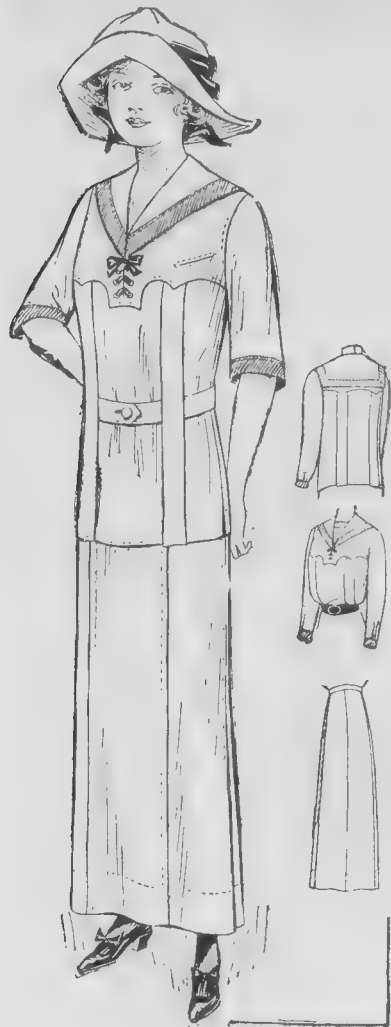
Call Today

Come and see me and let me show you what I have, or if you can't then cut out this coupon and send it in. It will bring you a description of my Belt and a book that will inspire you to be a man among men—all free. My hours 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday to 9 p.m.

form a regulation sailor blouse if need be.

For the 16 year size, the blouse will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36 or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 27 inches wide for trimming; the skirt $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide for linen or other material without up and down; but if all the gores must be laid on the material one way, there will be needed 7 yards 27, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

The May Manton patterns of the blouse 7309 and the skirt 7346 are both



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7509 Norfolk Middy Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

7346 Six-Gored Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

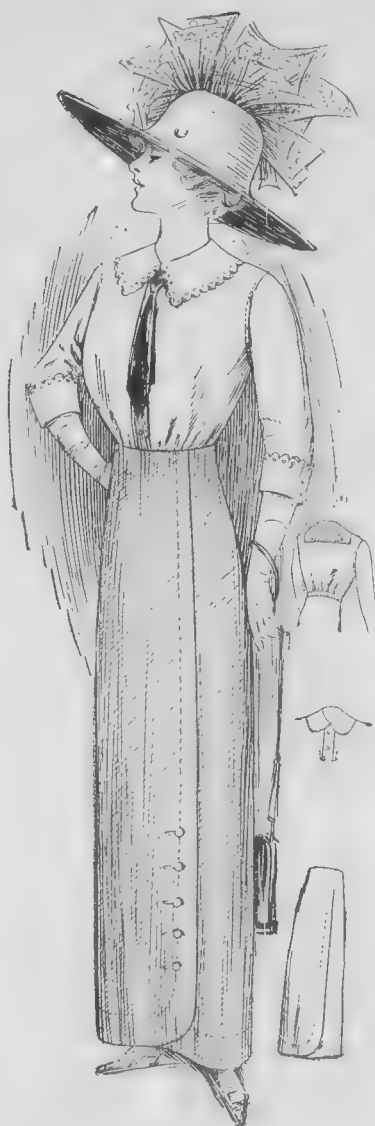
cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

The Ever Useful Separate Blouse.

The separate blouse to be worn with a skirt of serge, linen, corduroy or similar material is absolutely necessary to feminine comfort. This summer washable silks are liked for their making and there are many very beautiful as well as serviceable ones shown. This one is made of white silk with scallops and dots as finish, but a great many of the silk shirtings show a stripe of color, and it is claimed that they are so effectually treated in the process of making that it is impossible to fade them. White, however, is always pretty and always satisfactory and some of the new silks have a crepe surface that is charming, while practical women realize that such material can be laundered with very little difficulty. We are wearing many skirts finished with over-lapped edges and this one is especially graceful and attractive. It consists of only four pieces, so that the making is very simple and it can be finished at either the high or the natural waist line. In this case, it is made of khaki coloured serge, but it is adapted to all materials that can be made in the tailored style.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27 2 yards 36 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide; the skirt

$4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 or 36 or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide if there is no up and down, but if there is figure or nap, 5 yards 27 or 36



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7493 Blouse or Shirt Waist, 34 to 44 bust.

7517 Four-Piece Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.

or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide will be needed.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7493 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7507 in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents each.

Simple Gowns for Linen and Silk.

Whether one is planning for a vacation to be taken in the late summer or looking forward to the coming season with its many needs, simple gowns are likely to be needed.

The middie costume illustrated is a very new one and quite certain to appeal especially to the college and school girls. In this case, it is combined with a six gored skirt and the entire costume six gores, and these is an inverted plait is made of white linen trimmed with blue, but blouses of the kind are worn over odd skirts quite as well as for the entire costume and as it can be worn with or without the shield and made with long or short sleeves, it is adapted to all seasons. The Norfolk effect obtained by the box plaits worn over the skirt is exceedingly smart, but, if for any reason, it is not found becoming, the blouse can be cut off and finished with a hem and elastic to blouse slightly at the waist line. The skirt is made in at each side.

For the 16 year size, the blouse will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36 or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yd. 27 for the collar and cuffs and 5 yards of braid; the skirt $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide for linen or other material without up and down; if figured material is

"I Want You to Have My New Portable Granary"



Many Sizes

150
200
300
400
500
600
and 1,000

Imperial Bushels. Full Measure Guaranteed.

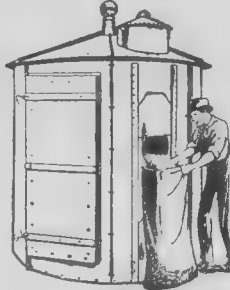
"These granaries come in compact bundles. A boy can set up and bolt one together in a few hours. Four padlocks protect the grain. Separator delivery into a spout on the side or into roof manhole—saves work in threshing. Your grain is protected from vermin, wet and thieves. Sell it when you are ready, loading direct from the granary into your wagon, or bagging it. No musty or heated grain. Get my granary and be independent of elevators for selling. Sell at the highest price, no matter how long you store your grain. The Pedlar Granary protects you."

"Write me for my booklet. It shows how profitable my Granary is even on a single quarter-section farm. Use it for 1912. The Book Tells of Big Money for You."

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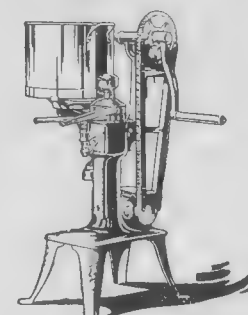


Imperial Bushel Granary, showing door. Also without door, if desired. Shows how easy to bag grain, when wanted. Other cut at left shows spout for hand filling as attached to Granary."



The Pedlar Granary is fireproof. Think what that means.

I H C Cream Separators Have Trouble-Proof Neck Bearings



I H C Cream Separators Dairymaid and Bluebell

have trouble proof, self aligning, bowl spindle bearings. The bowl spindle bearing or neck bearing is an extremely important part of the separator mechanism. Its business is to reduce to the lowest possible point the vibration of a heavy bowl whirling at the rate of 6,000 or more revolutions per minute. A rigid bearing in such a place is impossible. To make a flexible bearing capable of withstanding the terrific strain requires the most accurate balance of strength, firmness, and elasticity. In I H C cream separators this balance is acquired by the use of one spring. There is only one wearing part, a phosphor bronze bushing. The entire bearing is protected from dirt or milk by steel cases. There is but one adjustment and that easy to make.

Go to the I H C local agent who handles these machines and ask him to show you how successfully this bearing meets all the difficulties imposed upon it. He will also show you many other reasons why I H C cream separators, made in four sizes, are the best. Get catalogues and full information from him, or write the nearest branch house.

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I H C Service Bureau

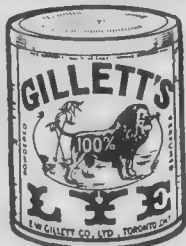
The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizer, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to I H C Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U.S.A.



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There is very little skimming difference between separators when new but there is a tremendous difference in the length of service they will give. The difference is due to design and mechanical construction. To take one example of mechanical efficiency

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WINNIPEG

When writing advertisers please
mention The Western Home Monthly.

blouse 7509 and the skirt 7346 are both cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years.

The foulard gown is a very pretty one made with the shaped and over-lapped front edges that are both new and smart. The blouse is a simple one made with the one-piece sleeves sewed to the armholes and with a separate chemisette that is closed at the back while the blouse is closed at the front. The sleeves can be made in elbow length with prettily shaped cuffs, or extended to the wrists and finished in any manner preferred. The skirt is in five gores. The back gore forms a box plait, and the front edges are over-lapped. The finish can be made at either the high or the natural waist line. If the shaped edges of the blouse and skirt are not liked, they can be cut straight and finished with hems or with trimming.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27, 2 yards 36 or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 27 for the collar and cuffs and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 18 for the chemisette; the skirt, $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide; bands for both skirt and blouse, 1 yard 21 inches wide. The skirt at the lower edge measures 2 yards

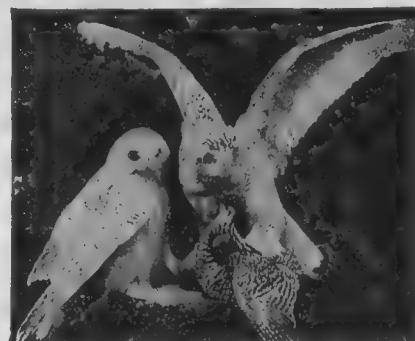
used, 7 yards 27 or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

The May Manton patterns of the



Simple Gowns for Linen and Silk.

7509 Norfolk Middy Blouse for Misses and Small Women.
7346 Six Gored Skirt for Misses and 7514 Fancy Blouse.
7515 Five Gored Skirt.



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MILKWEED CREAM

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**Bigger and Better
every year.**

GET OUR NEW CATALOGUE.

F. A. Wood, Principal

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7514 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7515 in sizes from 22 to 34 inches waist measure.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper upon receipt of ten cents for each.

About the Farm.

How the mocking bird learned to sing.

I

Once de birds up in de branches
Had a halleluia singin',
En de hilltop en de valley
Wid de music wuz a-ringin';
But one bird he sot en lissen—
Never sayin' er a word,
Lak he ain't got no ambition
Fer ter be a singin'-bird!

II

W'en Miss Spring dress fer de picnie,
En wuz takin' er de town,
De trees a-bowin' "Howdy,"
En a-shakin' blossoms down,
En de yuther birds wuz singin'
'Cross de clover en de wheat,
En tellin' her she welcome,
En she lookin' mighty sweet—

III

Dat lonesome bird look lonesomer
Dan all de day is long,
W'en de very grass de win' wave
'Peared ter tinkle ter a song!
En de green leaves kep' a-talkin'
'Bout de weather—lak dey know—
En de tinglin' sap wuz singin'
Sof' en low—sof' en low!

IV

Den de yuther birds crowd round him—
Dat lonesome bird—en say:
"Ef you stays in dese yer settlements
You got ter sing yo' way!"
En dat bird he up en answer—
'Thout a flutter er his wing:
"Lemme lissen—lemme lissen
'Twel my soul know how ter sing!"

V

En he lissen: En one dark night,
W'en no leaf wuz stirrin' nigh,
En de watchman let de stars go out
Up yander in de sky.
A song it went a-ringin' 'cross
De medders, lef' en right,
Lak de Day had come a-courtin',
En a-singin' ter de Night!

VI

En de dreamin' birds dey riz up
Fum dey slumberin' so deep,
En dey thought fer 'bout a minute
Dey wuz singin' in dey sleep!
But high en loud de music
Rolled out fum eas' ter wes',
En waked de chillun fum dey dreams
In cradles sweet wid res'!

VII

Oh, dat lonesome bird wuz singin'!
Done learnt de Robin's part!
Ter hear his voice a-ringin'
It broke the thrush's heart!
De Whippo-wil, he lissen,
De Redbird lef' de limb,
En de partridge say: "He callin'
Er my sweetheart home ter him!"

VIII

"Who-is-you-oo!" de gray Owl ax him—
En he didn't slight his words—
"Who-is-you dat took de contract
Fer ter sing fer all de birds?"
En de yuther birds dey trimbled
In de blossoms en de dew,
Ez de Witch-Night took de question up:
"Who-who-is-you-oo?"

IX

En dat lonesome bird make answer—
Singin' low ez anything:
"I'm nuthin' but dat lonesome bird
Dat loved to hear you sing!
My sweetes' music is yo' own—
Des ever honey-word!
I'm mighty glad ter meet you all.
I'm Mister Mockin'bird!"

Insect Pests in Canada.

The Division of Entomology of the Experimental Farms Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture Ottawa, has issued a bulletin by Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt, Dominion Entomologist, on "The Control of Insect Pests in Canada."

An account is given of the history of the war against insect pests in Can-

ada, and of the manner in which insect pests have invaded the country as it has been gradually opened up and cultivated. The manner in which the Dominion and Provincial governments are endeavoring by legislation and other means to prevent the introduction of insect pests into Canada and the increase and spread of those pests already here described. An interesting summary of the various lines of work undertaken and carried on by the Division of Entomology at Ottawa is given, and the general public will no doubt be surprised at the many problems which come within the scope of the Entomologists who are called upon to deal with insects in their relations to all the varied activities of man; insects affecting farm crops, fruit growing, forest and shade trees, insects attacking man's possessions and infesting houses, attacking domestic animals and finally affecting the health of man. All insects however, are not injurious and the work of the Entomologist includes bees and bee-keeping and the study of parasitic and other enemies which may be of assistance in obtaining control of insect pests.

Copies of this publication, Bulletin No. 9 (Second Series) Experimental Farms, may be obtained from the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.



Three of a kind.

Brood Mares.

Brood mares' often breed only on alternate years. This may be due to the drain on the mare in raising a colt and working at heavy labor at the same time. It is generally considered best by practical breeders to rest the mare after foaling and to start her on heavy work rather slowly, not compelling her to work more than half a day at a time until she has 'got her feet' again and has been bred. She is much more apt to mature another ovum during the season and raise a colt the following season. The value of two colts every two years instead of one during that space of time should be a reminder to farmers who have experienced this trouble during the past.

Growing Trees on the Praire.

Trees are absent from the prairie because they could not compete with the grasses. Those having their root nearer the surface would have the first chance at the moisture. Trees will do well on the prairie if given full possession of the soil their roots occupy. The Forest Service has investigated the length of root growth. They find that the roots are from one to two times as long as the tree is high; in other words if the tree is 15 feet high, the roots extend from 15 to 30 feet. This gives a guide for the width that needs

International Poultry Food

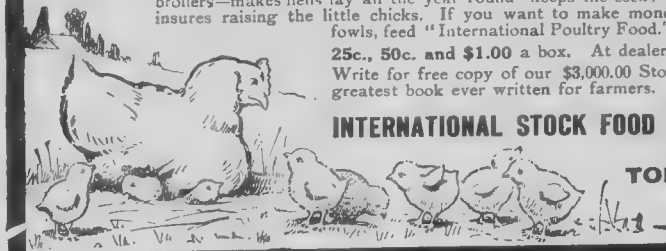
Prevents Cholera and Saves the Little Chicks

A little chick is just like a little baby—its health depends on its food. Improper feeding opens the way for disease. Chicken Cholera, Roup, Apoplexy, can be prevented and cured by feeding INTERNATIONAL POULTRY FOOD.

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A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for
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Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin,
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Cures all skin diseases or Parasites,
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Veins, Vascularities. Alleviates Pain.
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are completely cured by inexpensive home treat-
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to be cultivated or mulched in order to
give the tree the best chance for rapid
growth.

Handling The Pastures.

Don't turn the stock on the pasture
too soon. Young grass contains a
very high per cent. of water, and not
a great amount of animal food. If it
is eaten down close, before it has time
to make much growth, it will not make
the total growth, for the summer that
it should. Thus, very early pasturing
is not best for either the stock or the
grass.

Pasture weeds are becoming very
abundant on many grass fields. Buck-
brush and sumach are very bad where
the grass roots have been injured. One
of the best ways to control all such
pests of the pasture is mowing in the

summer, in order to let the sunlight
down to the ground and give the
feeble grass an equal chance with the
weeds. Buck-brush may be cut with
a mowing machine, if it is not too
thick and old. If it is, it will have to
be cut with an axe, and burned, and
after that the young growth may be
kept down with the mowing machine.

In the wet time, when you have a
little extra time, clean up some of the
bush patches in your pasture. The
brush is making no profit for you
and it never will. You have some
good money invested in that land and
you have to pay taxes on it, so you
should get some profit from it. Cut
the brush, burn it, and if the native
grass is killed, sow the tame grass
which does best in your country. Keep
the brush sprouts mowed down, and
the pasture grass will take the land.

It will pay to pick up the rocks and

pile them off in a ditch, on the more
valuable pasture lands. If rocks take
up a third of the surface of the ground
the grass yield will be reduced almost
that much.

Shying and other Faults.

A shying horse is a very annoying
and possibly dangerous possession.
The habit is attributed to all sorts of
things but the two that produced the
most shying are fear and exuberance
of spirits. A horse darts away from
real or imaginary danger, sometimes
moving in a desperate manner. He
may hear a rustle in the hedge, his in-
stincts suggesting an enemy to be a-
voided, but the greatest cause is
exuberance, mad freshness, and when a
bird flies out of the hedge, and some-
times when nothing gives provocation,
the horse shies violently and repeatedly.
This class of shying is cured by plenty
of work, and all shying is minimized, if
not wholly cured, by hard labor. If a
horse shies, he should be found other
work to provide an outlet for his spare
energies. If one is on a journey with a
shying horse, an increase in the pace
will soon make him desist.

There are other faults of manners.
If a horse is addicted to rearing in
harness, the driver must so manage
the reins that the horse does not turn
at right angles to the shafts, but comes
down parallel with them; otherwise,
one shaft comes on the horse's back,
and is broken if the bellyband be tight.
All rearing is readily cured by regular
work and plenty of it. In a saddle
horse it is a most dangerous habit.
Some horses are so impetuous that they
will not wait for the driver and others
to get into the conveyance. This is a
nuisance, but such horses are steadied
by keeping their faces to the wall dur-
ing the time of attaching them to the
conveyance, and until all passengers are
ready to start.

Overloading Causes Trouble.

Avoid overloading. Nothing discour-
ages a horse more than to be hitched
to a load which it is impossible for him
to move, and to be whipped because he
cannot move it. Many a horse has

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kitchen. So much easier, quicker
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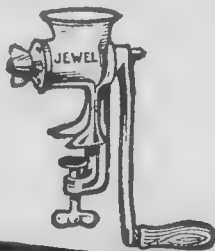
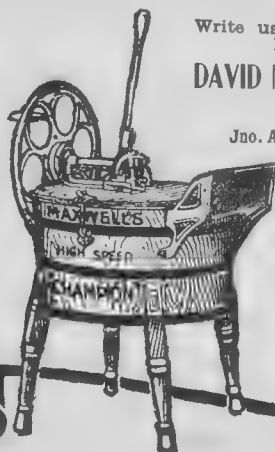
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'balked' for the first time under such conditions, and once a horse 'balks,' he seldom forgets it. Getting 'stuck' does not make truer drawers of the team, but generally has the reverse action, and throws the horse open to serious injury from the strain of over-exertion. You cannot afford to needlessly ruin a valuable animal in this way. It would be far better to make two loads than do this.

Avoid overworking. Sticking too steadily at a heavy job under a blazing sun and in a hot wind is likely to cause the horse to show signs of approaching exhaustion. Very often this is mistaken for laziness, which is a serious mistake from the viewpoint of the horse. There is scarcely any excuse for such mistakes, as a lazy horse will show signs of his trouble when fresh almost as readily as when tired, whereas the willing worker seldom slackens unless tired. It is shameful to lash a tired horse; in fact, lashing at any time is not in the best interests of horse or driver. By all means, when the horse is tired, allow him to stand for a few minutes; and if he must do more work, give him his time, and he is much more likely to complete it without injury to himself than if he is over-urged. Too often the horse is expected to draw the same load at the same pace at a temperature of 90 deg. in the shade, as when the thermometer is below freezing.

Where practicable, the horses should get water quite frequently during the hot weather. A few swallows of fresh, cold water are just as refreshing to the horse with his dry, parched mouth and throat as to his driver, but usually the driver quenches his thirst many times each day, when the horse is not permitted to even wet his mouth. Of course, care must be taken that the overheated horse does not drink too heavily, but a little and often avoids this trouble very well. These waterings are little more than a wetting of the mouth and throat, and in no way interfere with the regular waterings more than to somewhat allay thirst and to some extent prevent overdrinking. Horses should never be allowed to drink heavily when heated, but many make the mistake of not allowing them any water. A half a pail of fresh, cool water will do much at this time to refresh the animal, and, if he is going to the stable for his feed, he will relish it far better than if he had been deprived of the taste of water. Watering should be done, as far as possible, before feeding morning, noon and night. It does no harm if the horse has been watered before being fed to let him have a little more if he will take it when returning to work after feeding.

Working Hours.

We often hear much discussion concerning farm labor, and the point mostly argued is, 'How many hours constitute a day's work?' Now to answer this, it is impossible to give a definite answer. The hired man cannot expect to work to the exact minute, and the land owner should not be too particular in trying to shove on him all the time and work which he possibly can. It is just this point which causes so much trouble at the present day. The landlord and the hired man are working against each other, and I hardly know which to blame the most. The hired man is always trying to see how little he can do in a day and lose all the time he can, while on the other hand the landlord is trying to work him just like a piece of machinery—the more you push and oil it, the more work it will do. This is the opinion many have of their hired man. They think the more they give them to eat and the more fussing they get, the more they will do, and sometimes it may be that this rule will work for a time, but I am glad that it will not last long. Such a feeling should not exist between the landowner and his hired help. They should work with more interest for each other, and in so doing they would accomplish much more. The number of hours for a day's work upon the farm cannot be given exact. Although a

farmer should have regular hours for everything, except in an occasional busy season these regulations may be varied if necessary. If a man will work steady from 7 to 11.30 and from 1.30 to 6, he will do a good day's work. These are my hours, and the only time when I work later is sometimes in threatening weather during harvest or threshing. Now I know that many will say that a man cannot make anything in working only 9 hours—many will want 12. I do not want to be classed as being lazy, but I have found out one thing, and that is—a man can never make a living by working himself to death. There is no need of a man working all day and part of the night just to make a few more dollars during life. We had better do a little more brain work, and study and plan our business—yes, and I believe in "book-farming," but

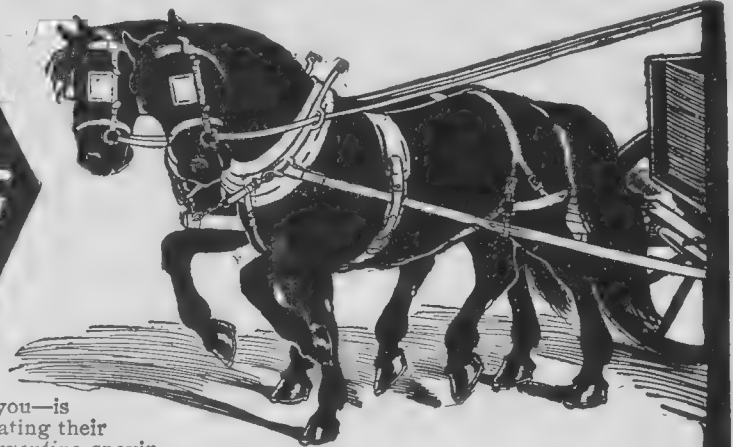
not in 'book-farming' alone. My rule is to study and learn and then apply what we have learned to actual and practical experience. Of course the reading and studying will do no good if we do not put it to actual practice. I say study and learn and practice. Have regular hours and not too many of them. It is not always how much we do, and how long we work, but it is how we do it and how we put in our time. Work steady and don't kill yourself and team, and you will be just as far ahead in the end, and I will take the liberty to say further, I know that everyone will not see it in just this way. But then it is a good thing that we cannot all see alike, especially in some things—but I never have been able to see where a man made anything by working more than he should. By that I mean that

we should not work in the least to undermine our health. Give me 9 hours of steady work and you may have your 14 hours of any other kind you want. I have noted many cases of both kinds and always see the difference.

Co-operation.

In 1908 the Monmouth County Farmers' Exchange, New Jersey, began with a capital of \$7000 and with 350 members. In its first year it did a business of \$454,414.11, and saved its members \$55,000. In 1911 it did a business of \$1,499,500.99, saved its members over \$125,000, and made net profits of \$17,496.51. Now, in 1912, this exchange has a capital of \$75,000 a surplus of \$25,000 and 1100 members

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A HORSE in the field—working for you—is worth two in the barn—simply eating their heads off. There is no way of preventing spavin, ringbone, splint or curb from suddenly lamming and laying up your horses—but there is a way of safely and easily curing all these ailments and preventing them from keeping your horses laid up. For over 35 years there has been a reliable remedy that horsemen everywhere have depended on to save them money, time and worry.

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has been the trusted remedy of horsemen everywhere. It has not only been saving untold time, work and worry but thousands of dollars' worth of valuable horseflesh and has many times saved horses from death.

Here's a man—Mr. David Waddell, Marney Man., who has used Kendall's Spavin Cure for a quarter of a century and is still using it to cure Lamé Horses. He writes: "I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for 25 years and always found it good."

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Never be without a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure. You can never tell when accidents will happen—when this remedy may be worth the price of your best horse. It is better to be prepared.

Don't call your case "hopeless" in the face of above testimony.

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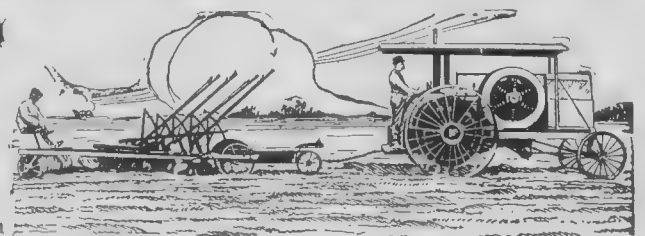
I H C Tractors Turn Expenses Into Profit

FARM economy consists more of expense saving than of profit making. Heavier crops will undoubtedly be the rule some day, but at present the problem is to raise an average crop at the least expense in order to show the greatest profit.

The chief expenses of wheat raising in Canada are seed-bed preparation, harvesting, threshing and hauling the grain to market. A large part of each of these expenses can be turned into profit by the purchase of an

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An I H C tractor makes a wholesale operation of harvesting, threshing or hauling grain to market. During the time the crop is growing and after it is marketed there are many other uses for your tractor, every one of them a time, money, or labor saving operation.

I H C tractors are made in various styles, and in 12, 15, 20, 25 and 45-horse power sizes, for use on large and small farms. I H C general purpose engines are made in all styles and sizes from 1 to 50-horse power. The I H C local agent will give you catalogues and full information. See him, or, write the nearest branch house.

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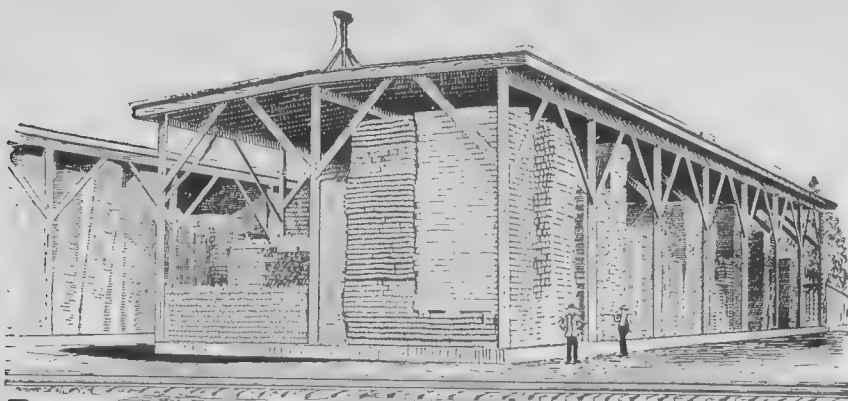
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I H C Service Bureau

The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizer, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to I H C Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U.S.A.





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THERE is money saved for one farmer every time an I H C wagon is sold. Not because it costs less money to begin with, but because of the length of service it gives, an I H C wagon is the cheapest wagon you can buy. A new wagon costs you the price of so many bushels of wheat or oats, or so many bales of hay. The longer the wagon lasts the more you get for the original purchase price, and the cheaper your wagon becomes. That is why it is economy to buy the best wagon—one that will outlast any ordinary wagon. When you buy an I H C wagon

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you invest in a wagon built of the highest grade material which experience and care can select or money can buy; built in the most thorough, painstaking manner, by skilled workmen, in factories which have modern appliances for doing work of the highest standard at the lowest possible cost.

All lumber used is air-dried in sheds with concrete floors. This insures toughness and resiliency. All metal parts are made of especially prepared steel, guaranteeing the longest service. Each wagon undergoes four inspections. When it reaches the purchaser it is ready for work and able to carry any reasonable load over any road where a wagon should go.

The I H C local agent knows which wagon is best suited to your work, will tell you why, and will sell you that one. When you see him have him show you all the good points of I H C wagons, and hear what he can tell you about the experience of I H C wagon owners. You can get literature from him, or write the nearest branch house.

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Its stock, par \$5, is now \$7 or more and is held closely. It owns and operates three fertilizer factories, has 30 shipping stations, serves a section 50 miles long by 8 miles wide, and sends the products of its members as far south as New Orleans, as far west as Omaha, as far north as Canada, and also to Cuba by way of New York. It has built up a great marketing and buying organization, and one and a half per cent on its gross pays the cost of its operation.

These figures present at a glance the astonishing success of one of the most remarkable co-operation enterprises in America.

Monmouth is the banner county of New Jersey, and one of the richest counties in the United States. It is in the central part of the state, within easy reach of great markets and ideally

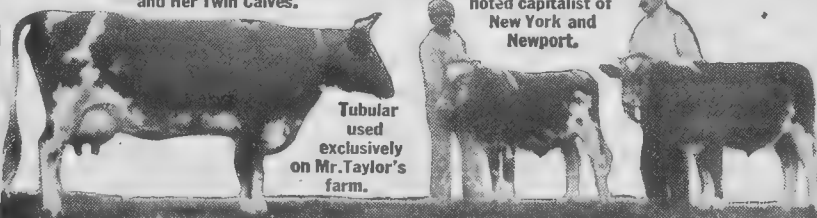
sand miles away. Right at this point we should press the fact that distance has little to do with co-operation work. Co-operation is the first essential, and distance and rates come afterward. For instance, this New Jersey Exchange, being right at the doors of New York and Philadelphia, would be expected to send everything to those markets; but it doesn't. It uses both markets to the limit of profitability, but it does much more: it reaches out for the distant markets on which New York and Philadelphia make their jobbing profits. And thus it happens that Monmouth County potatoes go to the places that will pay best and their area of distribution, instead of being confined to two markets, extends all over the eastern half of the United States, from Canada to the Gulf.



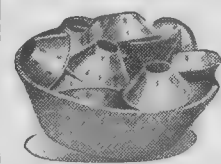
Rustic Bridge, Kildonan Park.

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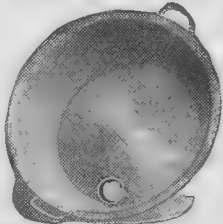
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The full pan contains the disks taken from one of the thousands of separators which have been replaced by Tubulars. They tire a woman and try her patience; they rust, wear loose, eventually give cream a metallic or disky flavor, and waste cream in the skimmed milk.

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located for quick and cheap connection between its producers and consumers of big cities. But until recently its location had little relation to the marketing of its products. Its main crop is potatoes. The old way was for the farmer to sell to the local buyer, the local buyer to sell to the jobber in New York or Philadelphia, the jobber to sell to the wholesaler, the wholesaler to the dealer, and the dealer to the consumer. Mr. W. H. Ingling, the general manager of the Monmouth County Farmers' Exchange, figured out that these five operations cost fifty-nine cents and that the farmer who sold the potatoes got only forty-one cents of the consumer's dollar. The fact that the Monmouth County potatoes were within two hours of two of the biggest cities in the world did not count at all. The old system—or to be more accurate, the old lack of system—robbed the farmer as easily there as it did a thou-

On the Pleasure of Pulling Weeds.

By Barr Moses.

In a recent book which professed to tell everyone how to live in the country, I found much to my surprise, if not to my horror, a recommendation that the dweller in the country buy the greater part of his green vegetables from a market gardener. As the book contained statements on horticultural matters which seemed to me quite equal to another statement which it contained on classical matters, to the effect that Cicero concluded every one of his orations with the latin equivalent of "Carthage must be destroyed," I felt that I need not take this recommendation as at all authoritative. Indeed my concern has not been with the recommendation itself, but with the reason offered for it, the saving of time and

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the avoidance of the drudgery of hand-weeding, and the fear that there may be other heretics in the land, who imagine that hand-weeding is a drudgery rather than a pleasure, a mere matter of soul deadening toil and not a fine art.

That the gardener, in order to care for a garden of adequate size, that is of a size in which one may grow everything upon which one wishes to test his skill, regardless of how little he may actually need in the way of vegetables and flowers, that the gardener, in order to do this, must save time by limiting his hand-weeding as much as possible by the use of labor saving tools, I am ready to admit, but, that he should refuse to grow vegetables and flowers which demand hand-weeding in order that he may have more time for the cultivation of other crops with tools and soulless implements, seems to me to be an explicit avowal of a lack of understanding of the pleasures and purposes of country life. Such a man might as well live in the city and sell haberdashery to unenlightened youth.

I acknowledge that there was a time when I too walked in darkness and knew not light, when I imagined that weeds were evil and the pulling of them a task, mean, degrading, fit only for clumsy, toil-thickened fingers and brutish minds. But I know better now, I know that hand-weeding is, if not an art, at least a skilled handicraft, demanding deft fingers, keen sight, nice discrimination, imagination, intelligence and true piety. I know that among all the handicrafts in which art-loving workmen take delight there is none more able to give pleasure and to yield satisfaction. It has been said that the supreme joy of life is that of creation. The gardener who takes a part in the creation of living things has keener joy than he who makes only that which is lifeless and without power of development and growth, and it is in hand-weeding that the gardener comes into most intimate contact with his handicraft.

When the artist goes forth to weed he finds his rows of seeding flowers and vegetables as clean as they can be made by the use of cultivator and hoe, the soil between the rows loose and devoid of vegetation, the weeds which have sprung up under the protection of his seedlings not yet fair rivals in size and vigor of the young plants which have saved them from the ruthless blade of the hoe. The ground is warm, the earth friable, reeking a little with the heat and moisture of late spring or early summer. The artist gets close to his work, sits or kneels in the garden path or lies prone at full length as the case may be, his eyes within a foot or two of his work, utterly careless of the contact of hands and garments with the soil, knowing that it is not dirt but a wonderful mixture of still more wonderful chemical compounds, something pregnant with divine mystery and rather to be worshipped as an attribute of God than avoided as something which is common and unclean.

One is closer to the heart of our mother, the earth, when one lies at full length in the fertile soil of a garden than when one lies on greensward or dead leaves, or the lifeless sand of a bathing beach. There is life in the black loam, quick, wonderful life and one can feel it there when the sun is hot and the moisture plentiful, and to abandon one's self without reserve to contact with the garden mold is not only an artistic pleasure, a sensual delight, but it is an act of piety, of worship, a contact with divinity.

The artist coming forth to weed sees the long rows stretching before him, each distinctly characterized by virtue of the flowers or vegetables which have been planted in it, each a little choked and varied by the irregular growth of irregularly distributed weeds. The artist does not hate the weeds, he loves them a little, baby wild things struggling vigorously for life and light in a crowded world, but he loves his seedlings more. He loves, too, the perfect plants that shall be more than the tender seedlings of the moment, and so, although it will be with twinges of pain and heart-pullings, he thins out his plantlets as he pulls his weeds, pulling here one that is starveling and

WONDERFUL SERUM

A Vital Principle More Powerful than the Interchange of Blood, Cures Disease, Heals Sores and Overcomes the Weakness of Old Age.

DISCOVERY OF PROFESSOR BROWN-SEQUARD, F.R.S., F.R.C.P. (LONDON), LL.D. (CAMBRIDGE), NOW PERFECTED SO THAT IT MAY BE USED IN SELF-TREATMENT BY ANYONE.

The wonderful effectiveness of the perfected serum treatment for disease, discovered by Prof. Brown-Sequard, is daily becoming more apparent. Thousands of patients are now taking the treatment with most gratifying results. While many of them are being treated under the direct supervision of skilled physicians, others have taken advantage of the simplicity and convenience of self-treatment and are using the serum in the privacy of home without medical attendance. The reports of cures which come to hand from every part clearly indicate that Sequarine as the serum is called, will indeed make possible such a conquest of disease as has never before been realised.

The fact that Cambridge University, the University of Paris, and the Harvard University of America conferred honorary degrees upon the discoverer is certain proof of the merits of his discovery, and the action of the London Royal College of Physicians in presenting him with the Baly Medal is convincing evidence of the efficacy of Sequarine.

After Prof. Brown-Sequard had made known the secret of his discovery to the Paris Biological Society, Sensational Cures effected by use of the serum were reported by a large number of distinguished doctors, who had successfully used Sequarine in the treatment of the following diseases:—

**Nervousness,
Neurasthenia,
Anaemia,
Rheumatism,
Gout, Sciatica,
Kidney Disease,
Diabetes,
Dropsy,**

**Dyspepsia,
Liver Complaints,
Indigestion,
Paralysis,
General Weakness,
Influenza,
Pulmonary
Troubles.**

According to leading physicians the nature of Sequarine and its manner of action on the human organism in curing disease may be briefly summarised as follows:—

Within every animal body there exists a "power of disease resistance," the principle of "Natural immunity"; this power resists the entrance of any disease into the body, and if it is of normal strength readily repels the disease even after it has gained entrance. In treating disease doctors are aided greatly by the principle of "natural immunity." The Homoeopaths rely on it almost entirely—and in a great many instances drugs get the credit for a cure when vital resistance has really effected it. The greatest scientists have always been baffled in their endeavours to discover the element or force which is the basis of this peculiar power. In his search for this element Professor Brown-Sequard discovered that there exists in the blood

infinitesimal quantities of a fluid which subsequently proved to be the basis of the power of natural immunity from disease.

This fluid is the serum which has been named Sequarine in his honour.

NATURE AND ACTION OF THE SERUM.

Sequarine is a cure for any ailment or weakness brought about by lack of nerve power or an accumulation of impurities in any part of the body.

Professor Brown-Sequard not only gave this vital element to the world, he also devised the means of preserving it in such a simple form that it may be used by anyone.

Doctors are using it personally, as well as in their general practice. Many members of the Nobility are using it on the advice of their physicians. In order to place this wonderful serum within the reach of all, a book containing full particulars of its action, properties, and uses, will be given absolutely free to anyone writing for it.

SELF-TREATMENT EASY.

Everyone who is ill and every physician who wishes to keep in the advance file of his profession should obtain a copy of the Sequarine Book. It tells how this epoch-making discovery was made, gives details of Dr. Brown-Sequard's experiments to determine the powers of the new serum, and tells how, after learning its manner of action, he startled a gathering of the world's most famous men of thought by demonstrating its almost miraculous properties. It gives instances of cures effected which would be incredible but for the status of those who certify them.

COMPOSITION OF THE SERUM REVEALED

Last, but not least, the free Sequarine Book describes in detail the diseases for which the serum is an infallible remedy, reveals the secret of its composition, and tells how anyone may obtain Sequarine and take the Sequarine Serum treatment in the privacy of home. The treatment is as simple and agreeable as it is swift and effective.

Sufferers from any ailment who wish to enjoy again the superb power of that perfect health which is the companion of a flawless digestive system, pure and rich blood, and a steady and powerful nervous organism; are especially invited to apply for this interesting and instructive book.

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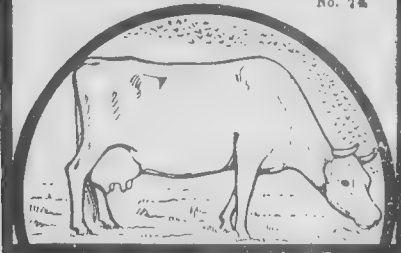
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yellow, here one that is distorted in growth, here one that shows a blight of fungus or a wound from an insect enemy, and here and there in many places those that are healthy and vigorous and without fault or blemish of any sort, merely because they stand in ground which must be allotted to another and draw their nourishment from food and air which must be another's portion, if those plants which are left are to come to perfection and attain the divine end of their being in flower or fruitage or other special development. Weeds know but two things, to fight for life and to propagate their kind. The cultivated vegetables and flowers have been taught through generations to trust to man for these important needs and to devote their own chief energies to various specializations, to size and color and shape and number of flowers, to size and succulence and flavor of roots, or stems, or leaves, or seeds, as the case may be, and when left to themselves they cannot compete with the weeds, but must either die, or strip themselves of all superfluities and become as the weeds and wild things they are.

The artist comes forth to weed, having stretched himself at length upon the kindly earth gives the attention of his eyes and fingers to the first seedling of the row which he has chosen, a delicate, green thread of an onion, perhaps, or a red beetlet, a delicate, spreading parsnip or carrot, or a broad-leaved, pushing radish with smooth, dark green seed leaves, and stem already red and white. As the sculptor sees his statue in the marble block so the weeder sees this seedlings in its little thicket of weeds and fellow plantlets, and, with delicate fingers because the seedling itself is easily disturbed and uprooted, and with knowing fingers, for each weedlet according to its root and according to the toughness

or tenderness of its stem must be pulled differently in order that it may come away whole, he frees the chosen individual from its rivals which have cumbered the ground about it and leaves it standing undisturbed in its allotted area of mellow, loosened earth, then goes on to the next plant, thinking not of the end of his row as the man who works with a tool in his hands does, but centering his mind on each individual plantlet, working at one detail after another in the true artistic spirit.

The artist does not follow the rows hurriedly pulling out the larger weeds only, as they catch his eye, and giving his seedlings just a little more than a fair chance to fight for food and air, he looks to the perfection of accomplishment. First he pulls the larger weeds in the few inches of row upon which he is engaged, the lambs-quarter, the rough pig-weed, the garden nightshade, any rudely intruding dandelion or wild artichoke, the seeding boxelder or maple, the wild buckwheat with its narrow blades, and then the tiny seedlings of white clover, the slender filaments of blue grass, any little unknown pair of seed-leaves that the eye can spy, leaving nothing to grow, unless, now and then, a chance poppy to whose future wanton beauty he feels willing to sacrifice the rigid perfection of his art and the lives of some half dozen of his seedlings.

As I have said the artist does not hate the weeds, in his world there is no room for hate, and he knows that the weeds have qualities of their own. One of their most excellent ones is that of requiring man to stir the soil about his plants if he would bring them anywhere near perfection. If there were no weeds our flowers and vegetables in untilled soil would develop little more than they do when choked by crowds of rivals and companions, and if it had

not been for the weeds we might have been a long time learning the value of tillage. There is a proverb, "Mean as pussley," but purslane is neither mean nor vicious but one of the best and most benificent weeds that we have. To begin with it is a pot-herb of some merit, but more to the purpose, it comes in the hot and dry season of the year, mats together over the surface of the garden, making a mulch to protect the moisture from wooing of the sun, holding the dust-dry earth in place that it may not be blown away by the wind, and holding such moisture as it sucks from the arid soil in its fleshy leaves to be given back at the time of plowing. In addition it protects the soil of hill-sides from the washing of autumn rains, and all this is a great deal for one weed to do, enough so that the best gardeners are beginning to think that in some circumstances the late summer weeds are better left in the ground than hoed out of it.

When the artist has finished his work he stands at the end of his garden and contemplates a perfect piece of handicraft. The long rows stand, green and straight and uniform and yet have that diversity and that hint of personality and of soul which characterizes hand work. The plantlets are different after their kind and in the rows they stand not at mathematical distances apart but with intervals varying slightly and telling of the exercise of the weeder's judgment in every several case. There is diversity in color among the various rows, the beets, red, the parsnips and lettuce pale green, the radishes and onions darker, and there is diversity in shape of leaf and in manner of growth, and in the thickness or the thinness of the plants left in the rows, the parsnips, spindling as they are, standing wide apart, the much more sturdy radishes, close together, the cutting lettuce, perhaps not thinned at all, and the beets left for a further thinning when they have attained pot-herb size. All these details and diversities the artist notes, and all the uniformity of the long green rows with the mellow black earth between, and his heart tells him that it is good, and looking up at the blue sky above him and breathing deep of the sun-warmed summer air, he thanks God for weeds and for the pleasure of pulling them.

Digging in the Dirt.

By Edmund Vance Cooke.

A restless, roaring little lad,
Like all boys, just a trifle bad,
Because the vigor cooped inside
My little being was denied
Its outlet and was misapplied.
One way there was to keep my hide
From reaping its desert—
To turn me free and let me be
While digging in the dirt.

A worried, hurried modern man
Harassed by many a failing plan,
By some be-fawned, by some be-fought,
Till, tired of every effort, stale in thought,
I scarce know what the good I sought.
But set me in a garden spot
And healed is every hurt;
I rest my soul and make it whole
By digging in the dirt,

Advancing age which wears and warps,
A body turned into a corpse,
Then down or darkness, task or play—
Which is it comes? I cannot say.
Yet it should be a happy day
When I am lowered in the clay;
For then, I dare assert,
My ghost will croon a little tune
While digging in the dirt.

Through indiscretion in eating green fruit in summer many children become subject to cholera morbus caused by irritating acids that act violently on the lining of the intestines. Pains and dangerous purgings ensue and the delicate system of the child suffers under the drain. In such cases the safest and surest medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It will check the inflammation and save the child's life.

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108 Canadian farmers will receive cash prizes (twelve in each Province) in our big

1912 FARMERS' PRIZE CONTEST

WE held a contest last year in which 36 prizes were offered. This year there will be three times as many prizes (108) and therefore three times as many chances for you to win one of them. You do not have to use a large quantity of cement to win a prize. Many of last year's prize-winners used comparatively little cement.

THE contest is divided into three classes and in only one of these (Class "A") does the amount of cement used count in deciding prize winners. Class "B" is for doing the best concrete work (the size makes no difference). Class "C" is for sending in the best and clearest description of how any piece of concrete work was done.

THERE will be four prizes (First, \$50; Second, \$25; Third, \$15; Fourth, \$10) in each class in each Province. Thus you have only to compete with other farmers in your own Province, and not with those in all parts of Canada. This gives you the best possible chance to win a \$50 prize.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO ENTER—There are absolutely no "strings" to this offer. There is no entry fee or red tape to bother with. You cannot lose, because the improvements you make of concrete in competing for the prizes will be more than worth their cost. We have a book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete," that will give you all the information about the use of concrete you can need. It will be sent to you free when you ask us for complete particulars of the Prize Contest. Ask for particulars to-day. Just say "Send me, free, your book and full particulars of the 1912 Prize Contest," on a post card and mail it to-day. Address Publicity Manager,



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Mrs. John R. Barton, Mill Cove, N.B., writes:—"I suffered, more than tongue can tell, from liver troubles. I tried several kinds of medicine, but got no relief until I got Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. They are a wonderful remedy."

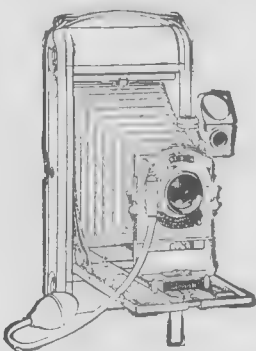
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is human nature to respect the stronger will.

Girls, I warn you by your hopes of married happiness, do not place yourself in a state of abject submission to your husband. Be gentle but dignified. Be helpful, but never servile. Always remember that your life is yours and not another's, that you have still your own personality and that the moulding of your character is still entirely in your own hands.

Do not tell your husband any of your friends, secrets and not all of your own. Have thoughts apart from him, men always admire that which they cannot understand. Always maintain a slight reserve in your home life. The old proverb "Familiarity Breeds Contempt," applies particularly to married life.

I hope that this letter will be printed if it does not prove to be lengthy. It is a message I have long wished to give to the unmarried women.

I will say in closing that if anyone or all of you care to write me I shall be delighted to hear from you.

Yours with a desire to help,
"Plato"

Scotty Wants Correspondents.

Saskatchewan.

Dear Editor. — Your Western Home Monthly is certainly one of the best papers I have read. Although I have only taken it a short time, am very much pleased with it; it is both interesting and instructive, and should be a great help to all who read it. Of course, I am interested in the correspondence columns and enjoy the talks between the boys and girls very much indeed. I don't want to be left out in the cold; so please give me a little space in the circle. I don't drink anything stronger than water, and do not use tobacco in any way, but am very fond of all outdoor sport. I take pleasure in going out with the gun once in a while and don't often come back disappointed. Am a native of Edinburgh, Scotland and came to Nova Scotia very young. I was brought up on a farm. Although I have travelled over a good part of the Country, United States included, I came to this part of the country a short time ago, and have settled myself down to the toil I love so well — farming. Have been batching for some time, but cannot say it is a pleasing task. However, like the other boys, I keep plowing away, although it takes a little courage, especially when crops fail and things go wrong. I tell you what, boys, I have had my share of it. But I am still digging away, singing a song as I go along. I would like to correspond with either sex, especially the fair sex. I am terribly fond of the girls and will answer all letters promptly. Hoping to hear from some of the fair sex soon.

Scotty.

Wake Up, Easterners!

Quebec, April 24, 1912.

Dear Editor, — Can you find a little space in this corner for another stray—what will we call it? Oh, well, never mind; it is nothing, only another little Easterner. Wake up, there, in the East. All the Western boys and girls are beating you. Why, you wouldn't think to look at this column there were any Easterners. I am a subscriber of your most valuable magazine and take a great delight in reading the stories and the correspondence column is very interesting. I enclose payment for another year's subscription as we could hardly do without it now. I live in the country and think it a much healthier life than the city, although I like the city for a few weeks—no longer. I do not agree with "Girlie" in the March number on dancing, but suggest her a little too rash on that subject. Now, what harm is there in dancing. Were you ever at a good dance, "Girlie"? I don't believe you ever were; if not, go to one soon and go home and have a good sleep, and you will be the first one to say the next afternoon, "I wish there was another dance to-night." Oh, yes, you would. Don't look like that. Of course, there are exceptions, but our little country dances around here are all right. But some girls prefer to walk the streets at night. Our town is a very small one with only one or two

streets, but at night you can see the girls promenading up and down. My favorite amusements are skating in winter and horse-back riding in summer, but like lots of fun of any kind. Well, I hope this will slip past the big mouth of that old w.p.b., as I am anxious to see it in print. I will ring off now. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success. I will sign myself,
Dancer.

Judge for Yourselves.

Didsbury, Alta., April 23, 1912.

Dear Editor,—A new subscriber and admiring reader of your good magazine begs for admission to your correspondence circle. "Tis with our judgments as with our watches, none go just alike, yet each believes his own." How forcible is this quotation applied to dancing as being right or wrong. We read and hear so many opinions that perhaps one more will not be amiss. Is it not Nature that asserts itself in singing birds and dancing children? Who would dare decry the innocent impulse of a child to dance with glee when pleased? Then, why condemn beyond compromise without even the benefit of a doubt the impulse of more mature youth to spin out their dreams to music and movement? Sermons—and they are legion—preached on dancing as a sin, enumerating the evils associated with it, with Hell as its ultimate end, we hear them ever and anon. Am I radical if I declare these men and women trip in the path of righteousness, when they inflict these thoughts in the young active brains of their hearers—thoughts that would never have entered their minds in their natural youthful exultation? As a brain will develop in the direction of its activity, should not the basis of its development be ever high, ennobling thought? Were it not better that more sermons were preached, more themes written on good, on truth and sweet charity than on evil? "Tis only noble to be good." Kind hearts are more than coronets. Perhaps this seems to be drifting from the chosen subject; not so. With hearts and minds grown strong in the love of goodness and the performance of kind deeds, for

"Some have burdens hard to bear,
Some have sorrows we should share."

Throw open your hearts and your homes to the youths of the land and let them dance as only youth can dance with pure love of life and the joy of living. If there be evil lurking about meet it on the battle ground and fight it down. What form of amusement is without its byways of sin if allowed to be? It is merely because the wrong element, as a rule, has charge of the dancing hall that evil is paramount there. What we want is the right sort of people to come forward in a great, grand movement and elevate the dancing pavilion. Instead of wasting valuable time in trying to root out dancing, exorcise yourselves in an effort to remove the evils by putting dancing, by proper management, on a plane above them. And with your young people trained as they should be in the path of right ideals there will be no sins in connection with dancing. Search your own minds, ye who would see nothing but infelicity as an outgrowth of dancing. Perhaps you need to do some weeding lest you fall deeper than any dancer, for it is written, "Judge not." Sincerely,
Veronica.

All Should Read It.

Edmonton, Alta., May 4, 1912.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I am a reader of your magazine and find it both interesting and educational. All Canadians or people intending to locate or invest in Canada should read it, as they would derive a great deal of useful knowledge therefrom. I would be pleased to have some young persons correspond with me. I am a man of 30 and a good correspondent. Bobby.

The Hired Man Again.

Dear Editor, — Having just read a column on the trials of the hired man on the farm, I would like to say a word from the farmer's point of view. We are rather tired of the one-sided

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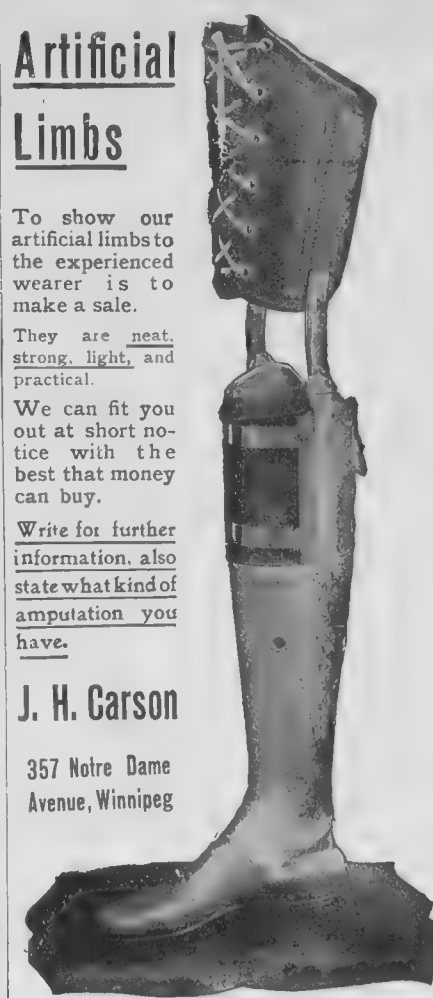
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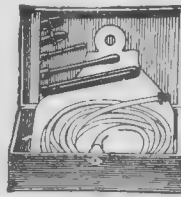
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Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

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A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties.—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres. Erection of three hundred dollar house required only in connection with purchased homestead entries. All other classes of entries habitable house only needed area of cultivation required by regulation is subject to reduction in case of rough scrubby or stony land after report is made by homestead inspector on application for patent.

W. W. CORY.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior
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This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and secure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

way that this question is being discussed and I do assure you that the other side is equally hard. Can you tell me why the hired man is the only one to be considered? A farmer may be struggling to gain a footing and practicing many a self-denial—maybe living in a poor old log home that he does his best to make habitable for a few years and yet is complained to by his hired help right and left. The fact is that the hired help comes along with self-self-self written all over him. Now, I say, it is impossible for a man to do justice to his master on a farm if that man is determined to do as little as possible and that as poorly as possible, and is always thinking of No. 1 (self). There are so many ways in which it is necessary for perfect sympathy between master and man. For instance, when any of the animals are sick, can a farmer always manage alone? Is he to work all day and stay up all night as well, rather than ask a favor of the hired man. Tell me, what is the man for? I do assure you that he is not kept because his congenial company gives pleasure to the farmer's family. This question is one of the most sore with a farmer's wife. The majority of the hired men are an abomination in one's home; always aggressive and on the look-out for slips and oversights, they expect to live like princes; have all the advantages and go to all the picnics, etc., never, never thinking that the farmer might like an hour off without the horses all standing idle. Now it has come that the hired man refuses to milk cows. In some districts it is impossible for a farmer to make a living without cows, and this means that while the man is sitting around smoking his pipe, the farmer is milking his own cows. I am a farmer's wife and I would dearly love a chance to discuss this question with the "Hired Man's Wife" who has written in your May issue. She mentions that her husband has Sunday to himself now that they are residing in the city. No doubt he does and it's nice for him. Now, look into things. If the hired man has Sundays to himself on a farm, what happens the farmer and family? Are the cows and horses, pigs, etc., to go unfed and unmilked because it's Sunday? Ugh, it makes me tired. Someone has to do some Sunday chores, and why should the one who is being paid be the one to skip off and leave it. I say that the sooner the hired man is ready to give and take and be in sympathy with his "boss" the sooner will conditions be improved for all concerned. If the crops fail does the hired man share its losses? No fear, and yet one may as well give away half the farm as to engage the usual hired man. Our markets are to blame for much. The average farmer does not make enough of his produce to pay his way, and cows do not begin to pay at the price the market gives for milking, etc. Now, I could say heaps more because this is a subject on which I'm pretty hot, but I've said enough. Maybe someone else will champion the farmer, someone else will champion the farmer who can do it more ably than I have done. Now, Mr. Editor, please publish as much of this as you think fit (if any) and oblige A Farmer's Wife.

Prefers the Country.

Kamsack, Sask.

Dear Editor,—Have you room for me? I hope so, as I am an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly. We receive many papers, but none so good, so thoroughly helpful as The Western Home Monthly. There is generally a dispute (and sometimes a "row") over who shall have it first. I read it from cover to cover, and am most interested in the correspondence columns. I think that Josephus made a first-class mistake in his criticism of dancing. I do not wish to be impudent as I am only a "kid," but I will say this: that he has made himself very unpopular by his plain-spoken letter. I do not agree with Debutante that town life is better than country life. He says that he is wise, but I think he is foolish when he says so. You do not have to be cold in winter nor roasted in summer in the country. In fact, the climate is much more agreeable than in the town.

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I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment

a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickiness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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WINDSOR, Ont.



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Is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Sun, Wind and Hard Water, it not only PRESERVES THE SKIN but beautifies the Complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY. The daily use of La-rola effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, Tan, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully cooling and refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, TENNIS, CYCLING, ETC.

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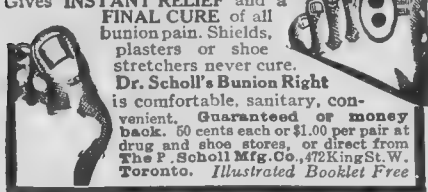
IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO SLEEP

Mr. Chas. W. Wood, 34 Torrance St., Montreal, Que., writes:—"For two years I had suffered with nerve trouble, and it was impossible for me to sleep. It did not matter what time I went to bed, in the morning I was even worse than the night before. I consulted a doctor, and he gave me a tonic to take a half hour before going to bed. It was all right for a time, but the old trouble returned with greater force than before. One of the boys who works with me, gave me half a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I took them, and I got such satisfaction that I got another box, and before I finished it I could enjoy sleep from 10 p.m. until 6 a.m., and now feel good."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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No need to suffer bunion torture another day. DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives INSTANT RELIEF and a



FINAL CURE of all bunion pain. Shields, plasters or shoe stretchers never cure. Dr. Scholl's Bunions Right is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or \$1.00 per pair at drug and shoe stores, or direct from The T. Scholl Mfg. Co., 472 King St. W., Toronto. Illustrated Booklet Free

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USE ABSORBINE JR. LINIMENT FOR IT
Painful, Knotted, Swollen Veins, Milk Leg, Mammitis, Old Sores, Ulcers. It is healing, soothing, strengthening and invigorating—alleviates pain and inflammation promptly. Germicide and antiseptic.
Mrs. R. M. Remler, R. D. No. 1, Federal, Kan., had enlarged veins that finally broke causing considerable loss of blood. Used ABSORBINE JR. and reported Nov. 5, 1910, veins entirely healed, swelling and discoloration gone and no trouble with them since July 1909. ABSORBINE JR. is invaluable as a general household liniment, for the cuts and bruises that the child-dren get, croup, deep-seated colds, stiff-neck, sore-throat. Removes fatty bunches, goitre, enlarged glands, warts, cysts, weeping sinews, etc. \$1.00 and \$2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Book \$6 free.

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Prompt and reliable, for Ladies. The only genuine. AWARDED CERTIFICATE OF MERIT at the Tasmanian Exhibition 1891. 100 Years' Reputation. Ordered by Specialists for the Cure of all Female Complaints. Sold in Bottles, 35c and 60c. Agents: THE GORDON-MITCHELL DRUG CO., Main St., Winnipeg. Mfrs: C. & G. Kearsley, 42 Waterloo Road, London, Eng.

Where, Debutante, have you seen a farmer who works fifteen hours a day? And, as for mosquitoes, if a farmer knows how to clean up around his house and yard he will not have them. I have lived in the city, in the town, and am now in the country. I would not go back to either of the former for love nor money. I hope I have not said too much about this. I agree with Defenso in his reply to Cheerful Cynic. I think it perfectly right that one should describe himself or herself. Not exactly the personal appearance, but also where they were born, what age they are, and where they live now. I will practice what I preach and say that I was born in a city of New Hampshire. "A Yankee," you say. Certainly, and proud of it. I lived in town for nearly three years and then on the farm, where I have lived for one year. I have my pony, a frisky little stallion that I call "Dandy." Now, if I don't close soon you will be telling me that "I have too much to say." I will stop now. I hope some of The Western Home Monthly correspondents will write to me. (Any of the young folks, of course). Wishing you every success and hoping to see this in print, I remain, Pansy Blossom.

[Please send your name to this office.—Ed.]

An Ordinary Everyday Man.

Senlac, Sask., June 1, 1912.

Dear Editor, — Allow me to express my thoughts re our correspondence column. I quite agree with Joy and Peace and think we should try to avoid sarcasm or criticism, as cruel words are very often sharper than the sword. But he and I must differ on the card playing. What is more interesting than a quiet game of bridge or whist? But, brother bachelor, be careful when you play a married couple as they have a most skilful way of doing the wireless telegraphy business. Any amusement can be called a bad habit if abused. Gossip is a bad habit and listening to it is equally as bad. Getting blamed for it is a misfortune. Anyway we are here and should make the most fun out of our own fancy amusements. Whatever our occupations may be, we should make an effort for a little recreation occasionally. I think our friend Debutante deserves a silver trumpet for his humorous and yet serious epistle. Defenso should get a good second with his bannocks. I can back up his statement from experience. But, my dear Defenso, the eating is still worse than the cooking. I've bowed my head and asked myself to be excused from the table more than once. Say, old sport, can you send some of those "pretty teeth and rosy lips this way." Apart from joking, this batching is a poor outlook. Our dispositions are not all alike (don't need to be either). Some are happy alone, but I like company and a white table when I eat my meals. Re city or country life, well it is a realized fact that we cannot all live in the city or all in the country; one equally depends on the other, so I suppose they that like the city should stay there and the farmer stay in the country. You need a description of this new member of The Western Home Monthly. The best compliment I can give myself is to sign as just an

Ordinary Everyday Man.

Quite a Sport.

Saskatchewan, July 15th, 1912.

Dear Editor,—This is my second attempt in your correspondence columns of your magazine to gain some good friends and knowledge of other parts of this fair Dominion. As the first brought no fruit, the old motto is, try again. I am one of the many of your jolly circle who seeks correspondence for pastime and education they contain. I am very much interested in sport of all kinds and the many subjects of life, especially those that have some influences on our character. I have, and do yet, play baseball, lacrosse and hockey, and I am particularly fond of skating. I can go through any game or skate two hours without a stop and never feel any after-effects. This I contribute to the good health I possess: never been sick in my life. This is not the only item to con-

sider in sport. All the time I was connected with these games I was everlastingly coming in contact with the liquor and tobacco habits, and out of the many thousand chances I have had I know not the taste of liquor. It takes some will-power to refuse them all, but the man who coaxes, yes, even who asks, a young lad to partake of these habits, is a beast. I use that word as it will explain my sentence. He ought to know himself better. I like to see dancing, but cannot say I know one dance from another. Card playing is a good pastime; don't overdo it. Harm can be taken out of any sport or game; the same with dancing, skating or auto-mobiling. It is just as the parties concerned make it, and one good rule to follow—one of my own make-up is: It is wise for a young man to use a little commonsense that he possesses in a young lady's company, and it is more wise for a young lady to use all the commonsense she possesses, and then borrow a little from her mother when in a young gentleman's company. The younger generation may be clever and smart, but, remember your elders, especially your father and mother. Their advice is worth while preserving. I approve of correspondents describing themselves a little in your columns. My reason is: I always like to know if I am taking up correspondence with an old maid or bachelor, or Italian or Chinaman, yes, even in the black and white line. Why some people object to a description is a conundrum to me. I see no harm in it. It does not say you are on sale; it merely gives a few details about yourself so as any correspondents can choose if they would like to write that kind of person. Therefore, my occupation is farming. I belong to the white race and a Canadian. I ask correspondents between 18 and 25. I make no objections from the farmer's daughter down to the millionairess. Why, I place the farmers first is, they are the people who create most of the wealth of this world and are entitled to be at the top; if they are not, they are cheated. Thanking you, editor, for space.

Sport No. 9.

A New Reader.

Uffington, P.O., Muskoka, June 28, 1912.

Dear Editor,—This being my first letter to The Western Home Monthly, I hope you may find room in correspondence columns for my letter. I enjoy reading The Western Home Monthly, especially the correspondence. There are some very interesting letters in it. I find also some very useful information in this paper. I do not wish to take up too much space in your valuable paper, so I will close now. Hoping to hear from some of your readers.

Mattheasville Clip.

Prefers the Country.

Winnipeg, July 28th, 1912.

Dear Editor and Readers,—The Western Home Monthly is a welcome visitor at my home. It sometimes makes me feel lonely, for it reminds me of my dear old country home. I was born and raised in the country, but for the last year and a half I have been living in the city. I love country life, and I am very fond of animals, especially horses. There is nothing I like better than horseback riding. I think the country girls and boys are more sociable and jolly than the city ones, and they have a better time, too. Of course, they have to work very hard in summer, but the winter makes up for it, for the long evenings are spent in dancing, skating and card parties. I have attended dances since I was 14 years and now I am 21. I do not see a bit of harm in it, for I knew everyone that attended the dances. Often we would have surprise parties and the crowd would meet at a certain house, and two or three sleighloads of young folks would start for the dance, singing and laughing to their hearts' content. We had a skating rink just beneath our place on the creek, and the girls and boys often met there for a jolly spin on the ice. We had carnivals and skating parties quite often. I do not see many letters from girls this month: they seem to be all from bachelors. Poor bachelors! I do feel sorry

TORTURED FROM BABYHOOD

"Fruit-a-lives" Cures Constipation



Miss E. A. GOODALL

EDMONTON, ALTA., Nov. 20th. 1911

"I have been a sufferer since babyhood from that terrible complaint, Constipation. I have been treated by physicians, and have taken every medicine I heard of, but without the slightest benefit. I finally concluded that there was no remedy in the world that could cure Constipation.

About this time, I heard about "Fruit-a-lives" and decided to try them. The effect was marvellous.

The first box gave me great relief, and after I had used a few boxes, I found that I was entirely well.

"Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine that ever did me any good and I want to say to all who suffer as I did—"Try this fruit medicine and you will find—as I did—a perfect cure."

(Miss) E. A. GOODALL

"Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit and the only one that will positively and completely cure you of Constipation.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

—AN— APPRECIATION OF Mapleine

From the Land of Hot Cakes and Flapjacks
BIG HORN HUNTING LODGE
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May 14, 1912.

Crescent Mfg. Co.
Gentlemen: Mapleine all gone. Enclosed find our check No. 71, amt. 70c. Kindly mail us two bottles. (Signed) N. H. Hilton

Mapleine makes a delicious syrup and also favors cakes, candies, custards and tarts.

Grocers sell Mapleine, If not, write.
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APIOL & STEEL PILLS for Ladies.

the acknowledged leading remedy for all female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of WM MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores
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TWO WOMEN TESTIFY

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Their Health—Their own Statements Follow.

Haliburton, P.E.I.:—"I had a doctor examine me and he said I had falling of the womb, so I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has done me a lot of good. All the bearing-down pains have vanished. I have gained ten pounds in weight, the discharge is all gone, and I feel better than I have for a long time. I think any woman is foolish to suffer as I did for the sake of a few dollars.

"You can use my letter as a testimonial. It may encourage other poor women who suffer as I did to use your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. GEO. COLLICUTT, Haliburton, Lot 7, P.E.I.

Read What This Woman Says:

New Moorefield, Ohio.—"I take great pleasure in thanking you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. I had bearing down pains, was dizzy and weak, had pains in lower back and could not be upon my feet long enough to get a meal. As long as I laid on my back I would feel better, but when I would get up those bearing down pains would come back, and the doctor said I had female trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was the only medicine that helped me and I have been growing stronger ever since I commenced to take it. I hope it will help other suffering women as it has me. You can use this letter."—Mrs. CASSIE LLOYD, New Moorefield, Clark Co., Ohio.



\$3.50 Recipe Free For Weak Kidneys.

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches, the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045, Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe, contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

Every Woman
is interested and should know about the wonderful
MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it.

If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO.,
Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

for them. They deserve to have a happy home in after years when they work so hard for it now. I enjoyed the letter written by The Old Home's Joy and would like very much to hear from her. I am very good at answering letters. Would some of the jolly farmer lads and lassies write to
A Child of Nature.

Persistence Rewarded.

Prince Edward Island, July 22, 1912.
Dear Editor and Friends,—I have written one or two letters to The Western Home Monthly, but the waste paper basket seems to have been their fate. It is a little disappointing, to say the least, when, like the boy in the funny paper, I want something a little out of the ordinary to happen to realize that the basket has been the end of my hopes. It seems especially disheartening when I read the correspondence pages and see so many anxious to write to some one. We take The Western Home Monthly and enjoy reading it. Now, lest the editor may object to lengthy epistles I think I will say no more. Hoping this may meet with the approval of editor and readers. I will sign myself
Annie Laurie.

Only Sixteen.

Lansdown, July, 1912.
Dear Editor,—I have been a silent reader of your paper for a number of years and think it one of the most valuable magazines published. I read it from cover to cover and think it interesting and helpful to both old and young. I look forward to its coming and enjoy reading it through, especially the correspondence columns. This is my first letter to your paper, but thought I would write, as I see but few letters from the East. I live in a small village situated on the Grand Trunk Railway and only about two miles from one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, namely the St. Lawrence. I am very fond of all kind of sport, especially skating. Am a lover of Nature, books and music, especially the reading of good literature. I am fond of house work. I enjoyed reading the debate on dancing in the June number of The Western Home Monthly. I think there were some very good points given. I will not describe myself, as I am not for sale, but am just sweet sixteen. Would like to hear from anyone who will correspond with me. Will try and be an interesting correspondent. My address is with the editor. Hoping that this may escape the w.p.b., and wishing everyone success. I will sign myself,
Maple Leaf.

Not Too Old.

Manitoba, July 11, 1912.
Dear Editor,—Can you make room for one of thirty in your merry crowd, or am I too old to join your crew? As this is my first letter, you will not expect a long one. For amusement, I like skating and a good game of whist. I fail to see the evil of a good game of cards. I don't mean playing for money, but the game itself and the good amusement it gives you through the long winter nights. I have been batching for four years on my farm, but there is a limit to everything, and I am kind of sick of it. I would like every man to batch for a few years and then he would appreciate a wife and good cooking. I live two miles from town. I smoke one pipe of tobacco every night and have a glass of beer when in town, but don't go to excess. I am not a dancer, but I do like to see people enjoying themselves while they are a gle. Some people imagine all kinds of evil in dancing and card playing, but not so in prudent people. I fail to see the evil in women having votes. I don't think the contented housewife wants the vote; all she cares about is a good home and to be made happy and treated as a woman, not as an engine or a tool. If any of your readers would like to correspond with me, I will answer all letters. Leaving my name with the editor. I will sign myself
King Bird.

Warts will render the prettiest hands unsightly. Clear the excrescences away by using Holloway's Corn Cure, which acts thoroughly and painlessly.

HAPPY THO' MARRIED?

There are unhappy married lives, but a large percentage of these unhappy homes are due to the illness of the wife, mother or daughter. The feelings of nervousness, the befogged mind, the ill-temper, the pale and wrinkled face, hollow and circled eyes, result most often from those disorders peculiar to women. For the woman to be happy and good-looking she must naturally have good health. Dragging-down feelings, hysteria, hot-flashes or constantly returning pains and aches—are too great a drain upon a woman's vitality and strength. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restores weak and sick women to sound health by regulating and correcting the local disorders which are generally responsible for the above distressing symptoms.



MRS. DICKOVER.

"I suffered greatly for a number of years and for the past three years was so bad that life was a misery to me," writes Mrs. B. F. DICKOVER, of Utica, Ohio, Route 4. "The doctors told me I would have to go to a hospital before I would ever be better. A year ago this winter and spring I was worse than ever before. At each period I suffered like one in torment. I am the mother of six children. I was so bad for five months that I knew something must be done, so I wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce, telling him as nearly as I could how I suffered. He outlined a course of treatment which I followed to the letter. I took two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and a fifty-cent bottle of 'Smart-Weed,' and have never suffered much since. I wish I could tell every suffering woman the world over what a boon Dr. Pierce's medicines are. There is no use wasting time and money doctoring with anything else or any one else."

The Medical Adviser by R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y., answers hosts of delicate questions about which every woman, single or married ought to know. Sent free on receipt of 50 stamps to pay for wrapping and mailing only.

Your Vitality Can Be Restored

Strong, vital, manly men fascinate all who come within their influence. As true as you are a living, breathing human being, I can restore your VITAL STRENGTH there is not a shadow of a doubt as to what I can thus do. BUT there is a single condition, one restriction I put, a certain solemn promise I exact from you before you can exact a promise from me; namely you must unconditionally agree now at once and forever to discontinue any debilitating excess or dissipation that you may be indulging; with this out of the way, I will do all the rest. Remember what I say; no matter what your present condition, no matter what has happened in the past, just forget it and put yourself in my hands; everything will come out as you wish it. I use no drugs, no lotions, no medicines; I place no foolish restrictions upon you; just lead a natural life, get all the enjoyment you possibly can but cease dissipation; always remember that. I can then restore your vitality; I can take you out of the half-man class and put you in the spot light of full, healthy, contented manly courage; I can make you feel young again and keep you feeling young to a ripe old age, because I drive into your system the one thing which keeps the whole organism in balance, namely VITALITY. My HEALTH BELT is the greatest single self-treatment remedy or VITALITY RESTORATIVE that the world has ever known or probably ever will know. It is worn comfortably about the waist all night every night for two or three months. Thus while you are sleeping it sends a great soft, potent life-giving current of VITAL FORCE into your blood and nerves. There is not a moment's wait. It restores your vitality, it takes the pain out of your back, it makes you feel strong and vigorous, it drives away rheumatism, it cures kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders.

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Fill in the coupon; let me send you at once my free booklet in plain sealed envelope; it is profusely illustrated with, half-tone photos; keep it in your pocket for easy reference; read the chapter on Vitality; read the chapter on Debility; read the chapter on those subjects which interest every man, young or old, who would be strong in vitality. It is a word of hope, a carefully written, interesting booklet which should be in every one's possession. Therefore send to-day. If in or near the city, call at my office. All information free.

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Dear Sirs:—Please forward me your Book, as advertised, free.



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WINNIPEG STREET SCENES



The roller man posing for a picture.



Cutting the thread on lamp post.



Hoisting lamp post in place.



Laying asphalt two blocks a day.

Household Suggestions.

By Mrs. W. G. Matheson, Port Morien, C. B.

Household hints, when practical, are of much value to the busy house-mother. She generally finds in a magazine some corner devoted to the many needs of her especial work. Dainty, inexpensive recipes and little aids and discoveries shorten her road to a very great extent.

When Cooking Beets.

I want to tell you of my plan for cooking beets; it may be new to some people. The smell of this vegetable, when boiling, is extremely offensive to many persons, therefore I have adopted another method of cooking which is a decided improvement. I wash them in the usual way, being careful not to break the skin; then I take old pie plates kept for this purpose, place them upon it and bake in the oven. Keep at a good baking heat, and there you are! No smell, no kettle requiring to be watched lest it boil dry, and the flavor is much finer than when cooked otherwise. When done, peel and serve in whatever way you wish.

Country Cookery.

Some Inexpensive Cold Puddings. By Eliza Belle Sturgis.

The use of desserts has become so universal that it is only a question of using the proper kind for each meal, or for a special occasion. The tendency of late years has been toward the introduction of the heavy, complicated French desserts, but the housewife who has at heart the interests of her family will choose those which go toward making a well-balanced meal and which are light, easily digested, and come within the range of the materials at hand, which, on the farm and in the small town, comprise mostly milk, eggs and the ordinary groceries.

Desserts must be well chosen or they will spoil the best meals. If the meal has been largely made up of meats and such vegetables as baked beans, turnips, cauliflower or parsnips heavy desserts should be avoided. With a heavy dinner of roast meats, chicken, turkey or game do not serve a dessert made largely of eggs, or the meal will contain too much nitrogenous food. For such a meal use light, thin cornstarch mixtures, fruits and whipped cream, or any of the "floats." With a vegetable meal serve desserts made largely of eggs and milk, gelatine and thick cornstarches. The dessert should be the pleasant end of the meal, and should never be more elaborate than the meal itself.

Sometimes the housewife on the farm is at a loss for a suitable dessert to pack in the basket which goes out to the field for the noon luncheon, or for the children to carry to school. Some of those given below are admirably adapted to this purpose and will go well with the meat and eggs, bread and potatoes, generally used for lunches of this kind.

It should be kept in mind that milk and eggs are perishable products. Desserts made from them must be used promptly or there is danger of ptomaine poisoning. This does not depend upon the freshness of the milk and eggs in the first instance, but is

due to the fact that these substances when cooked are the best possible media for the culture of bacteria and germs. If there be no means of refrigeration at hand simple milk-and-egg desserts should be used the same day they are made. Few household refrigerators will keep them more than three days without deterioration.

Desserts for Spring Days.

The best desserts for the country home in the warmer months are what are commonly known as cold puddings. They consist principally of those which are made from gelatine, milk and cornstarch. They should not, however, be confounded with the frozen desserts, which are in another class. A prime requisite for choice desserts is to have all utensils scrupulously clean and to keep them protected from contamination from other foods of a strong-smelling nature.

One of the most economical puddings, quickly made and liked by every one, is known as Angel pudding. Its value lies in the fact that it can be used as a base from which to make half a dozen variations, each of which will pass for a different pudding in the minds of the men who eat it. Put a pint of milk in a double boiler or in a small kettle set in a larger one partly filled with water that is boiling hard. While it is heating add enough cold milk to four level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch to make it smooth. Then stir it into the hot milk until it thickens. Add half a cupful of sugar and stir the mixture while hot into the well-beaten whites of four eggs. Add the desired flavoring and put in a mold or deep dish to cool. The whites of the eggs should be beaten stiff before you start so that they will be firm when used.

To this pudding, when hot, can be added two ounces of chocolate and you have a chocolate pudding. To make a coffee pudding, use only half a pint of milk and add half a pint of strong coffee. You can add vanilla for a vanilla pudding. If lemon or orange puddings are desired add fresh fruit juice and the grated rinds to the milk before putting in the cornstarch. You can add half a pint of cocoanut to the vanilla pudding while it is hot and have a delicious cocoanut pudding.

With the same ingredients can be made another good, inexpensive pudding. When the custard is thick put it in the mold without pouring it on the whites of the eggs and put away to cool. The stiffly beaten whites of the eggs should be dropped by teaspoonfuls on a pan of hot water one at a time, allowed to remain one minute, and then lifted out with a skimmer or holey ladle in the order in which they were dropped.

When ready to serve the pudding, take from the mold and put in a flat round glass dish, and heap the cooked whites of the eggs in a pyramid on top, garnishing with preserved cherries or other fruits, and send to the table. Finely chopped nuts sprinkled over it are an improvement.

From the same base still another dessert can be made by which you can use up any stale or left-over sponge or other light cake. It is called Parson's pudding. Line the same kind of a glass with the cake, and when the custard is done remove to a place where it will partly cool, then pour it over the cake, heap up the cooked whites, as

in the previous recipe, and it is ready to serve. The custard must not be poured on the cake hot or it will make the latter soft and mushy.

For a light, easily digested dessert, yet one suitable for the company dinner even when it is composed of meats and mixed foods, there is nothing better than one of the many kinds of cream, as they are called. With the exception of the gelatine everything is usually at hand in the farm kitchen. The secret in making these creams is to act quickly and follow the directions exactly. I call them fruit creams.

Delicious Fruit Creams.

Cover half a box of gelatine with half a cupful of cold water and soak half an hour. In the meantime prepare a pint of juice and pulp of any juicy, fresh fruit—free from skins—such as strawberry, blackberry, raspberry, currant, peach, plum or huckleberry, and dissolve in it enough sugar to make it sweet—a cupful for all but huckleberry. Stand the gelatine over hot water until it is melted and then add it to the fruit juice. Set the bowl in cracked ice or cold water. Watch it carefully, and as soon as it begins to thicken turn into it a pint of cream, whipped to a stiff froth. Beat all together quickly and thoroughly and turn into a mold to harden. This should be served without sauce or dressing. If desired this can be varied by using the juice and pulp of a pineapple. A vanilla cream can be made by using vanilla to taste, substituting for the fruit juice half a pint of milk and the yolks of three eggs, beaten together and sweetened, boiled until thick and added to the gelatine as above.

Another simple pudding to serve in individual molds as a supper dessert is called Satin Cream, and is economical and refreshing. Put four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar into one pint of rich cream and stir until it is dissolved. Add a third of a box of gelatine to half a cupful of cold water, allow it to stand for half an hour, and then dissolve it over hot water. Put it into the cream, beat a moment, place in individual molds and set away to cool. This may be served plain or with a hot chocolate sauce made by putting two ounces of powdered chocolate into a pint of milk, stirring until the chocolate is melted smooth. Moisten a tablespoonful of cornstarch in a little cold milk, add it to the hot milk and chocolate, together with a half cupful of sugar, and when dissolved remove from the fire and add a teaspoonful of vanilla. This may be used hot or cold.

This list of puddings, which are to be eaten cold, will suggest many variations to the experienced housewife by which she can have an endless variety for her table. There is also a class of simple, easily digested hot puddings, which are intended especially for the light luncheon or supper, for they contain eggs or milk and most of the elements of a fuel meal. All the ingredients can usually be found in the farm kitchen.

Some Standard Recipes.

Soft Gingerbread.

One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, half a cup of lard, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two cups of currants, dredged with flour, and flour enough to make a good batter. Bake in a slow oven.

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Marmalade Pudding.

Three ounces bread crumbs, two ounces suet, two ounces flour, one ounce sugar, two tablespoonful marmalade, one-quarter teaspoonful each of salt and baking powder, one egg and one-half pint of milk. Shred the suet and chop finely, mix all dry ingredients, add the marmalade, beaten egg and milk; turn into a greased basin, and steam for two hours.

Milk Soup.

Four large potatoes, one pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of fine sago, two quarts of water, one onion, two ounces butter, salt and pepper to taste.

Peel and slice the potatoes; put them into a pan with the butter and finely chopped onion, stir over gentle heat for a few minutes (do not allow to brown at all); now add two quarts of boiling water, simmer for one hour, rub through a sieve or colander, return to the pan with the milk; when boiling stir in the sago and cook for fifteen minutes; season with salt and pepper.

Eggless Salad Dressing.

A pint of buttermilk, a lump of butter the size of an egg (or two tablespoonfuls of salad oil). Put these ingredients over the fire in a double boiler. Then mix together two tablespoonfuls of flour, one heaping spoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of ground mustard, a teaspoonful of tumeric, and a little salt. Moisten with good vinegar or lemon juice, rub smooth and pour slowly over the hot milk. Then return all to the double boiler and stir until thick and smooth. When ready to use you may add a little plain or whipped cream just before putting on the salad.

Potato Dumplings.

Boil eight or ten potatoes in their jackets the day before you wish to make the dumplings. When ready to prepare the dumplings, peel and grate the potatoes. Cut four slices of wheat bread into dice. Brown these bread dice in two large tablespoonfuls of melted butter, stir them into the potatoes, and enough flour to keep the mixture together when boiled, beat two eggs into the mixture, add one-half a teaspoonful of salt, and mold into balls. Drop into boiling water and serve hot.

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